

Over 725,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

AUGUST 27, 1952

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

PRICE

9

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**



AT THE FOLIES BERGERE

Pages 12 - 13

PARIS BLOUSES

Pages 30 - 31

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



The March of Time

The inherited skill and precision of ten generations of Swiss craftsmen are embodied in the fine Swiss watch. These age-old traditions, faithfully transmitted, ceaselessly developed, are being passed on to the new generations of to-day—to the skilled watch craftsmen of to-morrow. This is the march of time, which has made the Swiss jewelled-lever watch renowned all over the world.

The experts who make these fine Swiss watches know that only experts should sell them. That is why they urge you to buy only from your jeweller.

Only at the jeweller's can you be sure of getting a watch in its original perfect condition. Only at the jeweller's can you be sure of expert servicing, efficient repair. Only the jeweller can show you how to distinguish between good watches and others.

If you choose a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch, and choose it at your jeweller's, you will get the best of time. Your watch will combine the tradition of the past with the science of the present, to give you faithful service in the future.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

Cabin trunk FOR SALE



**The trunk could be a magic carpet
if only she had enough courage**

OUTSIDE it was drizzling with rain. It formed a halo of falling mist round each street lamp and the pavements were already chocolate-colored and sticky. Judith halted in the shelter of the door and fumbled in her bag for some coppers for her bus fare and her season ticket and then she went out into the dreary dampness of the street.

The homeward, hurrying crowd jostled her, taxis slid by with mud slurring from their wheels, and she felt depressed and disgruntled. Probably, she told herself, it was because she was tired, and then she thought again and knew it was not that. It was just that life was so different from what she had always imagined it would be. She had always wanted adventure and excitement, and the routine of the office was anything but that.

It had been an exciting adventure at first. Her imagination had enlivened even the duller letter she had typed, but familiarity had dulled everything and the knowledge of how much the money she sent home to her mother was needed made her chary of changing... even though the very word "change" enthralled her.

Someone's umbrella dug her in the back of the neck and a cold drop of water slid shivering down her spine. She ducked, and it was at that moment that she saw the trunk.

It stood just inside one of the shops. It was a cabin trunk. A little battered, its dark blue surface was covered with labels... blue and red and orange and green and white and black and all the colors imaginable. Its brightness flashed a challenge to the murky pavements and the grime-covered, dripping buildings.

She stopped and went closer and leaned over to read the labels. She saw "Paris," "Bombay," "Singapore"...

She drew in her breath and, suddenly, it was as if the trunk were a magic carpet which could transport her, in a moment, from the

rain-sodden street to a world of brightness and delight.

In a flash she saw coral islands and pounding surf and high, blue skies; eastern temples with quaint up-curved roofs and fluttering banners with queer symbols; the towering, snowy heights of the Rockies and the battered, ancient cities of Europe... all those places where life was different.

She tore herself away and walked on. Somewhere where life was different—that was what she wanted. As she stepped into the gutter to edge round a press of people, she felt a suspender snap. Irritably she sighed. That meant she would have to mend it tonight. The added irritation of the dull evening before her, mending and doing her bits and pieces of washing and ironing, emphasised the delights of an unknown world that had beckoned her.

She stopped and did not heed the muttered exclamations of the people who collided with her. Why not? She had saved two hundred pounds. The world, as portrayed in the glamorous labels on the trunk, was hers. All she needed was courage.

She struggled through the crowd and reached the shop again. It was an antique shop, full of Chippendale and inlaid rosewood and warming pans and faded footstools. Clustered incongruously in one corner was a heap of native weapons, curios, and crude colored beads strangely strung on uneven leather thongs.

"That trunk," she said eagerly to the tall, scholarly looking man who came towards her. "How much is it?"

"I'm afraid I don't know," he smiled at

her apologetically. "I'll ask my son. He just brought it in. I don't usually deal in such things and I have no idea of the value."

Judith was looking anxiously into the dim interior of the shop when she saw a tall young man approaching. He had the same intelligent face as his father, but his shoulders were broader. There was a suggestion of restlessness and yet an ease about the way he walked that suggested strength and a slightly swaggering adventurousness. He seemed to match the trunk.

She stood watching him, her breath still coming tightly and almost painfully. He looked down at her and saw her eager face, her flushed cheeks, and her eyes which sparkled with some inner excitement. What a stunner, he thought. He was suddenly entranced by the earnest expression on her face. Almost he could see her as a child, her nose flattened and white against the plateglass shop window that displayed a coveted toy. But that was a little unfair. This girl's expression held something deeper than that. It moved him more profoundly than anything had done for years.

"The trunk," she said eagerly. "How much do you want for it, please?"

"You want to buy my trunk? What does a girl like you want a trunk for?" he asked.

"To travel," said Judith. To travel, of course. What a ridiculous question.

His next question struck her as equally unnecessary.

"Joining your husband somewhere?"

"I'm not married," she replied. Why wouldn't he tell her how much he wanted for his trunk?

"Going somewhere to be married, perhaps?" he sounded almost as if there were a note of anxiety in his voice.

"No," she said impatiently. "I'm just going to travel."

"But what on earth for?"

She looked from the bedizen trunk to his searching eyes in surprise.

"Why does anyone want to travel?"

"Lots of reasons. But I can't think of any that might apply to you."

"Perhaps you can't," Judith lapsed again into the dreamy state of happy expectancy that the sight of the trunk had first brought. "Perhaps you can't. But then you've never typed letters all day from nine till five. Never lived in a hostel for business girls where the matron's motto is that 'we're all one Big Family.'"

"No," he said with a smile. "I've certainly never lived in a girls' hostel."

"The girls wouldn't mind," Judith's lips curved into a whisper of an answering smile and then she suddenly recollected that she was talking to a stranger. "That doesn't matter. How much do you want for the trunk?"

"How much is it worth to you?" He watched the expression of anticipation slide over her face.

"How much?" She looked down at the season ticket she held in her hand and thought of the unexciting journey it pictured. In her mind she pictured a ticket that would take her to new and strange surroundings. Blue skies and sparkling seas, exotic foliage and colorful native figures.

She answered with an eagerness that made her forget she was talking to a stranger.

"How much is it worth to see..." She looked at him, wondering that he, who knew the delights of the life she had just pictured, should ask such a question. "It's worth... oh, millions."

By MARJORIE WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY BROADHURST

Please turn to page 4

Page 3

see how
really beautiful
grey hair can be!



'Silver Grey' HI-LITER
transforms yellow streaks ...
gives even-toned loveliness

You'll be thrilled with the silvery moonlight effect that Silver Grey Hi-Liter imparts. One quick shampoo charms away yellow streaks ... gives an exquisite blue tinge, the depth of which you can control exactly. Silver Grey Hi-Liter is neither a dye nor a bleach and it's easy to use, just like an ordinary shampoo. Economical, too—a bottle will last you for months.



NAPRO
Silver Grey
HI-LITER colour shampoo

BY THE MAKERS OF NAPRO HAIR VITALIZER

THE NEW
"Junior" KLEENEX
SAVE HANDKERCHIEFS
WASHING
SPREAD OF INFECTION

1/6d

Now you can learn of the benefits of Kleenex at a very low cost! Learn what a comfort these soft, strong tissues are when you have a cold ... how they save washing and ironing ... how kind they are to your tender nose. The large boxes containing 150 tissues for 3/7d. are most economical.



SOFT — STRONG — DOUBLY ABSORBENT

A NOTE of incredulity sounded in his voice as he asked, "Do you think so?"

"Yes, I do," she said shortly. "How much do you want for the trunk?"

"You were going to tell me what it is worth to you," he parried.

She had a feeling that he was trying to draw her out still further, so she took refuge in a businesslike tone. "I thought about three pounds."

"Three pounds to get away to a land of dreams," he mocked. "I think an Eldorado is worth double that."

She suspected he was laughing at her and felt a little disturbed. Then she made swift calculations. Six pounds seemed too much for a much-used cabin trunk, but, after all, she was going to spend two hundred pounds, so an extra three on the trunk could not matter much.

Besides, this trunk was not just any old trunk. Perhaps it was the gay stripes or the colorful labels which had first given her the idea of escape. "I'll give you five pounds," she said.

He shook his head. "Sorry." "Oh, all right then," she said weakly. "I'll give you your six pounds."

He crossed his arms over his chest. His blue eyes flickered over her, and his forehead creased in a little worried frown.

"I'm not even sure I'll sell it for six pounds," he said.

"What?" She looked at him in amazed disappointment. "First you won't put a price on it at all and then, when I drag one out of you, you start to back out."

"I suppose it does seem a little odd," he said thoughtfully. "Perhaps I'm an odd person, but I don't think I am, really. It's just that ..."

He hesitated.

"It's just that you can't make up your mind." "On the contrary," he said, "I've just made it up. I've made up my mind not to sell the trunk. You see, it's not a matter of business. It's one of sentiment."

"Oh," she was suddenly downcast. "I thought it was only women who mixed sentiment with business."

"Of course, I might change my mind again," he suggested as she turned away.

"Well I won't," she said shortly and bent her head against the driving rain which splashed her face and mercifully concealed her tears of disappointment.

The eight-fifteen, then the five-fifteen. Day after day Judith let herself be jostled along with the streams of passengers as if she had no will of her own. She knew that, once the idea of travelling had become so firmly implanted in her mind, she ought to try to buy another trunk. There was surely more than one second-hand trunk for sale. She had

seen others in a shop near the office, but they seemed forlorn, unwanted castaways and held no hint of magic or adventure.

She deliberately kept away from the antique shop. If the trunk were still there she would be reminded of her disappointment. She might encounter that provoking young man again, too. She could not fathom the motive for his queer behaviour. Probably he was one of those wild, adventurous explorers who were sometimes most peculiar.

It was a pity, because at first sight he had seemed attractive.

The drizzle persisted for a week, and the next Friday, as she held out her season ticket for the ticket collector's inspection, she felt a hand on her arm.

"In Quebec," said a faintly familiar voice, "I knew a man named Jones who asked me

Cabin Trunk for Sale

Continued from page 3

you'd realise I was right in wanting to travel."

"I remember," he said musingly, "that my mother got a reputation for wisdom and understanding by always saying, 'I think you're quite right, my dear' to everyone, on every subject. I always start the opposite way by saying 'I think you're quite wrong, my dear.'"

"You're just cussed. Anyway, you know nothing about me." She busied herself with the tea things. "And I'm quite clear in my mind that I'm right and I'm quite clear what I want to do."

"You want to run away," he countered quickly.

"Run away?" She looked up sharply. "Go away, yes. Not run away."

"Yes, run away," he said seriously. "From your responsibilities and disappointments

exciting places. You must understand me."

"I do understand," he said, stirring his tea thoughtfully. "That's why I was so anxious to see you and tell you about those 'exciting places,' as you call them."

"I hoped you would," she admitted, "as soon as I knew you'd travelled so much. Singapore, for instance ... always sounds so mysterious."

"Big buildings, marvelous cinemas ... just like any other city." He shrugged his shoulders. "The chief thing I remember is that I spent most of my time with an Australian family. The kids swam like fish and used to scare the pun off me by catching my legs under water, because I was always worrying about sharks."

"Well, America," she urged, "it always sounds so luxurious and ..."

"In San Francisco I pulled up with a newspaper man. His wife used to cook the most marvellous chicken Maryland and lemon meringue pie. And then we'd sit and watch the moon over the water ... same old moon, of course, and talk half the night. By the way, can you cook?"

"My apple pies are as good as mother used to make better!" she said primly.

"I knew it. I bet you've got other accomplishments, too, like darning socks and ..."

"Just an old-fashioned girl," she mocked, "but we're talking about my urge for travel. You've only told me about people. I want to hear about places. Is it true you can smell the spices miles away from Colombo?"

"You can smell lots of other things, too," he grinned mischievously. "I spent most of my time wandering about alone. Didn't know a soul. And hotels, even with bare-footed Chinese waiters with combs in their long hair, can be terribly lonely."

"Oh, no," she protested, "they couldn't be. Sitting back and being waited on and watching all the queer costumes and ..."

"If you've someone with you, yes. But when you're alone there is no more miserable place than a hotel. You meet people casually and the next day they move on. You are surrounded by strangers. There's no permanence. After a while it's as dull as ... well, as you say your hotel is."

"That seemed permanent enough, anyway," she smiled. It was ridiculous to compare a sumptuous hotel with the hostel she was so weary of. "I still want to travel, in spite of your trying to make it out so dull. Tell me more. How about Japan? Didn't I see a Tokio label on the trunk?"

"Rounds of cocktail parties." He shrugged his shoulders with distaste. "Europeans, Americans, Australians, Russians ..."

Please turn to page 48

Beauty in brief:

Touch of color

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Colored lacquer on the fingernails affords a certain amount of protection. It also glosses over minor faults and distracts attention from major flaws.

NAILS look longer when varnish is carried from moon to tip; broad nails appear to be slimmer when color doesn't quite fill in along the sides.

Lacquer shades with a bluish cast make skin appear whiter.

Dark varnish calls attention to the hands, therefore is best suited to long, thin hands and fingers.

Short, stubby fingers are flattered by light and transparent polish, for it gives an illusion of added nail length.

Pastel and sea-shell tinted fingernails usually look more effective with moons and tips.

Take a tip and trim up your varnish brush to a straight, clean edge to save your patience in applying polish on your own nails.

if I knew his cousin in Penarth, and, ridiculously, I did. In Melbourne a woman said I must know her sister in Hampstead, and I did. But, in London, I have to hang about Waterloo for five days before I find you."

"Oh, you?" The shock and surprise set her heart thumping. He seemed to be looking at her a little apprehensively, as if uncertain of his reception.

"Sorry to frighten the wits out of you," he said, "but I've been feeling a little guilty about that trunk. I told you I might change my mind. Could we talk it over?"

"You mean you'll sell it after all?" she asked, with a sudden lift of her spirits.

"Well ... " he said doubtfully. "But how about a cup of tea?"

"I knew," she said, as they settled in the tearooms, "that

and a general sense of frustration."

She considered this for a moment and was inclined to agree that it was true in one way.

"Even so," she said, "surely it's better to do something about it than just stay put and be miserable with longing?"

"Of course. But I think you're doing the wrong thing. It's quite an illusion, you know, to think that life is really any different anywhere in the world. Places don't matter much."

"That's ridiculous," she protested. "They must. Blue skies instead of dreary grey ones. Color and strange customs instead of Waterloo Station and the office. Lots of lovely, exotic food! Oh ..."

she broke off almost angrily, "they're bound to make a difference. You ought to understand. You've been to all those

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Pearl

A short story complete on this page **By NORAH BURKE**

Illustrated by
CHARLES TOMPSON

HE was brown as a monkey and had gold rings in his ears, and he was saying, "No, Mrs. Beet, I can't pay me board till I get a ship."

"It's twenty pounds you owe me now," she scolded him.

"You shall have it. I always pays me debts. Safe as the Bank of England, that's what they say of me. I'll leave me trunk with you as security," he offered.

"Think your old oilskins in a tin trunk is worth twenty pounds to me?"

"It's all I got," he said.

"What about them earrings?" Mrs. Beet asked.

"Gold leaf, that's all. You know, Bees under."

"Well then, that pearl you been bragging about."

"Ah! You'd like to git your hands on that, I don't doubt! That's worth a mint o' money."

"Sell it, then, and pay up me twenty pounds," Mrs. Beet said.

"Sell it! Cor, I daren't! That was stolen from the eye of a Hindoo idol. That's got to stay hidden till they've forgot about it."

"Then leave it with me instead of your old tin trunk. Come, you know me, Josh Nugent. I'll be here till Kingdom Come."

"Well—"

In the end he did leave the pearl

with her, closing her hand over a tiny, grimy washleather bag with something in it that felt like a hazel nut.

"I'll be back for it," he promised her. "Soon I've got your twenty pounds I'll be back. Keep it safe and don't you dare to try to sell it, else you'll fall into trouble. There's Hindoo priests and what-not looking for it right now. Keep it in this here bag, and keep the bag dirty. There's no one goes looking for jewels in dirt."

With that he left her, and Mrs. Beet carried the pearl up to her room, where she locked the door and shook the gem out into her calloused palm that curved about it like an oyster shell.

It was a large and perfect pearl, round, unblemished, with a magical iridescence swirling on its milky globe.

Mrs. Beet was not a young woman, and thirty years of the labor and anxiety of keeping a boarding-house, of money worries and lack of leisure, and of dwindling interest in her looks had blowed her hair and made sausages of her fingers. But deep in her secret heart there beat the same lusts as in Cleopatra of Sheba, and this was the first jewel she had ever possessed. For though she only held it as security, she considered it, even at the beginning, her own.

She looked at herself in the glass. She tried the pearl against one ear. On her bosom. It was neither a pink pearl nor a black one: there was a note of cream in its skin, a warm, sunburnt jewel—the jewel of youth that should lie always on young skins but seldom does.

Presently she returned it to its bag. Where to hide it? She looked about. At last she rolled it up inside a pair of old stockings and put it among a tangle of undarned things at the back of a drawer. There she kept it.

For a time, when she first had the pearl, she would rather have had her twenty pounds, and she chafed for the day when Nugent would return. This she never doubted he would do, for—apart from his known honesty about debts—the pearl would draw him back.

Then gradually the possession of the gem became more important than the money. The hump of money or lack of money at any period in any life is usually smoothed out in a few years. Mrs. Beet managed to pay off her own debts without Nugent's twenty pounds.

Instead of looking hopefully for the sight of his walnut face and monkey figure, she began to dread it, for when he came he would take away the pearl. Some people pore over maps or read love stories to get the thrills of travel and passion which life has perhaps denied them; Mrs. Beet gazed at the pearl. To her this single jewel became all that she had longed for and never had—beauty, wealth, admiration, travel, romance.

When she stood scraping cabbage scum off the sides of a saucepan—when her legs ached and her feet felt too big for their shoes because she'd been standing from six in the

morning till ten at night—when life was nothing but cook and eat and wash up for sixteen hours a day—then she refreshed herself at the pearl.

It became to her like a seer's crystal. When she held it close to her eyes and made herself small to enter the world of that tiny globe, those flowing colors, delicate as light, became the color of an Eastern dawn or a dome among enchanted temples and minarets.

She read one day that unworn pearls can die. She hurried upstairs, half expecting to find nothing else in the dirty little washleather bag but a thing like a mouldy currant. But the pearl was unharmed. There it lay, as usual, glowing, luminous, with a quality of life about it, since it could die.

After that, she sewed it into her clothes so that it stayed at blood-heat always, and her own heart kept it alive. Once she brought back salt water from the beach in a bottle to wash it, for she read that pearls should be rinsed in the sea.

She tried to imagine the pearl's history. Where had it been fished up? From the Gulf of Persia or the shores of Gujarat? What hot seas had washed it? Sometimes she could see Pacific atolls, with warm surf bubbling and grinding old sodden salted coconut shells on the coral; and a beautiful olive-skinned girl in a leopard skin under the palm trees.

From there the stone had travelled to India. That much she knew. Where had it been before and since—into bursting pirate treasure chests—to the slave markets of Babylon and Samarkand? She thought of queens and slaves. She became a King's Favorite herself. She was young, jewelled, desired.

How had the pearl reached the eye of the wooden image that Josh Nugent had described? She imagined the idol sitting cross-legged and many-armed in a gaudy temple, with creepers trickling over him and rooting him to the beaten earth below, and maybe the dust collecting in the socket of one eye where the pearl had been.

What passion and treachery and murder and high endeavor had this stone called forth? What fearful vengeance had Nugent braved when he stole it?

When was he coming to get it back?

Now Mrs. Beet was a respectable woman: for instance, whenever she went out she wore a hat. Not because it was an exciting hat, nor to cover up untidy hair, nor to keep her head warm, but because wearing a hat to go out in was a respectable thing to do. It was that sort of a hat, too. So the struggle with her conscience was long and painful, but she won in the end. She decided to evade Josh Nugent.

She moved her boarding-house to another part of Sydney. She left no address behind her, and in the new place would have no foreigners or sailors.

It wasn't till she saw Nugent one day, about three seats further along



the bus, that she became really afraid for what she had done to escape him and to steal the pearl.

Although the bus had started again and she had no figure for acrobatics, she lurched to the door, where she rose like a guinea fowl and took to the air. Landing by luck on her feet, she set off breathlessly up the street.

"Hi! Mrs. Beet—"

Terror lent her inspiration. She chose the largest man in sight and seized his arm.

"Oh, mister, please, mister—" she cried, her respectable face gleaming with sweat, "that man's following and scaring me. Please will you help?"

Nugent had now caught up with them, and the stranger at a glance made the choice between him and Mrs. Beet. "What have you been bothering this lady for?"

"Bothering! I want to pay me debts: I owe her twenty pounds."

Breathless with fear, Mrs. Beet made a grab at the man's arm. "Help me, please," she cried.

"He doesn't," the woman panted. "I never seen him before in me life. Can I go now?"

"Yes, all right. And now look here, you—"

Nugent, watching Mrs. Beet's figure disappearing down the street like a hen before a gale, took his cap off and wiped his forehead in amazement.

"Well, believe it or not, I do owe her twenty pounds. I left something with her, for security like, but when I—"

"Perhaps she'd sold it for more than the twenty pounds?"

Nugent smiled. "Not likely. It was a pearl from the bargain basement of Marridge's, you see. Two bob each, that's all."

(Copyright)



By Mutual Consent

THE Circle slumbered gently under the soft sunlight of late May as Fran Conway and her mother sat at luncheon on the porch of the highest house on Hickory Hill.

Fran's eyes wandered happily over the scene she loved so well. She knew every inch of the Hill. Since babyhood, she and Johnnie Brewster and the Applegates and Thompsons had played on its slopes and in its woods. The Conway and Brewster gardens adjoined, and every tree, every flower, every bird's nest, the brook that tumbled down to the valley, the turtles that lived in its waters—all these Fran and Johnnie had known together, just as they had known school and college together. And two weeks from to-morrow they were to be married.

Fran looked across the lawn to the maple tree under which the ceremony would be held. "If it is only a day like this," she said.

"It would be wonderful," her mother agreed, "but if it rains there'll be plenty of room in the house. That's the beauty of a small invitation list."

"Yes," Fran said, "though this business of whittling down is awful. I'd have liked to invite everyone I know—everyone!" She made an arc with her fork that took in the small city of Salisbury, clustered to the south. A dazzling light flashed at the bottom of the Hill, and Fran caught a glimpse of a blue car as it turned on to the highway. "There go Mr. and Mrs. Grant to golf," she said. "I wonder if they're picking Diana up to-night. Johnnie said she'd asked him to drive her to the train this morning because their station wagon's on the blink."

"Oh," Mrs. Conway said coldly. "You don't like Diana, do you?" Fran said.

"It's probably just that she and her aunt and uncle are newcomers, while the rest of us have been living here forever."

"Maybe we old-timers are Circle-proud," Fran suggested.

"I hope not," Mrs. Conway said. "But we certainly haven't thawed out the Grants."

"Johnnie doesn't seem to be having any trouble with Diana," Fran said. "At least, old Mrs. Rivers doesn't think so. I met her in the post office when I went to mail the invitations. She said she'd come back from New York the day before on the train with Diana and Johnnie. 'Marry him quick, Fran,' she said."

"I know. She told me. She talks too much."

"I forgot to tell Johnnie what she said. What's he supposed to do? Avoid a neighbor on the train just because he's going to marry me?"

"Have Diana and her aunt and uncle accepted yet?" Mrs. Conway asked.

"No. They may be formal and write. Everyone else on the Circle has just called up." Fran paused a moment. "I guess Diana's going to be more decorative than anyone in the wedding party. Johnnie says she's very clever, too. One of the wallpapers she designed got a prize not long ago. I suppose I could have done something after college, while Johnnie was getting the year he wanted in New York. But I love being at home, and I haven't an ambition in the world. All I've ever wanted is Johnnie, and I've got him. I don't want to be clever."

"Aren't you opening the presents that arrived this morning?" Mrs. Conway asked.

"Not till Johnnie comes over to-night. Which reminds me—" Fran ran into the living-room and came back with a notebook, turning the pages. "I want to make a note to ask Johnnie to get more writing paper. They don't have any silver-edged in Salisbury, and it's just right for the thank-you notes." She went down the list with her pencil. "Wedding slippers. White ribbon. My presents for the bridesmaids. Johnnie's presents—why, that's funny, Johnnie didn't say anything about his presents for Seth and the ushers. He was going to bring some cuff links home on approval." She glanced at her mother. "He seemed tired last night, I thought."

Mrs. Conway was putting the plates and glasses on a tray. "So did I. Maybe he's trying to cram too much work into the last days."

"Maybe. You know, Mother, I'm afraid he's going to find it tame in Q-D's after a big New York shop."

Everybody around Salisbury called the Quiller-Donley department store Q-D's, and Johnnie was going to be a buyer there after his year's experience in New York.

"You don't need to worry. Johnnie knows his own mind."

As they washed the dishes, Fran's mind went to

the apartment she and Johnnie had lined up for September. "It's worth waiting for," she said, "with the kitchen looking on to the little garden." Golly, am I happy! she thought.

Johnnie generally moved quickly, so when he came slowly across the lawn after dinner that night, Fran felt a twinge of anxiety. Tired—two nights in a row. That, for Johnnie, didn't make sense.

She ran to meet him, and he put his arm around her. "Hello, darling," she said softly.

"Hi!" he said, but there was none of the usual gaiety in his voice, and Fran was suddenly aware that he wasn't really holding her, that his arm was just around her. It would be like this sometimes after they were married, she thought. He couldn't always greet her like a lover. "Tired, Johnnie?" She took his face in her hands.

His eyes went over the soft off-the-shoulder dress she had changed into for dinner. It was a favorite of his, but he didn't say anything about it. Maybe Mrs. Rivers' chatter had reached his ears and he was thinking he ought to explain about bringing Diana back to-night. Fran knew he had, because she had seen the blue convertible with just Mr. and Mrs. Grant in it. But Johnnie didn't have to explain such a thing to her.

She really felt married already. And she imagined how Johnnie would come home from Q-D's with problems and how she would listen sympathetically. Then she would tell him about what she had on her mind, such as now wanting to know if he'd remembered to bring home the cuff links. But first she must talk about happy things. "Oh, Johnnie, it's beginning to be so exciting! I was at the Applegates' this afternoon, and Mary gave me her present. It's in a big box, and I'm going crazy wondering what it is. And there are two boxes from New York. You should just see the pile we have to open to-night."

"Fran!" Johnnie stopped her, his face tight.

"What? Whatever's the matter, Johnnie? What's wrong?"

They were near a rustic seat. "Sit down," he said and sank on to it as though his knees had given way. "Fran—" he began. "Oh, I don't know how to tell you."

It was suddenly as quiet as death, there beside the pear tree. Fran heard the quiet. It went through her, right into her bones. Johnnie didn't need to say anything more. She knew. "You don't want us to get married."

His face answered for him, and she could feel her heart falling away inside her. "I'm sorry as the devil, Fran. I've been fighting it and fighting it, trying to think it didn't mean anything." He gulped and went on. "I keep telling myself it will be better for you, too, Fran. And it will be—truly it will."

"It's Diana, isn't it?"

"Yes."

They sat there, on the seat where they had played as kids, where many a spring later Fran had dreamed of being married to Johnnie, taking it for granted he would want to marry her as much as she did him, supposing his first love would also be his only love, as hers would be.

She stood up, and Johnnie got up, too.

"I'm sorry, Fran," he whispered. "I'd have killed anyone else who did this to you."

Fran saw that he was crying. He had always seemed so strong, it was strange to see him cry. She turned away and started to walk toward the house. Mother and Dad. They had to be told. And Johnnie's parents.

"Do your mother and father know?" she asked.

"No. They guessed at dinner that something was the matter, but I had to tell you first. Fran, if you would just say you forgive me—"

"I forgive you." She spoke carefully, so Johnnie mightn't notice her trembling. She had to walk carefully, too, for her body seemed somehow disconnected.

The living-room looked safe, with its shaded lights, but what was safe if a certainty like marrying Johnnie could fail? Fran tried not to look at the wedding presents on the table with the lace-edged cloth: the chest of flat silver from her parents, a

few pieces of a Spode dinner service from Johnnie's parents, the silver candlesticks, the—

"Mother. Dad."

Mr. Conway lowered his newspaper. "Oh, hello, you two! Hey there, Johnnie, how are you?"

Mrs. Conway put down her book without a word, and her eyes went from Fran to Johnnie.

He stepped forward. "I—I've been telling Fran something has happened, and I'm afraid you're going to be very upset." His voice got out of control.

Fran took a deep breath and said, "We're not going to be married. There's someone he likes better than me."

Mr. Conway stood up. "Do you mean to say you're jilting Fran?"

Fran wished he wouldn't use that kind of voice. What was the good? "It's no crime to like someone better," she said lifelessly.

"Diana?" her mother asked.

Fran nodded, and the room grew wobbly for a moment.

Mrs. Conway went quickly towards her. "Sit down, darling."

Illustrated by

Ron Jackson

A short story by **BETH DUTTON**

She knew there were tears in Johnnie's eyes, but she couldn't find the words to tell him she understood.

"I'll get her something to drink," her father said. Fran shook her head as she sat down, and Mr. Conway turned to Johnnie.

"I'm sorry, sir," Johnnie said, choking. "I'm most terribly sorry, sir. I tried, but I couldn't help it, and the only decent thing was to tell Fran." He looked imploringly at her.

The telephone rang. "I'll go," Mrs. Conway said.

But Fran didn't want to be left in the room without her. "I'll take it, Mother." She started for the door. "It's probably Mary. She said she'd call about having orange blossoms flown from Florida." For heaven's sake, what was she saying? She lifted the receiver. "Mary, I don't need that address now. Johnnie and I—" Naturally Mary didn't believe her, but Fran wished Mary hadn't said she'd be right over. Or maybe it was a good thing.

There was quiet in the living-room. "Where's Johnnie?" Fran asked.

"He's gone, darling."

Without kissing her good-night? She leaned against the wall, trying to get things straight. It was over. He never would kiss her good-night again. He would go now to tell his mother and father, then—to Diana. Or maybe first to Seth Applegate, Mary's brother, who was to have been his best man.

"For heaven's sake, Louise! Why doesn't she cry?" her father asked.

"It's much too bad to cry over," her mother said shortly.

Fran walked up and down, up and down, until Mrs. Conway said, "Try to rest, darling. You're going to wear yourself out pacing about like that. I'll get you some warm milk, and then you must go upstairs to bed."

The library was lighted, and the pile of unopened presents was conspicuous as they passed the doorway.

Fran stopped. "Mother, what happens to those?"

"Never mind now. We'll attend to everything in the morning."

They must be returned, of course. "Will we have to put a notice in the paper?" By mutual consent, the engagement of—

When they came back into the hall, Mrs. Conway, a glass of milk in her hand, urged Fran to the staircase. A sickle moon was riding high, and Mrs. Conway said, "There's enough light to undress by. Just tumble into bed, darling."

That way you won't see Johnnie's picture on your bureau, you won't see reminders of the wedding all over the room.

In her room, Fran lifted her arms to pull her dress over her head, and the moonlight glistened on the diamond in her ring. Oh, she should have given it back to Johnnie. She slowly drew it off her finger and placed it on the card table she had set up next to her desk for the overflow of wedding papers and things. Her finger felt cold and naked.

Mrs. Conway was turning down the bed. "You'll be better when you've had the milk, darling. I put a little brandy in it."

"Mary's coming over."

"I hoped you wouldn't see anyone to-night."

"All right. Ask her to come back in the morning." Mary was to have been her maid of honor.

Fran went into the bathroom. Wash your face, brush your teeth.

"Ready, honey?"

In bed, she took the glass from her mother. Her hand shook, and the milk spilled a little.

Mrs. Conway sat down in a chair by the window. She made no sound. But Fran, staring at the ceiling, knew she was waiting for her to go to sleep, so she wouldn't think.

But she was thinking. A conglomeration of thoughts kept running around in her mind. Round and round, till they resolved into a blurred longing for Johnnie that finally enveloped her in a heavy cloud. She closed her eyes to escape.

The sound of loud, tearing sobs was the next thing she heard; but it wasn't till her mother turned on the light that Fran realised her own crying had awakened her. She was vaguely aware of Dad in his pyjamas standing in the doorway, of her mother sitting on the bed.

"I m-must have had a nightmare," Fran mumbled as she sat up.

"Oh, darling!" her mother said, holding her tight.

"Don't get c-cold," Fran said.

"I'll bring a robe," her father said. As he went out, he added something about Johnnie loud enough for Fran to hear.

"I can't stand it!" she cried. "I love him! I'll always love him!"

Then Mr. Conway was back with her mother's yellow robe.

"I'll stay with her, Harry. You go back to bed, put out the light before you go, dear."

After a moment, the floppy bedroom slippers shuffled away.

"Oh, Mother, what shall I do?" Fran asked the next morning. "How can I just get up and go on living?"

"Your father thought you might want to go away. Perhaps to Washington to Aunt Jane's."

"And leave you to wrestle with things here?"

"I knew you'd want to stay and see it through," her mother said.

Building her up. But having courage wasn't enough, not with this goneness where her heart should be. "I wish I could have stayed the way I was last night. I didn't take it in at all. I didn't even give Johnnie his ring. It's on the card table."

"I know."

"Oh, what shall I do, Mother, what shall I do? You don't suppose he thought I didn't care, because I was so numb and queer?"

"Of course not. He knew you were shocked. And he was too upset himself to say good-bye."

It was awful—his leaving like that. Where had he gone? For so long she had known his every movement. She jerked upright. "I have to get up and walk about. Diana's crawling around in the back of my mind."

"We'd better talk it out, Fran. I'll get something to put around you."

Fran hardly stopped her pacing as the wrap was slipped around her. "Did you guess what was happening, Mother?"

"No," Mrs. Conway said. "But I was afraid. Together every morning, every evening, Johnnie, good-looking, ambitious, Diana, dramatic and spectacular. Besides, she isn't someone Johnnie has known all his life. It seems to me it is just one of those things. And I must say I think Johnnie was pretty brave to come out with it at this stage. Believe me, Fran, what you're going through now is little compared to what might have happened after the wedding."

Fran kept hearing those words "after the wedding." And now there would be no wedding; no wedding in the garden with its spring beauty; no lovely wedding dress, no bridesmaids, no apartment, no babies. The tears started streaming down her face.

"Come here, darling." Her mother held out her arms. "Come and sit on my lap."

Fran stumbled across the carpet, and her mother gathered her up as if she were a little girl, and she cried as she never had cried in all her life. "It isn't only that I don't know how to cope with this m-minute," Fran sobbed, "but to-morrow, next week, all my life, what shall I do, Mother? I'm panicky."

"So you think you are panicky," her mother said, "staying and facing things when you could go right off to Washington. Look, darling, here's Dad, and he's in a state over you."

Fran looked up to see him hovering in the doorway.

"Hello, Frannie. How's Dad's girl?"

"I guess I'll live, Dad," Fran said.

"Good girl! Atta baby!" His arm went around her. He thought it would comfort her to know people on the Hill were lining up on her side. "Johnnie's parents were over last night, and I've never seen two madder people. Then Mary came, and she said there won't be room in the Circle for Johnnie any more, let alone the girl. The Thompsons telephoned, and it was the same with them."

Fran kept trying not to see Johnnie's picture on the bureau, and her mother stood up abruptly. "We'd better get dressed now, Harry."

Please turn to page 8



You can

always rely on

CRAVEN "A"

4060-9

CARRERAS LTD-OVER 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

PICTURE OF A

Grafton MEN'S HANKIE

dancing on the line...

FOR THE 25th TIME



Levers Wash-Tests show that Grafton hankies retained all their original color-lustre after 25 test launderings. But Grafton hankies are guaranteed for at least 50 launderings and you'll find they're still good for countless more.

GIVE **Grafton** FOR FATHER'S DAY

Ask for Grafton Hankies by name at all good stores.

G.H.Z.

By Mutual Consent

Continued from page 7

THE moment they were gone, Fran put the picture in the bottom drawer of the bureau. Johnnie was laughing, and he had on a tennis sweater she had knitted for him. Quickly she shut the drawer, then into another thrust the white satin slippers she had bought in Salisbury yesterday.

The veil of antique Brussels lace her great-grandmother had worn at her wedding lay softly bunched in an open box on the cedar chest. Fran had been reverently mending it. Now she pressed down the tissue paper around it and closed the box.

A diaphanous handkerchief Mary had lent for the "something borrowed" Fran wrapped in a piece of tissue paper and hid behind her jewel-box. Then she gathered the notebooks and memos on the desk, lifted the box of surplus invitations, and turned to the card table for the list of wedding guests. Wouldn't the invitations have to be recalled or something? Slowly she put the list down.

Turning back to the card table, she saw the ring. It must go back. Perhaps her mother would take it to Johnnie. They had always been fond of each other, and poor Johnnie could do with a friendly word, as his own mother and father were so angry at him. She yearned to send a message, even just "Hello, Johnnie." But no! It's over. Can't you get that into your head?

She was shutting the bathroom door when Mrs. Conway called. "I'll have breakfast ready soon, Fran." She let the shower run cold and bathed her face. Then, with her hair brushed sleekly, a little extra powder and plenty of lipstick, and the blue jumper that matched her eyes, she didn't think she looked like a girl people had to be sorry for.

Her father came and took her downstairs as if she were an invalid. In the breakfast nook, he pulled out her chair, poured her coffee, and then passed the cream and sugar, though she never used either.

Lifting her spoon, she looked at the stewed figs before her. Johnnie loved figs. She put the spoon down. Then the telephone rang. Fran was thankful for an excuse to get out of the kitchen.

It was Laura Sutro, society editor of the "Courier."

"This is Fran Conway, Miss Sutro," she managed to say.

"Oh, Fran, my dear, whatever is this I hear about you and Johnnie Brewster?"

"We've called the wedding off."

"That's what I heard, and I couldn't believe it. I'm very sorry. Is a notice going in the paper? ... Are you there, Fran? Listen, dear, wouldn't you rather I spoke with your mother?"

"No, thank you. I can do this myself. We'll recall the invitations, I suppose, so there won't be any need for a notice in the paper."

"Well, if you and your mother feel no formal notice is necessary, I'll put a mention in my column—no embroidery, just the fact. Will that be all right?"

"Yes. You're very kind, Miss Sutro. Thank you. Good-

bye." After Fran hung up, she kept her hand on the receiver a moment, fighting back the surge of finality that came over her, before she went back to the kitchen. "It was Laura Sutro. She's putting a mention in her column," she said.

"I'm sorry you had to handle that, darling," her mother said.

Just then a deliveryman appeared at the back door.

"It's Kincaid's, Mother." Kincaid's was the best silver shop in Salisbury, and many of Fran's wedding presents had come from there.

Mrs. Conway looked at her husband. "Harry?"

"I don't know," he muttered. "Send the packages back?"

That seems rather crude, don't you think? We'd better return them to the senders ourselves with a note.

"All right," Fran said. "I'll sign for them."

"I'll do it." Her father stepped ahead of her. "Good morning," he greeted Jonas, who had been with Kincaid's for years.

The telephone rang, and Mrs. Conway said, "I'll take it, Fran."

Jonas stood at the door looking benignly at her. "Got a nice batch here, Miss Fran. You're the most popular bride we've had for many a day."

"Thank you," she stammered, then suddenly it was unendurable. "Dad!" she said sharply. "What's the sense of this? Jonas, take them back and say the wedding's off. And please tell Mr. Kincaid to cancel any more orders he might have for me."

"But—" her father started to protest, then stopped.

Jonas muttered "Whadya know!" was followed by a kindly, "Sorry, Miss Fran." Then he took his delivery book and the packages and left as fast as he could.

Fran and her father sat at the table without a word until he said, "I thought I'd stay home this morning." He cleared his throat. "I called Seth to come over for some instructions." Seth was his right-hand man at the bank.

Fran was thinking how much easier it would be if her father would go to work as usual, when the front doorbell rang. Bells. Bells. People. "That's probably Seth," she said, and went to the door to let him in.

Seth was the oldest of all the Circle "kids." To Fran he had always been Mary's big brother and Johnnie's loyal friend, destined to be his best man at their wedding.

He greeted her in his usual quiet way. He evidently hadn't turned against Johnnie, and that pleased her. He didn't even blame Diana. He said what Mrs. Conway had said—that it was just one of those things.

Mrs. Conway was in the kitchen when they got there. "It was Liz Thompson on the phone, Fran," she said. "Bets and Polly are coming over from college this morning to see if there's anything they can do to help."

"Oh." More people to face. Seth left after a brief talk with Mr. Conway.

Please turn to page 10

You don't have to hide beautiful hands



CUTEX

completes the fashion picture—brings new loveliness to your fingertips

You too can have beautiful nails—fingertips jewels that glow with glorious lustre right through the day, every day.

Choose a Cutex color to accent your style. It may be the palest bloom... or a brilliant color that is gay and sparkling. But whatever your color might be, Cutex

will add a subtle new charm to will give you new confidence... make you feel "fashion right"

CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE and CUTEX PEARL BRILLIANCE both contain "Emulsa," the new miracle ingredient that lasts and lasts... resists chipping and peeling longer than any polish you have ever used before.



CUTEX

The manicure that stays lovelier... longer

"Daily active lather facials with LUX TOILET SOAP make skin softer, smoother—really lovelier"

says beautiful

Nancy Olson



Nancy Olson as she stars with William Holden in Paramount's "Submarine Command"



9 out of every 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap

LUX GIRLS ARE LOVELIER!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 27, 1951

'Happy Father's Day Your Majesty!'

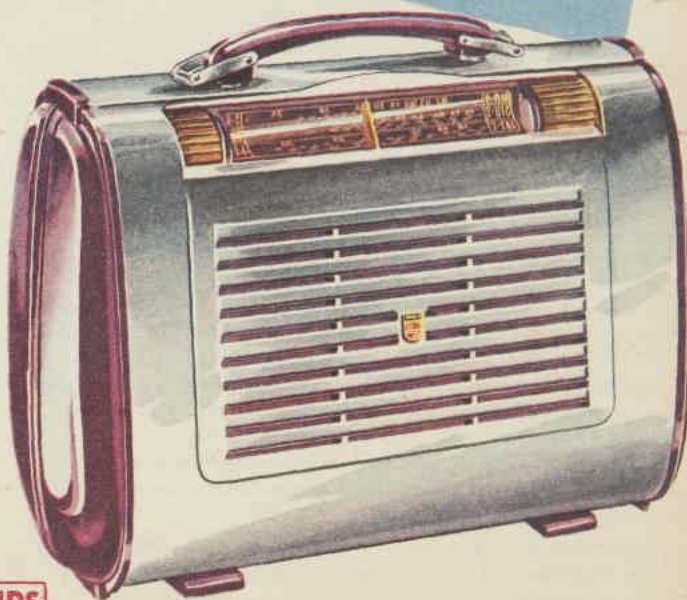


With a

**PHILIPS
PHILISHAVE**

or a

**PHILIPS
Portable**



With a PHILIPS PHILISHAVE electric shaver Dad can shave anywhere, any time, and easier and quicker than ever before. Philishave eliminates even the toughest beard in record time—users have proved you can shave in three minutes. Philishave is the only really modern electric shaver . . . the only electric shaver with true razor action. The exclusive rotary-action cutting head has six self-sharpening blades which whisk away "stubble" quickly,

smoothly, easily. Philishave is the first dry shaver to use a powerful, armature-type, real electric motor that needs no oiling and operates on either AC or DC power.

● Philips Philishave . . . complete with handy zippered case, is a gift Dad will thank you for and use every day—for year after year ● You can buy PHILISHAVE at all good stores.



Give Dad a Philips Portable and he'll leap for joy! Flick back the eye-lid shutter and march into his room with the portable playing! Put it down by his bedside and show him how a flick of the volume-control roller can vary volume from concert hall level to a whispering lullaby . . . with superbly beautiful tone all the way. Then creep away and let

him gloat over the beautiful design of his gleaming, ultra-modern, easy-to-carry, 5-valve Philips Portable.

● Unbreakable aluminium and plastic cabinet ● Collapsible handle ● Extra long battery life—cheaper to operate ● Unchallenged tone and station-getting ability.

PHILIPS Radio and Philishave—Famous as PHILIPS Lamps

SAVE 1 1/4 (25%)

Buy exquisite
**three flowers
face powder**
in the new **REFILL** pack!

Richard Hudnut brings down costs with this practical cosmetic money-saver! The lighter, lovelier, longer-clinging texture of "Three Flowers" is now packed for economy's sake in this new Refill pack, as well as in the popular standard box. It takes only a few seconds to pour the powder from the Refill into a face powder box, powder bowl or compact. And you save 1/4.



Same exquisite quality . . . Same amount of powder . . . Nothing changed but the package and the price . . . 1/4 less

Make this big saving today. Get the same quantity of heavenly "Three Flowers" at a much lower price. Pat it on. See how "Three Flowers" beautifies your own natural skin tonings . . . subtly conceals tiny flaws . . . giving you a newer, more youthful complexion right through the day. The exclusive TOP-TONE Shade Control formula of "Three Flowers" prevents powder from streaking, caking, changing colour . . . avoids that heavy "made-up" look . . . brings new natural-looking loveliness! And this new Refill pack makes "Three Flowers" more economical than ever before!

Ask your chemist or store for your shade of **three flowers face powder** in the standard GAY box . . . or in the new economical REFILL pack



3/11



2/10

three flowers face powder

by **Richard Hudnut** NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

1913-14

THE telephone kept ringing. The news was spreading. Fran took a couple of calls. It was better to do that than be unoccupied for even a second. Yes, it was true, she'd say in reply to the cautious inquiries, the engagement was broken. Then, in shocked embarrassment, the friend would stumble off the line.

Out of it, Fran looked to see if the flag was up on the mailbox. It was. Acceptances. Good wishes.

Instead of dashing down the path, she went back to the living-room, where Mary Applegate was helping return the presents. Fran took up a piece of the Spode dinner service Johnnie's parents had sent and said as offhandedly as she could, "Most of the service is still unpacked, so I suppose these pieces had better go back in the barrel."

"I'll take them down to the cellar and pack them there," her father said.

The chest of flat silver, the gift of her parents, was to be put on the top shelf in the linen closet.

A pair of silver candlesticks, a delicate embroidered luncheon cloth and napkins, a pair of crystal vases, a tooled-leather desk set had come from Circle friends. These were wrapped carefully and put on the hall table, to keep them separate from gifts to be returned by mail.

Then Bets and Polly arrived. Their opinion of Johnnie was clean-cut. The man was mad. Diana, though, was something else again. There were depths of iniquity hinted at that any self-respecting snake in the grass would recoil from. But from the citadel of their worldly wisdom, Bets and Polly wondered why Fran hadn't fought back.

She couldn't think of a suitable reply, and Mary broke in, "Hey! It's nearly lunch-time. Why don't you two come and have lunch at our house?"

Fran felt grateful to her. How could you possibly do anything when a man said he didn't want to marry you?

When the girls had left, the living-room seemed dreadfully quiet. Fran couldn't get away from it quickly enough and into the kitchen to her mother.

The three of them were just sitting down at the table on the porch when Mrs. Quiller-Donley came over from her garden.

"Don't get up," she begged. "I just wanted a little chat and I thought I might catch you before you started luncheon." She threw an unhappy glance at Fran. "Fran, dear," she murmured, then turned to Mr. Conway. "Good-afternoon, Harry."

Mrs. Conway drew her to the table while Mr. Conway pulled up another chair. "If you haven't had lunch—" Mrs. Conway began.

Mrs. Quiller-Donley lifted

By Mutual Consent

Continued from page 8

a protesting hand. "Thank you, dear, no. Sarah will have ours ready shortly. Terence doesn't go to the store Saturdays, you know. Aren't you home early, Harry?"

Mr. Conway accounted for his presence. "We're not a very cheerful group to-day," he said. "Johnnie has—"

"I know, my dear sir. I know. Terence and I heard just a short while ago. We were out last night, and Mrs. Applegate left a message for me to call her this morning. It is incredible that Johnnie could do such a thing. But it is well his lack of character has been shown up now," Terence says. He telephoned Johnnie in New York a few minutes ago and told him that, under the circumstances, we don't think he is the type of young man we need for that position in the store."

Australians eat more cheese

AUSTRALIANS to-day are eating more cheese.

Each man, woman, and child in the country eats a shade over 6lb. a year, about the same as in the United States. The leading cheese-eating countries are Denmark (18lb. a head), Italy (12lb.), Holland (11lb.), and Great Britain.

Once a cheese is cut or opened, it needs tender care.

If you buy a whole cheese, it's a good idea to cut a thin, whole slice from the top and use it as a cover.

The story of Australia's widening range of cheese is told in A.M. for August, now on sale.

Fran couldn't believe it. Ever since high school, it had been understood that Johnnie would go into Q-D's. There had even been a feeling in the Circle that he would take over from Mr. Quiller-Donley when he retired. She felt awful. It really was on her account, and it meant Johnnie's career. His whole future was being threatened!

Mrs. Quiller-Donley was still talking when Seth walked up from the Circle road. His glance met Fran's, and somehow it steadied her. He handed Mr. Conway some papers, and Mrs. Conway asked him to stay to lunch.

"Thanks," Seth said. "I'll get the silver and stuff." And off he went to the kitchen.

"Let me get it, Seth," Fran jumped up and followed him. As soon as they were in the kitchen, Fran broke the news. "Mr. Quiller-Donley won't have Johnnie in his firm. He telephoned him in New York. Everything is like a nightmare."

Seth draped himself against the refrigerator. "Well, it's no nightmare for Johnnie as to go into Q-D's."

"What? But that's been taken for granted for years!"

"Yeah, taken for granted! And who wants to have everything taken for granted? A fellow can change, can't he?" Seth said.

"Seth! What on earth are you saying?" His expression was strange to her, somehow she couldn't read it.

"Just that a fellow can change," he said gently. "You and I will always be content to be small-town, Fran, but Johnnie's different."

"You mean he won't care about Q-D's?"

"Mr. Quiller-Donley has saved him a lot of trouble," he said. "Johnnie was finished with Salisbury and the Circle even before he met Diana. And her mother last night. She isn't someone Johnnie has known all his life. She stared into Seth's kind face. A fellow can change, can't he? That was what he had said.

Fran suddenly felt as if she had let go a pair of reins. She had been driving Johnnie the wrong way, though heaven knew she hadn't meant to. She had headed him the way she herself wanted them both to go. "We'd better go back to the others," she whispered.

Mrs. Quiller-Donley was saying, "Terence has always been so fond of Johnnie and wanted him in the store, but—" The unfinished sentence took care rather neatly of Johnnie's being now unworthy of a position in her husband's firm.

Just because he hasn't done what they wanted him to do, Fran thought. It somehow doesn't seem fair.

"And poor Doctor and Mrs. Brewster. I feel so sorry for them, with that dreadful girl coming into the family," Mrs. Quiller-Donley added.

Fran gave her a shocked look. "But Mrs. Quiller-Donley, what is dreadful about Diana? Just because Johnnie wants to marry her when we had planned— After lunch, I'm going over to wish her luck."

Mr. Conway and Mrs. Quiller-Donley looked dumbfounded. Mrs. Conway upheld happily and leaned back in her chair.

But Seth gave Fran a little salute. "Why wait?" he said.

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





AFTER years of hard work on their station property, Leonora, Merrig, Victoria, JACK and JANE DORMAN become rich in the inflationary wool boom.

They send £500 to Jane's elderly aunt in London, ETHEL TREHEARN, who, just before she dies, gives £600 to her granddaughter, JENNIFER MORTON, and requests her to visit the Dormans in Australia.

The Dormans, with their daughter ANGELA, meet Jennifer in Melbourne and take her to Leonora.

Shortly after her arrival Jane drives with Jack Dorman to the nearby timber forest, where a man rushes towards them with the request to get CARL ZLINTER, a Czech migrant timber worker, formerly a doctor. Two men, BERT HANSON and HARRY PETERS, are seriously injured in a bulldozer accident.

No other medical help being available, Zlinter, assisted by Jennifer, amputates Hanson's leg to release him from the bulldozer. He is taken with Peters, who has a serious head injury, to the lumber camp, where Zlinter performs a cranial operation on Peters.

Both men are in a satisfactory condition, but suddenly Hanson becomes demented, collapses, and dies. One of the men had given him a bottle of whisky and he had drunk the contents. **NOW READ ON:**

"I think Mr. Forrest will come back without me, because I shall be in prison," Zlinter said.

The Far Country

IT is the duty of the police to take note of all serious accidents occurring in their district, and Sister Fellows at the hospital in Banbury had rung up Sergeant Russell the previous evening to tell him there had been an accident at Lamorna and that the doctor was away at Woods Point on an operation case.

The police got to the lumber camp at about half-past seven in the morning, inspired more by a genuine desire to assist than with any thought of making the processes of law.

It was unfortunate, however, that they got there before Dr. Jennings, who would probably have extended Bert Hanson's life a little upon paper and signed a death certificate which the police sergeant would have hunted, in a country chronically short of doctors it was no business of the police to go round making trouble.

As it was, they came upon the scene before the stage was set for them. They found a Czech lumberman, utterly exhausted, who had conducted two major operations without any valid medical qualifications whatsoever, and one of the patients dead.

The other patient, on whom a major head-operation had been performed, was clearly very ill and, in the view of the police sergeant, probably dying too.

The whole thing was irregular and possibly criminal. In any case, the

coroner would have to be informed, and there must be an inquest.

Dr. Jennings arrived direct from Woods Point half an hour after the police. He found them taking statements from Jim Forrest and Carl Zlinter in the canteen hut, Zlinter having refused point-blank to go to the office of the lumber company, half a mile from his patient. When the doctor came in he got up from the table.

"This can wait," he said to the police sergeant, with small courtesy, for he was very tired. "There are now more important things that must be done."

He walked out of the canteen and took the doctor over to the trephine case at once.

Jim Forrest turned to the sergeant. "He's right, Sarge. He's got to hand over his case to the doctor. Maybe I can go on telling what happened."

The sergeant thumbed his notebook. "How long have you employed this man?"

"Aw—I couldn't say for certain. September or October, a year back, I think. Fifteen or sixteen months, maybe."

"Has he acted as a doctor before?"

"Well, what do you think?" said the manager. "If you had a doctor working as a lumberman, you'd use him if a chap got hurt, wouldn't you? Cuts and sprains and bruises and that? Anything serious gets sent into

the hospital. We haven't had a real accident before this one."

The sergeant wrote in his book. "Did you know this man wasn't registered as a doctor in Victoria?" he asked presently.

"Sure," said the manager. "I got him as a laborer through the Immigration Office. If he was a doctor he'd have been doctoring."

"When did you start using him as a doctor?"

"Aw—I forget. He's been a laborer all along. The men started going to him for cuts and sprains and that—things it wouldn't be worth going into Banbury for or getting Dr. Jennings out here. He started coming to me for bandages and stuff, so I made over the first-aid box to him and got a lot more stuff he said we ought to have. It just grew up, you might say."

"But he's been working as a laborer all along?"

"That's right."

"Did you ever make an inquiry into his medical qualifications?"

"Only what he told me, Sarge. He said he'd been a doctor in his own country, in Prague or Pilsen or some place like that. And in the German Army. He told me from the first he wasn't allowed to practise in Australia. I knew that, anyway."

"Did you authorise him to do this operation?"

"Which one?"

"Well—both. Let's say the man who died—the amputation—first."

"He asked me, and I told him that he'd better go ahead and take the foot off. We couldn't get a doctor. We couldn't even get a nurse out from the hospital. Look, Sarge, it was like this..."

Sergeant Russell said presently, "I don't want you to think I'm making trouble, Jim. I have to get the facts right for the coroner, because there'll have to be an inquest. There's no doctor that can sign a death certificate." He thumbed over his book and sat in silence for a minute or two, reading through his notes.

"These operations," he said. "The one where he took off the foot and the one on the other fellow's head. How long did they take?"

The manager thought for a moment. "The foot was pretty quick—twenty minutes, maybe not so long as that. The other one was much longer—two hours, I'd say, or longer than that."

The sergeant wrote it down. "Did you help him?"

"No."

Sergeant Russell raised his head and looked the manager in the eyes, sensing prevarication. "Who did help him? He didn't do operations of that sort all on his own?"

"There was a girl there," the manager said. "An English girl staying with Jack Dorman. She was in the utility with him. She gave a hand."

"That's Jack Dorman of Leonora?"

"That's right."

"What's her name?"

"I don't know. Jack called her Jenny, I think. She was English."

"Is she here?"

"She went back to Leonora last night, with Jack, about midnight. She's probably there now."

"I'll look in and see her," the sergeant said, "on my way back."

He glanced over his notes. "I'll have to see this man Zlinter again," he said. "I'll have to know the medical degrees he's got in his own country—that'll come into it. I think that's all the questions."

"There's one you haven't asked, Sarge," said Jim Forrest, getting up, "and I'd like to know the answer."

"What's that?"

"Who gave Bert that whisky?" the manager said. "I'd like to know the answer to that one."

In the hut Dr. Jennings and Carl Zlinter were debating the same point, standing and looking dispassionately at the body of Bert Hanson.

"Too bad this had to happen," said the doctor. "He's been an alcoholic for some time, I'd say. We'll probably find an enlarged liver at the post-mortem. Have you any idea how he got the stuff?"

The Czech shrugged his shoulders.

"There were his coppers all around, all night, here in the corridor," he said. "I was operating in the next room and I could not see. It must have been in that time."

Please turn to page 32

Fifth instalment of an eight-part serial by NEVIL SHUTE



WAITING IN THE WINGS. Dainty ballerinas stand in the wings at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, before going on stage. David N. Martin presents the Folies by arrangement with M. Paul Derval, Paris, and Bernard Delfont, London.

At the Folies Bergere

★ The Folies Bergere, which for many years has been one of the principal tourist attractions of Paris, has migrated to Australia. The local production — with gorgeous girls, glamorous settings, and imported stars — is now being presented at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney.



ENSEMBLE: Beautiful Sonya Corbeau dances with the Tivoli ballet girls in the exciting number "C'est de la Folie," which opens the show (at left).

AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION. Feminine star of the Folies, Sonya Corbeau, makes a member of the audience join in the fun in the Folies Bergere Show.



SUPERB DECOR is a feature of the Folies. "A l'Opera" is the title given the scene above. It depicts the reception given to mark the premiere of Verdi's "La Traviata" at the Opera Italien, Paris, in 1870. Rich velvet crinolines encrusted with sequins are worn by the ensemble. Costumes were made in London for the show.



SYMPHONIE DE VIOLIN. Talented young Australian dancers appear in the Folies with the overseas stars. They are led by pretty ballerina Marilyn Burr.



FETE MEXICAINE. Down Mexico Way is the theme of this scene, which opens the second act of the spectacular production. The Folies were produced and staged by Dick Hurran, with dances arranged by Ronnie Hay.



FINALE. Our color photographer Bob Cleland took the finale scene of the first act from the stalls at the Folies Bergere. The orchestra, which is conducted by Herbert Fisher, is in the foreground.



Meet the colourful Bantu tribes of SOUTH AFRICA

South Africa offers you a unique holiday... fascinating native life, wild animals in the raw seen from the comfort and safety of your car, plus all the amenities of modern cities. Its friendly people will extend you a warm welcome. Ask your travel agent for attractive literature about holidays with your 'Sister of the South'.....



or write South African Tourist Corporation,
Private Bag 164, Pretoria, South Africa

visit
SOUTH AFRICA

Special MAIL ORDER offer
YOU CAN'T BUY THESE LOCALLY

HE'S NEVER SEEN

2 MAGIC SHIRTS

LIKE THESE...

**SCOTTISH
TAILORING
& MERCERY
CO. PTY. LTD**

NYLON

NO IRONING
Washes in a Jiffy
Dries in 3 Minutes

Features a French front, pearl buttons. Tailored cuffs, shaped back, flat seams, and is triple stitched on vital points with Nylon thread. In Fawn, Blue, White. Please make two colour choice.
Sizes 14 to 18
Price **99/6**

Crepe-de-chine
For the feeling of luxury
living and wearing

Tailored from fabulous French Crepe-de-chine. Scottish Tailoring's "know-how" gives this outstanding appeal. Easy to launder, long sleeves, tailored buttoned cuffs, with 2 styles of collars. "Cut-a-way" or "Standard." In pearl-white only. Sizes 12 to 20.
Price **69/6**

The illustrated at right is the famous "Clip-on Tie." All colours. Price 14/4.

SCOTTISH TAILORING & MERCERY CO. PTY. LTD.
171 Liverpool Street, Sydney

Please send me NYLON Crepe-de-chine
Shirt's Style, "Cut-a-way" or "Standard." Size
Colour I enclose Cheque, P/Note, or
Money Order for an Country cheque. Please add exchange
NAME
ADDRESS
Coupon correct till June, 1953.

Editorial

Vol. 20, No. 13

August 27, 1952

THE SACRIFICES OF KINGSHIP

WITHIN the past few weeks King Farouk of Egypt and King Talal of Jordan have lost their jobs.

The modern world is not paved with red carpet for kings and queens to walk on. To-day's ruler must survive as a person.

When kings left off leading their armies into battle and ruling by divine right, many people felt there was nothing left for them to do.

Many people—notably the Americans, whose country's leader emerges from the catch-as-catch-can of political conference—still cannot see what is the use of a king.

But there is a task for kings and queens to do to-day.

It is the unspectacular, painstaking job that the British Queen and the Scandinavian rulers are doing so successfully.

It involves an endless list of engagements, receiving innumerable bunches of flowers, listening to interminable speeches, and making appropriate speeches in reply.

It means never looking cross or out of sorts or just plain bored.

All of these tasks, separately insignificant, become a shining symbol of what is unchanging in this changing world.

Nobody can look back six months to the funeral of King George the Sixth and not realise that modern kingship demands heroic sacrifice.

Nobody can recall the accession of Queen Elizabeth the Second and not feel deeply that a modern monarch is a completely dedicated person.

There is an important place in the modern world for kings and queens—for good kings and queens.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

A NEW Cory has become good news to readers who like a thriller that combines the sophisticated viewpoint, a tough-egg hero, and non-stop action.

With no more than his first two publications behind him, Cory has already established two figures of whom readers will always be pleased to hear more.

The first is his English who-dunit investigator Lindy Grey and the second his modern cloak-and-dagger Intelligence agent, the Irish-American Sean (Johnny) Fedora.

Of the two it is the second (the central figure, incidentally, of the present volume's activities) who strikes me as being the best future bet.

Working for British Intelligence, Johnny has an assignment on this occasion to break up a post-war Nazi Intelligence group that has gone underground in Paris.

The job must be done in the four weeks before Western Defence Headquarters are sent specifications of the new Hammer jet fighter in accordance with Britain's commitments in the Western Union.

If it is not, Johnny's chief assures him, he will next be sent to Kamchatka—"where men are men and women are non-existent."

With this to him—direct of all threats ringing in his ears, Johnny submits to some major plastic surgery, then, armed with a new face and a new identity, registers at a Parisian hotel, the unofficial headquarters of the Communist grapevine built round the old Resistance units.

The identity he has assumed is that of one of the only two surviving members of a French Resistance group wiped out by the Nazis on information supplied by one of its female members.

The Australian Women's Weekly

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4092WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street. Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 4097, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 34-36 Rialto Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 401G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

OUR COVER

All told, we think our cover this week a gay and pretty conceit. Straight from Paris, it is a welcome to spring as well as an illustration of the new season's high fashion—the Gibson Girl blouse with billowy sleeves and starched collar and cuffs.

This week:

● Jean Sedgman, who is now in the United States with her famous husband, Frank, on their enviable tennis tour of the Western world, was mightily impressed with New York after a luxury crossing of the Atlantic in the Queen Mary. On page 17 she gives her impressions of America in detail. We intend publishing further cabled stories from Jean in later issues.

● Mlle Sonya Corbeau, the star of the Folies Bergere in Sydney, of which there are color pictures on pages 12 and 13, is only 18—the youngest leading lady any production of the Folies has ever had. We talked with Mlle Corbeau on the stage of the Tivoli Theatre one recent afternoon, and discovered the reason she speaks English faultlessly—she was evacuated to Australia as a little girl during the war, and went to school at a convent in Darlinghurst, Sydney. During a performance, Mlle Corbeau, in her elaborate sequined costumes and feathered headdress, looks the acme of French sophistication, but when the footlights are dimmed she becomes an unassuming but poised teenager with remarkably luminous eyes and a pleasant air of youthful enthusiasm about life.

Next week:

● In the northern hemisphere, June is the traditional month for weddings, but in Australia spring is the season most brides favor (bridegrooms, of course, have precious little to do with the choice of the time to be married). Accordingly, our next issue will have a decided nuptial flavor—with color pictures of some recent weddings, the latest fashion news for brides, and helpful cookery notes on preparing meals for only two.

● In her home decoration feature next week, Joan Martin helps solve a problem which besets many people—how to modernise a room which is old-fashioned in design and which is full of out-of-date furniture, including one of those clumsy iron bedsteads.

THIS TRAITOR, DEATH
By Desmond Cory

Johnny's briefing leads him to believe that this lethal lady of pin-up proportions is a member of the gang he is out to bring to book.

Only two men surviving from the old Resistance days can recognise her. One is the man whose identity Johnny has assumed and the other is an ex-Maquis hero whom brother officers have recently condemned to death for collaboration.

A girl fashion reporter is the means of Johnny contacting the disgraced Maquis leader, and from that point the story enters a strange world of double-double-cross, brutality, and sudden death.

Before he is through, Johnny is shot at with a wide variety of firearms, narrowly misses being gassed to death, burnt to death, blasted to death, and stabbed by the lady he is kissing.

Cory's tight, disillusioned dialogue is a joy.

In all, splendid entertainment.

Our copy from the publishers, Shakespeare Head, Sydney.

You can say 'yes' to Romance



because Tact says 'no' to offending

Tact is Colgate's wonderful creamy, smooth, sweet-tasting, odorant. Tact stops under-odour instantly, checks inspiration effectively, is harmless to normal skin and hair fabrics. Tact alone contains Duratex—Colgate's exclusive ingredient which makes Tact safer. Tact lasts from bath to bath.

COLGATE'S Tact
THE NEW COSMETIC REQUISITE to safeguard your charm. IT'S HANDIED IN A TUBE.

Golds never worry me!

Troublesome colds and coughs tell you a sign that your system needs necessary assistance to defend itself, prove your health and fight against treacherous weather with Angier's. This golden emulsion builds up body strength and in turn the seasonal risks of 'caching' cold.

In two sizes, from 10 to 20.
ANGIER'S EMULSION
BOTTLED BY: PHARMACEUTICALS, 25-27 CHALMERS AVENUE, SYDNEY.

WATCH FOR THESE SYMPTOMS

WORMS MAY CAUSE ANY OF THE symptoms in children of indigestion, purring tongue, loss of appetite, agreeable taste and gradual growth of teeth whilst sleep, fever, loss of order, swollen stomach, diarrhoea sleep.

Comstock's Worm Pellets
BANKHILL, Glasgow and other Worms from the cradle. They are specially flavoured for children like them.
W. H. COMSTOCK CO. LTD., 23 LANG ST., SYDNEY.

COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS

AT LAST
SOMETHING DIFFERENT
APRIL SNOW

Lillian Budd
Refreshingly different in its setting—a snow-bound farm in the Swedish coast.

Unusual in its heroine—Sally, courageous wife and mother who manages her eleven children and good-looking husband with love and understanding.

Outstanding in its treatment—so that the reader's interest grows from the first chapter to the final page.

16/-
From all Bookellers
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 27, 1952



NEW!



REVOLUTIONARY PAINT DISCOVERY COMES TO AUSTRALIA

*STYRENATED Berger master

FULL GLOSS EXTERIOR FINISH



The world-wide search for a plastic that would blend with paint ended when Berger Chemists developed Styrenated Bergermaster — a revolutionary new-type paint that has rendered ordinary exterior gloss-paint old-fashioned almost overnight.



The Styrene in Bergermaster ensures:

- BRILLIANT GLOSS THAT STAYS GLOSSY
- UNEQUALLED COLOUR RETENTION
- REMARKABLE BRUSHABILITY
- YEARS LONGER LIFE



Styrenated Bergermaster shields your home beneath a tough, weather-tight skin of gleaming plastic. Years after you paint you will hear comments on its "new" look.

* Styrenated Bergermaster — a completely new kind of paint, containing the miracle plastic ingredient, Styrene. Your Berger agent has Bergermaster NOW!



SEND THIS COUPON NOW

Write your name and address on this coupon and send to your nearest Mayfair Colour Centre for details of FREE Colour plans.

SYDNEY: 1605, G.P.O. • MELBOURNE: 1159-K, G.P.O. • ADELAIDE: 800-G, G.P.O. • BRISBANE: PRIVATE BAG, POST OFFICE, HUNDAN • PERTH: 1205-P, G.P.O.

Please send me details of Mayfair Colour Centre service in home colour planning.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

A product of LEWIS BERGER & SONS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. Sydney • Melbourne • Brisbane • Adelaide • Perth

DOCTORS PROVE Palmolive Soap

can bring YOU...

a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!



You too CAN LOOK
FOR THESE COMPLEXION
IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- ♥ Fresher, brighter, complexion!
- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer tiny blemishes—and incipient black heads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!

REGULAR SIZE
ECONOMY BATH SIZE

Not just a promise
but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO:
Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then for 30 seconds massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.



ALWAYS ON THE BEAM



John Booker has to be on the beam—he's Acting Leading Signaller of Pile Light, the important beacon at the mouth of the Brisbane River, Queensland. "The worse the weather, the wider awake I've got to be," says John. "But a long watch leaves me mighty cold. That's when a big hot cup of Bonox pulls me through. Helps me stick at it—guards against 'flu.' Whatever your job—whether you work indoors or out—get the Bonox

habit this winter. A steaming cup of delicious Bonox pours new strength straight into your bloodstream—helps keep your head above the 'flu line. Bonox is the concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef—plus peptones to pep up your appetite. Cafeterias serve hot Bonox—so at home, and at work, enjoy cheery, beneficial Bonox for a 1-1-1! Made by Kraft in economical 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz., 16 oz. and 28 oz. bottles.

KR24

Worth Reporting

SOME unlucky people are always having accidents. But are they just unlucky? According to a recent U.N.E.S.C.O. survey of research into accident causes, quite a lot of them are probably "accident-prone."

Research has shown that the "accident-prone" person is usually in good health and is quick-minded, not clumsy or dull.

He is happy-go-lucky, impulsive and casual. Psychologically, but not obviously, he is hostile to authority and takes up a fatalistic "don't care" attitude.

Despite the application of every kind of safety-first rule for his protection, this type of person manages to go on having accidents.

In industry "accident-prone" people can be prevented from taking jobs in which they are particularly liable to have accidents and to injure others, but little else can be done for them.

"Accident-prone" children tend to be restless, aggressive, and resentful. In the majority of cases they have inadequate parents and an unsatisfactory home life.

A British paediatric, Mr. Ronald Mackenzie, said of them: "These children are like delinquents, but where one breaks laws the other breaks bones."

First diesel-electric locomotive

"A SELF-CONTAINED power house" is how Mr. George Brown, superintendent of locomotive maintenance for the Victorian Railways, describes the first diesel-electric locomotive acquired by the State.

The locomotive, named "Harold W. Clapp," after Sir Harold Clapp, who was Victorian Railway Commissioner for 19 years until his retirement in 1939, recently made history by being the first railway unit to travel over the two gauges in the line between Sydney and Melbourne.

A 15-ton Army crane lifted the engine over the border at Bandiana military siding and the bogies underneath were changed to fit the broader gauge.

On its trial run, the locomotive reached a speed of 80 miles an hour, but ordinarily the limit is 70 miles an hour.

The streamlined blue-and-gold "Harold W. Clapp" is Mr. Brown's pride and joy because of its big saving in fuel and maintenance costs. It uses 1½ gallons of fuel oil to the mile.

Twenty-five more diesel-electric locomotives will arrive within the next 14 months.

All mod. cons. have been provided for the diesel-electric engine driver. In his cabin he has a washroom, a wardrobe, a glove-box, sun-shields, and windscreen-wipers, and he sits on a revolving chair which is smartly upholstered in pine-green leather piped in red.



"Let me hear you pronounce that one again!"

Sydney artist shows paintings in Tokio

SYDNEY artist George E. Finney will show 35 of his paintings at an exhibition in Tokio, opening on September 3.

"I have never been to the East—except in imagination," Mr. Finney told us before he left for Tokio.

"This exhibition is the culmination of a 14-year-old ambition to show my paintings in Japan."

Mr. Finney said he thought his style of painting would appeal to the Japanese because it is decorative and impressionistic rather than realistic. His exhibition will include bush-flower studies, landscapes, and seascapes painted in enamels and distemper.

An enthusiast about Japanese art, Mr. Finney intends to spend part of his fortnight's stay in Tokio studying trends in modern Japanese painting.

"If my exhibition is a success, I'm going to try to arrange for an exhibition of Japanese art to be brought here," he said.

The exhibition is being sponsored by the Australia, Japan, New Zealand Society, headed by Mr. H. C. Menzies, of the Australian Embassy in Tokio, and the Asahi newspaper.

It will be held in the art department of the Takashimaya store.

Small country has big airport

THAT even the smallest countries can take an important place in international civil aviation has been proved by the achievement of the air-minded Eastern republic of Lebanon.

Wartime Lebanon, remembered by Australian servicemen and servicewomen stationed there and those who were at the military hospitals near Beirut and the Cedars, had little in the way of airport facilities.

Just two years ago, however, Lebanon made aviation history by opening the large modern Khalde airport at Beirut.

In its first operational month, Khalde handled 280 flights, those of local airlines and only two international companies.

Now 26 airline companies use the airport and more than 1500 flights a month link Lebanon with every part of the world outside the Iron Curtain.

Work is still being done at Khalde, and when it is finished the project will have cost the country of one and a quarter million inhabitants more than £15,000,000 Australian.

In return for this expenditure Lebanon is already reaping the benefits of increased trade and tourist traffic.

Charm for the housewife

QUITE a few husbands will be singing "You're so nice to come home to," etc., now that a charm school for housewives has opened in Sydney.

Two Sydney models, Janis Mahony and Norma Geneave, who are running the school, will teach their pupils how to make the most of themselves and their clothes.

A steady flow of applicants for the school has kept Janis and Norma busy interviewing and enrolling as well as arranging evening and some afternoon classes.

"Most of the women joining the school are in their early 30's and some have had two children," the girls told us. "They want to spend some time on themselves now while they're still young."



..thanks to

KIWI

THE WAX SHOE POLISH THAT GIVES A BRIGHTER SHINE FOR A LONGER TIME

Shine colours—Black • Dark Tan • Mid Tan • Tan • Brown • Mahogany • Ox Wood • Blue • Rust • All in the Open-toe Shoe too



AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST SELLING SHOE POLISH

REMOVE WASTE —NOT FOOD!

Poor elimination is mostly due to poor digestion because 85% of digestion takes place in the intestinal tract. Such poor elimination can't be helped by digestive powders and stomach purges.

Carter's natural, soothing prescription gently unlocks system: stopped-up from simple constipation. It promotes the free flow of all 5 of nature's important digestive juices. Carter's helps nature restore the natural power of elimination. Removes only waste—not food—another reason why these little pills help you feel so much better. So gentle... no habit-forming... get Carter's Little Liver Pills at your chemist or store today.



Cuticura SOAP



THE SPELL

Gustav Brewer Love, laughter and music—then stark tragedy! 14/- From all bookshops SHAKESPEARE HEAD PERS

Shops attract Sedgmans in New York

Shortage of dollars limits purchases

By JEAN SEDGMAN

When Frank and I arrived in the United States recently he had a brief holiday from tennis, which we spent shopping and going to the theatre.

Of course, it has mostly been window-shopping because we have only a meagre dollar supply.

WE went to New York by subway from Forest Hills each day.

The New York subway is much noisier and seems faster than the London Underground, but is unbelievably crowded during rush hours. Our trams are home seem empty by comparison.

The shops are out of this world, particularly luxury establishments such as Bonwit Teller and Saks Fifth Avenue. I could spend weeks just wandering around their packed counters.

I suppose one could spend a month in Macy's, the world's largest department store, which occupies an entire square block in mid-town Manhattan and sells everything from pits to motor cars.

The thing which struck me most forcibly about the crowded streets of Manhattan was the incredible number of new cars, each one shining as if it had just rolled out of the factory.

The lack of small cars is also noticeable. Frank and I saw only two small English cars in a week in New York.

The informal and colorful summer garb of New Yorkers is noticeable after the drab clothing of Europeans.

Men go about their business in New York in light striped sweater suits, or without jackets in bright-hued, short-sleeved sport shirts.

Casual garb

WOMEN are dressed casually, many going without stockings, even though nylons are cheap and plentiful.

New York styles are attractive. I have noticed many girls wearing chunky gold bracelets with matching earrings.

The latest fad is to carry a large square basket, something like a strawberry basket, slung over the wrist as a handbag.

There are gaily colored, with pictures on popular song titles, "Love in Bloom," "Shrimp from Are Comin'," and the like, pointed on the side.

The most striking girl I saw in New York had her hair painted to match the color of her pearls.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Small, the well-known Australian couple who do so much to help Australian tennis players here, were at the pier to greet us when we arrived in the Queen Mary, and have been lavish in their hospitality.

They were at our wedding in Melbourne, and brought

back pieces of the wedding cake which they gave to American friends.

The Smalls live in a luxurious penthouse overlooking the East River.

There is a fascinating view of river traffic below and the bridges to Long Island, and there is no need of air conditioning to cool their eighteenth-floor apartment.

They love the theatre almost as much as they do tennis, and had Frank and myself as their guests to several musical comedies before Frank went back to "work" in the Orange Tennis Tournament.

I enjoyed the newest Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, "The King and I," enormously. It is a beautiful production with lovely music which is not yet popular in Australia.

We are living in the Stone House, a fine mansion in Forest Hills, with easy walking distance of the West Side Tennis Club, site of the championship matches in the large horseshoe stadium, which is America's Wimbledon.

Frank and I have our quarters in one wing of the three-story brick house. The rest of the Australian team is also living in the Stone House.

We all take breakfast together, but eat our other meals at the West Side Club. The boys cook their own breakfast and won't let me help.

They claim they do not want me "practising" my cooking on them.

The Stone House is luxuriously furnished, even to a large television set in the lounge-room.

I have not had a chance to see many television programmes.

Those of the Australian team who have been in America before are red-hot baseball fans, and spend all their spare time watching the games on TV.

Since I know nothing about baseball I attend to my knitting out of earshot of the games.

When the rest of the team arrived at the Stone House there was a bit of a scramble to see who would get Betty Grable's "honeymoon bed."

It seems that the film star visited the former occupants of the house on her honeymoon some years ago, and occupied a bed which has become famous among visiting Australian players.

Harry Hopman got the bed this year, much to the chagrin of Ken McGregor, who had it on the tour a year ago.



JEAN AND FRANK SEDGMAN in front of the porch at the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, near New York. Jean's strawberry-basket handbag is New York's latest fashion craze.

With the exception of brief trips to Orange, New Jersey, Newport, Rhode Island, and Boston for the various tennis tournaments, we will live at the Stone House until we leave for California in September en route home.

The Stone House is owned by Mr. Robert Harriss, a wealthy tennis enthusiast, who lives in a smaller house directly across the street.

The Stone House is vacant all the year except when Australian teams arrive to occupy it briefly during the summer tournament season.

Helen, a friendly and warm-hearted Scotswoman, who has been Mr. Harriss' servant for many years, moves into the Stone House each year to take care of her "Aussie boys." I particularly enjoy the grounds and the big trees—maples and oaks.

Squirrels scamper about the lawn and fireflies sparkle in the air at night.

The trees help to cool the house and give us some relief from the terrible hot spell of 90-degree weather which New York has been undergoing for the past month.

Basement theatre

THE house is named after the original owner, Fred Stone, a well-known musical comedy and film star of 25 years ago. His three daughters, Carol, Paula, and Dorothy Stone, who were brought up in the house, all went on the stage as singers and dancers.

There is a small but complete theatre in the basement. The stage, about 20 feet wide, is equipped with a miniature curtain and footlights and a tiny piano.

Before coming to America the Australian team toured Germany for a two weeks' series of exhibition matches.

We visited Dusseldorf, Co-

logne, Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, and Munich.

I was impressed by the quantity and quality of the food in Germany as contrasted with England.

Shops are filled with beautiful Dresden china, leather goods, and silverware.

Germans relax

THE Germans love to enjoy themselves, and at night we often saw entire families in the large beer gardens, singing and dancing, and looking completely relaxed and happy.

Frank and I are still getting over the wonderful excitement of his Wimbledon success.

The social highlight of the Wimbledon tournament was the traditional ball, attended by all the players and officials and anyone else who could get hold of a ticket.

The ball is a huge affair, attended by 1200 people, and is held at Grosvenor House.

The ball started, as usual, with the winners of the men's and women's singles dancing alone together.

"Little Mo" chose the song "Unforgettable" for her dance with Frank.

It was a very gay evening, with all the players relaxing for the first time since the start of the tournament.

At dinner Frank and Maureen sat at the head table with the top officials. I sat with Don Candy and Mervyn Rose, and with Victor Seixas, Eric Sturgess, and their wives.

"Little Mo" astonished me with her wonderful little speech, which she rattled off as if she had been making public speeches all her life.

I was proud of Frank's speech, which he made extemporaneously and which sincerely reflected his pleasure at winning the Wimbledon title at last.

LIFT THAT SOAP VEIL!

Soap and ordinary shampoos (even the more expensive) leave a veil of dulling soap over your hair and in your scalp. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oil — needs no rinses.



Fill your hair with glorious youthful radiance



Give your hair this exciting new beauty treatment

The first time you use "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo you'll find your hair so clean it sings through your comb... new waves fairly ripple from your brush... your hair comes alive with its full, natural colour. That's because "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo is more than a shampoo—it's an exciting beauty treatment for your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo springs quickly into its lively "wonder-foam" lather. This new kind of lather penetrates thoroughly... leaves your scalp as fresh and clean as your hair—and rinses out completely—even in the hardest water. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo is perfect for normal, oily, dry or water-fast dyed hair—try it over the week-end!

Available in this NEW personal 2 oz. size—and standard 4 oz. pack. All chemists and stores.

Vaseline
LIQUID SHAMPOO

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Canada. V522



SURGICAL NYLONS

- * "Lastonet" stockings now available in Australia
- * Firm, healthful support for varicose veins
- * Invisible under ordinary stockings

"Lastonet" stockings bring sure relief from pain to every sufferer from VARICOSE VEINS and leg weaknesses. Two-way stretch NYLON NET gives unprecedented comfort and coolness. Get a "Lastonet" self-measurement form from any good chemist. In case of difficulty, apply to the agents:

Lastonet
NYLON ELASTIC
NET

R. M. GREEN Hosiery Distributors Pty. Ltd.
241 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE

NEW and specially made
for Australian conditions

BEAR

BRAND

The **IMPROVED**
CELLULOSE TAPE

made by Behr-Manning—
former manufacturers of
'DUREX'



When you buy this new improved 'BEAR TAPE' in its bright blue and gold packaging, you buy a tape that has been tested against extremes of heat and humidity. You can have 'BEAR TAPE' in varied widths as clear as glass or gaily coloured gift tapes to do their merry job. When you want a better tape, ask for 'BEAR TAPE'.

NOW

SEAL tighter-HOLD faster-MEND better



with

BEAR
BRAND
CELLULOSE TAPE

MANUFACTURED IN AUSTRALIA BY BEHR-MANNING (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. • LIDCOMBE • NEW SOUTH WALES

YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAUN

Some boys and girls debate:
which is the romantic sex?



A LETTER this week commenting on the opinions expressed in previous articles on this page claimed, among other things, that men are more romantic than girls.

No sooner had the letter been shown to a girl than she rushed, bristling, to the defence of her sex. She counter-claimed—scornfully, too—that boys didn't know a thing about romance.

Here is the letter with the reply—the boy first, expressing his own and his cobbler's opinions; then the girl, speaking for herself and her 18-year-old office girl-friends.

THE BOYS:

In relation to the articles Youth Sums Up, there were a few things some of us didn't agree with, so we got together and wrote this. The only thing we did agree on is that girls are all upside down in their thinking.

First of all, the boy in one of the articles says it's the thing these days to kiss a girl good-night because "the girl expects it—it's only polite."

A bald statement like that leaves us cold. We kiss a girl only when we mean it.

There's nothing more pleasant than kissing a girl, nothing so liable to lose its significance if kisses are thrown round like that.

You kiss a girl when you feel affection for her. You might do so when you know her for a while or it might happen the first night you meet her.

You might dance with a girl, feel as though you were going to heaven with her. Five minutes later you might be kissing her in the garden. That's okay. As long as there is something to it.

As long as, as Bob Hope says, "you make her nyons pop."

(You might remember the film in which every time Bob kissed a girl her stockings laddered—until he went to France and kissed a French girl. Then his socks suffered.)

What do we think of girls?

We think they're wonderful. There's nothing more pleasant than the company of a girl friend; there's no greater thrill than the feeling of the first kiss.

There is nothing more beautiful, not a painting, not a poem, not music, than the sight of the only girl in the world walking down the stairs in that pale blue frock to meet you.

But still we think girls are fickle, material creatures. They're not the romantic sex at all, it's the males.

A girl can go out with a fellow and be terribly affectionate to him and the bloke will never again be the same. But the girl? It never meant a thing to her and she thinks no more of it.

The more girl-friends we have the better they like us. The more we neglect them the better they respect us. The more we ask them to go out the less liable they are to go.

They like there to be in us a bit of the rascal, a bit of color, a bit of the unpredictable. They like to "reform" us. They don't like the sure, safe, dependable type. They're all mad.

We love girls' hair. We like to see it well groomed. It's their crowning glory, and we don't think much of a girl who doesn't bother to do her hair for us.

We love its silky softness. It's nice to nestle into it, to ruffle it, to see it fall into place again. About drinking: We all like a glass of beer, but don't drink much more than that.

We don't think much of a girl who drinks much, either.

The girl for us is the one who doesn't disapprove of drinking but doesn't drink much herself.

As for smoking, that's just out.

Then, again, why shouldn't girls do as we do? It's just our prejudice.

We like a "steady," but not too steady. At our present age, 19-20, we like just to forget all about marriage for a while.

We'd like to have our fun first, mix with the other kinds of girls before marriage, then we won't want to. Get sound and enjoy ourselves now, sow our wild oats—for now then we must—while we are young. It gets a bit involved later on.

Well, that's about all we think of women.

We think they are the hardest creatures on this earth to get on with. We think they're all fickle and very material. We think they're beautiful.

We love 'em.

THE GIRLS:

We'd rather like to meet the authors of this letter.

Many of their arguments are sound common sense and we agree with them. Some of their remarks reveal (unconscious?) pathos, and we sympathise. A few of the accusations we are forced to admit.

Also, there's a slightly sentimental atmosphere which appeals to us.

These young men understand women—in theory.

That's why we'd like to meet them. On paper, they sound like a maiden's dream.

But, then, there's the girls' side.

Let's face it. We like boys. Of course we do—it's natural. But we're not blind to the fact that they're egotistical and selfish, materialistic and conceited.

But romantic?

Imagine the perfect setting. Moonlit balcony, a dreamy waltz, a boy and a girl, and "Y" know, I think I've a good chance of making the football team." And girls don't play football.

Romantic? Who keeps letters and mementoes? Boys don't, but we do. We've got great stacks of them.

Who keeps up anniversaries and remembers birthdays and such? Not boys. But women like elephants, never forget. It's always the girl who remembers to write.

We can meet a boy and think he's a combination of Alan Ladd and a knight in shining armor. We can dream about him for days. But boys? They don't have any dreams. They just see plain us. Not as we'd like to be as we are.

It's all very well to say girls are fickle and materialistic. But if you let that important man see that you are sweet and serious—and all when you don't see him or he doesn't phone you or remember to write—won't you be thankful?

You won't see his heels for dust. He'll be running to join the boys on some other girl's string—some girl who's "fickle and materialistic."

Then there's the social side. If a boy puts a lot of attention to a girl, isn't she lucky? But if the positions are reversed, the girl's a man-chaser and a person to be shunned.

With regard to kisses. We like to be kissed too. It's pleasant. But girls are torn too. Will he think I'm a prude if I don't? Will he think I'm "easy" if I do?

But boys? No, no. Boys will be boys (everyone knows that), just "little boys at heart" (and everyone knows that too).

And clothes. We do our best to look charming for the men in our lives. But it's amazing how often the man turns up in ill-assorted clothes, badly tended shoes, and unkempt hair.

With all their faults, though, men are really pensable. And do we like them?

Ah, YES.

ARTIST DIGS FOR COLORS



COASTAL FISHING SCENE in the aboriginal manner depicted in native symbols against a background of stringy-bark-brown by artist Byram Mansell.



"IGUANA AND SPINIFEX" scarf worn by a model, who has draped it to display its rich colors, all to be found in Australian landscapes.



● Sydney artist Byram Mansell, using earth colors which he digs from the soil, paints silk scarves with aboriginal motifs depicting stories of native life.

SOME years ago Mr. Mansell discarded conventional painting to go purely Australian by studying and adapting the art of the aborigines.

He studied native folk lore, legends, and symbols and collected a great deal of data on their aboriginal history before beginning to paint with their materials.

Digging his colors from the earth at Killara and Bowral, in N.S.W., where he has properties, he mixes and blends his colors with the juice of rotted cactus plants.

Mr. Mansell plans to take his scarves to the United States, where already textile designers have shown great interest in the unusual designs and colors.



SILK SCARVES in the aboriginal design (from left), "Barrier Reef Colors," painted from motifs collected during a trip to the Barrier Reef, "Fish in a Billabong," and "Sand and Shells" in beach colors.

BYRAM MANSELL in his Killara studio putting finishing touches to his scarf "Iguana and Spinifex," which is stretched on a frame.



RICH EARTH-RED is the dominant color of this scarf. The tree is a coolibah. Photographs by staff photographer Clive Thompson.



FIRST AID DRESSING FOR ALL MINOR INJURIES

Never neglect the smallest injury! A cut finger, a scratch, a graze... all minor injuries need the quick first aid of Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages, the finest ready made first aid dressing your money can buy. Protects, looks neat, promotes healing.

Band-Aid

ADHESIVE BANDAGES EVERY TIME!

Carry several strips with you everywhere... ready for instant use... for every sudden emergency.

BAND-AID ADHESIVE BANDAGES are available in packets of 12, 24 or the large economy pack of 50—plenty for all the family. Ask for and insist on Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages, plain, waterproof or elastic at Chemists or stores everywhere.

A PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

IN THE BIG 14 OZ. TIN!

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

- * CLEANS FASTER!
- * CLEANS EASIER!
- * TESTS PROVE IT!

It's ACTIVATED!

CHASES DIRT!

AMPLIVOX AND Western Electric HEARING AIDS

The sound way to better hearing is through The Audiphone Company... the finest instruments, exceptional after-sale service, 20 years' sound reputation. Call, write or phone your nearest branch to arrange a demonstration without obligation—or for us to tell you when our representative will next visit your town. Don't delay!

THE AUDIPHONE CO.

SYDNEY: M.L.C. Building, 44 Martin Place	NEW 7387
NEWCASTLE: Suite 14, "Sun" Building, Hunter St.	B 1989
MELBOURNE: 119 Collins St.	Cent. 4195
BRISBANE: Commercial Bank Chambers, 239-243 Queen St.	B 2982
ADELAIDE: Alliance Assurance Building, 28 Grenfell St.	LA 4798
PERTH: 88 St. George's Terrace	B 3886
HOBART: 152 Collins St. (opp. T. & G. Building)	Cent. 3436

Post to your nearest office of The Audiphone Co.

Please send free booklet "Your Key to Hearing Happiness."

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

MOTHER



"But of course it's man-tailored. I made it out of one of my husband's suits."

BUTCH



"I'm just mad enough to call th' cops."

It seems to me

DISTINGUISHED British visitor Sir Edward Appleton, who has been in Australia for a scientific conference, gave an interesting example of the way in which science must bow to popular prejudice.

Expert investigations for the British Ministry of Fuel proved that stoves were more economical as heating than the open fire. In fact, the abolition of the open fire and its replacement by stoves in Britain would have saved the country £30,000,000 a year.

But, said Sir Edward, the Englishman's desire "to be warm in front and arctic behind" had dissuaded the Government from introducing the scheme.

You can easily imagine what a cry would have been raised through Britain if the open fire had been abolished in favor of a more efficient method of heating. It would have struck at the very core of "hearth and home."

The Government showed its good sense, for one of the first principles of governing is to keep people reasonably contented, or at least below the stage of active revolt.

Stoves might have warmed Britain to a revolutionary simmering point.

The incident is an excellent example of democracy, so much less efficient in many ways than dictatorship, so much more desirable.

ANOTHER example of popular preference for what might be termed enjoyable discomfort comes from Sydney.

It concerns the announcement that the Sydney Harbor Transport Board has ordered a new ferry which will have no outside seating. Everyone will be nice and dry in bad weather.

Do the ferry travellers like the idea? Of course not. The lovers, the fresh-air fiends, the men with strong pipes all favored the outside seats. They feel quite bitter about it, absolutely unmoved by the fact that some of the old ferries are decades overdue for replacement.

But ferry travellers are not so numerous as to constitute a pressure group, and it looks as if progress will prevail.

ONLY four months till Christmas. If you think that's a premature mention of the subject, the shops don't. Some of them are displaying Christmas decorations already.

SCHIAPARELLI has launched the grasshopper look in the latest Paris dress shows.

The grasshopper look is tubular and long-sleeved. I don't know how becoming it will be, but I do know I never heard a more appropriate name for a fashion.

The grasshopper, who, according to fable, sings and dances all summer while more careful creatures prepare for the winter, is synonymous with imprudence, and his sad fate always crosses the mind of a woman surveying the expensive follies of seasons past.



Dorothy Drain

A RESTRAINED chorus of approval greeted Mr. Menzies' assurance that at present the Government does not propose to increase postal rates.

To have raised rates further, especially for telephones and telegrams, would have been not only bad politics, but disastrous business.

The telephone began its career as a luxury. Just before the war it had come to be regarded as a necessity by those in middle income brackets. Higher rentals and

call charges in the past few years are putting it back into the luxury class.

Surely it would have been wiser to keep the charges down and encourage business.

Some European countries have all sorts of tricks for increasing telephone revenue. In Vienna children can dial a number and hear a tape-recorded fairy story. Another European capital provides a recipe service.

I don't say that I hanker particularly for either of those services.

A child glued to a telephone fairy story could irk older brothers and sisters and provide yet another cause for family dissension.

But they are examples of notions for raking in revenue. In contrast the Australian P.M.G.'s Department has done little except discourage phone business.

As for telegrams! The charges for these have rapidly put them back where they belonged earlier in the century—chiefly a means of conveying bad news.

REAR-ADMIRAL John Weston, a Scot who died in Africa, left his property with the injunction that no one who smoked, drank, gambled, used face powder, lipstick, or any beauty treatment except soap and water should benefit.

It would have been simpler to leave it all to his pet dog.

AUSTRALIAN actor Ron Randell praised Australian girls during an interview in Hollywood. He said, "They are pretty without having to resort to pancake make-up, girdles, and falsies, and an Aussie girl can get dressed in five minutes flat."

How sweet are thoughts of home when far away! Though strong the lure of other, richer lands, There comes a time on some unguarded day When homesick memories grip like iron bands.

Thus sometimes when comparisons are drawn The head is ruled by the nostalgic heart. So with an actor, mid the alien corn, Imagination plays its wonted part.

Hallucination, too. The fact is that, Much as the compliment may please the sex, No female dresses in five minutes flat, Except perhaps in fire alarms and wrecks.



This Beautiful **BABY BOOK** Free to young mothers!

In colour... with space for recording baby's first photograph and his daily progress! Also a handbook on modern methods of baby care, including diet, infant ailments, clothing, etc. To secure your copy, send your name and address—with 6d. in stamps—to-day to Sanitarian Health Food Company, 148 Fox Valley Road, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Granose VITAMIN-FORTIFIED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS

PAIN YOU CAN'T "EXPLAIN"



Terrible, dragging spasm so bad she missed a day from work every month

Discover for yourself the complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain that you can get with two Myzone tablets. What you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness. Myzone's marvellous ACTEVO (anti-spasm) compound here you blessed comfort without doping. Just take two Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

*** MYZONE *** DISTRIBUTED BY CLAYTON - MILLER

CLEAR SPOTS AND PIMPLES from your skin

Many peach-blown complexion and smooth olive skin have in their lustre through vitamin deficiency, causing embarrassing pimples. Yeaston, a pure active yeast, is one of the richest known foods in vitamins B1 and B2. Two or three concentrated Yeaston tablets taken regularly will soon repair your skin.

Yeaston also gives relief to Boils, Abscesses and Catarrhs, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, Fatigue, Children's Upset Stomach, Flatulence, Blood Disorders and general ailments which owe to vitamin deficiency.

Pure active yeast in concentrated tablet form.



In bottles of 36 and 100

The First

RAYON SHIRTING
GUARANTEED BY
TOOTALRD
(CONTAINING THE
MIRACLE YARN 590)



EXCLUSIVE TO

Country
Club

TAILORED BY BUCKWALTER

REGD. TRADE MARK

PAT. PEND.
WITH THE *NEATLINE* COLLAR
STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA

ONLY COUNTRY CLUB HAS THE COUNTRY CLUB LOOK



*Fashions begin
with fabrics like
these...*

Heavenly voiles that
drift around you like a cloud
...and crisp, cool cottons
that never seem to lose their
summery smartness! All
from Ferguson's, of course,
and fully guaranteed.

*Illustrated is one of
Ferguson's frothy,
feather-weight voiles*

• FERGUSON FABRICS •

FERGUSON BROTHERS, LTD., Carlisle, England Manufacturers of Textiles since 1824

DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

● The newest collections of clothes destined for beach and sun are full of gay, easy ideas to copy.

ON and off the beach the material news is cotton.

Cotton corduroy, pique, and the biggest of all, cotton terry cloth (in New York it's corded).

All corded cotton is wonderful for beachwear, because cording gives cotton a new precision and twice as much body.

NEW colors on the sands are blonde and benedictine.

Also popular are a new school of pinks with a pretty light blue tone (last season, pink had a lilac undertone), and gold jewellery colors—green-gold, yellow-gold, antique-gold, often worn with white.

There is nothing quite so dramatic against a good sun-tan as white.

NO. 1 beach-cover that looks and is new is the beach-skirt made to just cover a bathing-suit.

It buttons down the front and is wonderful in terry towelling.

The hit in America is a tubular top, designed to cover a swimsuit, completely hip-length, and finished with a wide turtle neckline so it can slide on and off easily. It is middy in shape.

Still popular is the stole, circular and fringed and always lined. Color combinations give it news—print and plain is chic.

THE news in swim-suits is the sleek, scrupulously tailored one-piece.

A typical one is illustrated made in firm cotton.

For pure prettiness there's the one-piece, long-waisted, with a short kilted skirt, and the one-piece with a tight top and wide skirt or pants reflecting the ballet bodice and skirt of Degas' dancers.

FANCY pants are in the news and have outed the colored dirndl.

Pants are due for a special cultivation, can be ankle-bone length and as narrow as a pair of sleeves, knee-length or full and buttoned below the knee with a harem flavor.

They're made in print, worn with printed top, often unmatched—flowery pants, striped tops; harlequin circus check pants, tiny patterned tops; striped pants, plain tops. On and on they go.

ALONG with slacks go halter tops, strapless tops, sleeveless blouses, classic shirts, and middy blouses.

On the Isle of Capri a middy blouse top worn straight and loose over black tapered trousers is seen from early morning till evening.



TAILORED one-piece swimsuit worn over matching trunks is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust, requires 2½ yds. 36 in. material and 6 yds. contrasting bias binding. Price, 3/6.

VERY much of the season and day are short shorts quilted in white pique or in a small patterned printed cotton.

In the same country an elastic belt six inches wide, often in three horizontal colors like neapolitan ice-cream, is worn with slacks or shorts or used to belt in a full-cut beach wrap.

SEEN in U.S.A. is a Japanese-inspired beach-coat, an adaptation of the judo coat worn by a Japanese wrestler.

Also popular in America is a short sun-dress, designed with one shoulder bare, made in the authentic pareu cloth worn by the Tahitian girls in numbers of Gauguin's paintings.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"JEANETTE."—A cleverly styled maternity dress made in spun silk printed in a small floral design on blue, aqua, pink, and green grounds.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 in. and 34 in. bust, 87/11; 36 in., 38 in., and 40 in. bust, 89/9. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 in. and 34 in. bust, 63/9; 36 in., 38 in., and 40 in. bust, 65/3. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

"MELANIE."—A practical and pretty button-up house dress. The dress is obtainable in summer-bleached cotton printed with a shell design. The color choice includes blue and aqua printed on black and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 in. and 34 in. bust, 53/3; 36 in., 38 in., and 40 in. bust, 55/6. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 in. and 34 in. bust, 38/3; 36 in., 38 in., and 40 in. bust, 39/11. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 47. Frocks not inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, 204/205, 21 Pier Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 27, 1953

FLOOD DEVASTATION



HELICOPTER VIEW of the floodbound Macdonald Valley, looking towards Wiseman's Ferry, shows the swollen river, 300 feet wide in parts, swirling past isolated farms which were cut off from the outside world for three weeks. The floodwaters brought devastation to at least 30 properties in this area, wiping out citrus orchards and vegetable crops and washing away valuable topsoil and river flats.



A WATERLOGGED FARM in the Macdonald River valley, where floods marooned more than 300 people. A helicopter piloted by Flight-Lieutenant Max McKay, 22 Squadron, R.A.A.F. Station, Schofields, flew in 1100 lbs. of urgently needed food for the farmers and their families after attempts to get supplies to them by packhorse and launch had failed. Staff photographer Ron Berg took the pictures.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 27, 1952

The difference between

this...



and
this...



is often this...

Johnson's
BABY POWDER



So silky-soft, so cool, so smooth!

Johnson's Baby Powder is such a pleasant way to chase away prickles and chafes, keep baby comfy and contented.

The famous SARA QUADS

Johnson's Baby Products—Powder, Soap, Cream and Oil—are used exclusively in the Sara nursery. Chosen above all others for this important care!



Best for Baby... Best for You

Are YOUR dentures 'oxygen-clean'?

You'll be astonished the first time you immerse your dentures in 'Steradent'. They emerge purified, freed from unpleasant stains, film and odours. 'Steradent' is made specially to 'oxygen-clean' dentures, which means safe, thorough cleaning of every corner and crevice.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY

Steradent

'Oxygen-beams' and sterilizes every type of denture.



COUSINS - COME - LATELY
Eve Pownall

The exciting adventures of Ned and Emily Fraser in old Sydney

Charmingly illustrated by Margaret Senior.

12/6 From all Booksellers 12/6

A SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS PUBLICATION.

"It's the surest
way I know
of getting
a good night's
sleep"



BOURN-VITA
—it's as good as it
tastes because...

... It's packed with solid food value—
barley malt, eggs, full cream milk, and
chocolate.

Bourn-vita before bed encourages
the sound, restful sleep that relaxes
nervous tension—fits you for another
busy day.

See that all the family have
a cup of warming, delicious
Bourn-vita before bed. They'll
love the delicious malty flavour,
feel all the better for the
energy-building sleep that
Bourn-vita helps promote.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Cadbury's



BOURN-VITA

Elastoplast ...



on a
**HANDY
SPOOL!**

Cut off
no more than
you need!

You'll find this type of Elastoplast most economical
to use. A full yard of flesh-coloured Elastoplast that
stretches to almost 2 yards from which you cut off
just as much or as little as you need. Safe, quick,
hygienic and wonderfully comfortable because
Elastoplast stretches with your skin.

SAFE
QUICK
ELASTIC
COMFORT
FOR ALL
MINOR
INJURIES

FROM ALL
CHEMISTS

Elastoplast

E-L-A-S-T-I-C ADHESIVE PLASTER

First Aid Dressings in RED tins also available

Smith & Nephew (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W.



1 ARRIVING in San Francisco after his latest sealing
expedition, Captain Jonathan Clark (Gregory
Peck), centre, greets his rival, Portugee (Anthony
Quinn), left. Clark and crew book into large hotel.



2 RETINUE of Russian Countess Marina Selanova
(Ann Blyth), right, are guests of same hotel. To
escape her pursuing fiancé, Marina plots how she can
get Clark to help her reach an uncle in Alaska.



3 DISGUISED as her own maid, Marina meets Clark at a
ball and pleads the case of her supposed mistress, but he
refuses to take her to Sitka. Following a whirlwind courtship,
Marina agrees to stay in San Francisco and marry Clark.



4 DISCONSOLATE when Marina leaves town
without explanation, Clark drinks heavily.
Hearing of a large school of seals near Sitka.
Clark bets Portugee he can reach them first.

The World in His Arms



DRAMA, action, and ex-
citing technicolor
scenery are highlights of
Universal's film version of
Rex Beach's adventure of
the far north, "The
World in His Arms."

As a devil-may-care sea
captain who poaches seal
pelts from Alaska in de-
fiance of Czarist Russia in
the 1850's, while roman-
cing with a Russian aristocrat, Gregory Peck is a
rugged, swaggering hero.
The picture introduces
spectacular sea scenes
among Alaskan seal herds,
and a race between sealing
schooners.



5 FURIOUS fight occurs near Sitka
when Portugee tries to steal Clark's
seal haul. A Russian gunboat arrives
and captures both of the crews.



7 TENSELY, Marina (rescued by Portugee on the night of
her marriage to Prince Semyon) waits on deck with Portugee
and crew for Clark to return after a joint raid by the reconciled
captains, in which Clark sets fire to the Russian gunboat.



8 TOGETHER again, Clark tells Marina of the
death of Prince Semyon in a hand-to-hand
battle on the burning gunboat, and his own
escape by diving overboard. They sail for home.

DEBORAH KERR

— happy at home

It took delightful-looking, Scottish-born film-star Deborah Kerr five years to solve the mystery of how to settle down successfully to quiet domestic life in Hollywood.

"JUST announce that you are to become a mother and you'll get a chance to enjoy your home," she said.

Deborah's second daughter, Francesca Ann Bartley, was born in California last December.

Her elder daughter, Melanie Jane, almost five years old, was also born in Hollywood.

When Deborah told film chief Sam Schary of the expected visit of the stark she was spending a few weeks in Hollywood after completing "Qui Vadis?" in Rome, and prior to leaving for England to star in "Ivanhoe" with Robert Taylor. Joan Fontaine replaced her in the cast.

"I hope it doesn't cause you any inconvenience," Deborah told Mr. Schary.

Deborah and her tall, sandy-haired husband, Tony Bartley, own an English provincial-type home on Corona Del Mar Avenue, overlooking the Pacific Ocean from a high palisade rising over the Pacific Coast Highway.

"We permitted ourselves only one luxury — a nice home and a Cadillac car," said Mrs. Bartley.

The building is surrounded by green lawns, and a big flower garden at the back of the house is Deborah's special pride.

The sun porch and patio is the favorite spot of the Bartley family, and there Deborah, one of the colony's talented backyard artists, paints whenever there is time for it.

She is pictured on this page with one of her own canvases.

During the three years before Francesca's arrival, Metro's pretty red-haired star came to be known as the most travelled actress in Hollywood.

Picture-making in faraway places seemed to come home life, but the devoted Bartleys appear to have found the formula for successfully combining marriage and separate careers.

Anthony Bartley recently launched himself into the movie industry by taking his own filming unit to Africa to shoot a series of 39 films for presentation over television networks.

Dealing with the adventures of a big game hunter in the African wilds, Bartley's movies reflect the interest which was roused in him while on safari with his wife and the "King Solomon's Mines" troupe two years ago.

He learned the complicated business of film-making the hard way by working as an associate to various producers in California without pay.

Back in harness, Deborah lately worked on the technicolor romance, "Prisoner of Zenda." Her co-star, Stewart Granger, is a countryman.



Never a care about the size of your wash

BIG OR SMALL - HEAVY OR LIGHT
THE **LIGHTBURN**
"TAKES IT IN ITS STRIDE"

a full week's wash in less than an hour and really dry

Yes! this the loveliest, sturdiest and most efficient of all washers, handles any sized wash in double quick time. Makes light work of blankets, yet as gentle as a lamb with the daintiest of fabrics.

HERE'S THE SECRET OF LIGHTBURN'S POPULARITY . . .



"Are you expecting?"

"Well, make a lay-by on two or three dozen 'Dri-Glo' naps—the sooner the better!"



"DRI-GLO" makes special nursery-towels for baby, too! Available at stores throughout Australia.

Ann Todd is stooge in jet fighter film

From our London correspondent

Fragile British actress Ann Todd recently came to grips on the set with her toughest screen rival yet.

THE rival is sleek, glamorous, and travels faster than the speed of sound. It is Britain's newest jet fighter and it has star billing in the first film to tell the romance and the drama of a test pilot who broke through the "sound barrier" to travel faster than the noise of the jet's own engines.

Ann Todd's husband, distinguished movie-maker David Lean, directs her again in "The Sound Barrier."

In box-office appeal, David Lean's first film in the best part of three years promises to rival his "Brief Encounter" and "Great Expectations" and to outdo them in excitement. He opens the picture with a shot of fighter planes ballet - dancing to music

against the clouds.

The studio at Sound City was a curious jumble of jet planes and lovely stars. Ann Todd, in a ski suit, check shirt, and gay scarf, looking younger than ever, sat bathed in a yellow light against a cobalt studio sky.

She breakfasted in foggy England, says the script, and now is taking her ease at sunlit lunch with her pilot-husband, Nigel Patrick, under the waving palms of an alfresco restaurant in Cairo.

Britain's new jet airliner, the Comet, scheduled for the England-Australia run by the end of 1952, accomplished this modern miracle for them.

It was almost the last day of shooting; a good picture was safely "in the can" and everybody was gay. The Kleig lights

ANN TODD, looking more youthful than ever, wears a white flying-suit to fly with her test-pilot husband (Nigel Patrick) in her new film "The Sound Barrier."



switched off and Ann jumped down from the set platform to meet us in the studio semigloom.

"This is the wardrobe I like for a change," she smiled. "Ski trousers, slacks, plain dresses, only one evening gown in the film. I've been using a Comet airliner as a changing room!"

"David, my husband, wrestled with the idea for this film for 18 months. He has always wanted to make a film of man's exploration into the unknown. Our house has been thick with papers and ideas about Livingstone, then Malory and Irving's fatal attempt on Mount Everest.

"But history had dated and documented sagas like these, and there was no longer any mystery in them. One day David read at breakfast the story of a test pilot who was killed when he was trying to travel faster than sound. His plane simply disintegrated.

"It's this invisible sound barrier which tears men and planes to pieces that makes the story. But we don't think of it just as an air epic. The film is about the human spirit of the pilots and their wives.

"While I was studying my role, David made me go down

to an airfield in Hampshire and watch them test out jet planes. To stand not far away while a jet started up was the eeriest sound and feeling I have ever known. Frankly, I felt groggy and sick from head to toe.

"This is a totally new kind of part for me—a wife who rebels against the terrifying risks her husband has to take. I've cut my page-boy dot-kissed glamor good-bye, as I've been in sporty films."

As if five months' sports and speed weren't enough—Ann had been filming the story with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nigel Patrick, and David Sheridan continuously—she and David were due to take off at any moment for Megève, in the French Alps, for filming.

"This is my own ski outfit," Ann said. Her sky-blue trousers were tucked into tan-trimmed ski boots. "Last year I nearly killed myself in them. We went to Chamrousse. I came shooting down on the shoulders of an old guide. Half-way down I realised he had been drinking too much white wine. I still don't know how we made it."

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Happy Go Lovely

BRITAIN'S attempt at a slick, modern musical is long on singing and dancing interest, and short on story-line.

Edinburgh's famous annual festival of music, art, and drama has been introduced as film background and some of the spirit of festival spills over into film action.

The aged screenplay is about a flat-broke producer who has everything that is needed to put on a smash-hit show but the requisite cash.

The troupe's temperamental stage director (Cesar Romero) is overjoyed at the prospects of a substantial backer when he hears that one of his chorus

girls (Vera-Ellen) is engaged to marry a local multi-millionaire (David Niven); he makes her the star of the show.

As you might guess, it is all a mistake, and Vera-Ellen does not even know the wealthy young man; but she grasps at the chance of stardom by posing as his future wife.

Enraged when he hears of the "engagement," our conventional hero visits her, and by a happy process peculiar to musical comedy the couple promptly fall in love, thus solving all difficulties.

The spectacular, joyous dancing of Vera-Ellen is the highlight of "Happy Go Lovely," and you will also enjoy a bright musical score by Mischa Spoliansky.

In Sydney—Embassy.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Lady From Louisiana," romantic adventure, starring John Wayne, Ona Munson. Plus "Thoroughbreds," racing drama, starring Adele Mara, Tom Neal. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★★ "Phone Call From a Stranger," drama, starring Gary Merrill, Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn, Bette Davis. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—"Tarzan and the Mermaids," adventure, starring Johnny Weissmuller, Brenda Joyce, Linda Christian. Plus "Station West," Western, starring Dick Powell, Jane Greer, Burl Ives. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★★ "Happy Go Lovely," British technicolor musical, starring Vera-Ellen, Cesar Romero, David Niven. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Lady Possessed," psychological melodrama, starring James Mason, June Havoc. Plus "When Willie Comes Marching Home," comedy, starring Dan Dailey, Colleen Townsend. (Re-release.)

LIBERTY AND ST. JAMES.—★ "Ivanhoe," technicolor romantic drama, starring Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, George Sanders. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "Bright Victory," war drama, starring Arthur Kennedy, Peggy Dow. Plus "Comin' Round the Mountain," Abbot and Costello comedy.

LYRIC.—★ "Sailor Beware," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Corinne Calvet. Plus "Jungle Flight," adventure, starring Robert Lowrey. (Both re-releases.)

PLAZA.—★★ "Viva Zapata!," drama of Mexican revolution, starring Marlon Brando, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Detective Story," drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, William Bendis. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "With a Song in My Heart," technicolor biographical-musical, starring Susan Hayward, David Wayne, Rory Calhoun. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★★ "The Third Man," drama, starring Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Valli. Plus "Girl in a Million," comedy, starring Hugh Williams. (Both re-releases.)

VICTORY.—★ "The Strange Door," period thriller, starring Charles Laughton, Boris Karloff, Sally Forrest. Plus "The Cimarron Kid," technicolor Western, starring Audie Murphy, Yvette Dugay.

Films not yet reviewed

MAYFAIR.—"Outcast of the Islands," adventure, starring Ralph Richardson, Trevor Howard, Robert Morley, Wendy Hiller, Kerima. Plus featurettes.

PALACE AND PARK.—"Red Skies of Montana," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Richard Widmark, Constance Smith, Jeff Hunter. Plus "The Pace That Thrills," car-racing drama, starring Bill Williams, Carla Balanda.

STATE.—"The Marrying Kind," domestic comedy, starring Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray. Plus "Sunny Side of the Street," cinecolor musical, starring Frankie Laine, Terry Moore.

New! Angel Face by Pond's

Sensational new make-up . . .
It's foundation and
powder in-one!

New!

Not a cake make-up —
goes on without water! Not drying!

Easier to apply! No wet sponge — no greasy
fingertips! Just smooth on Angel Face with its
own downy-soft puffet. You'll love the glamour-
toned mat finish it gives your skin — softer than
cake make-up — and *not* drying!

New!

Can't spill in your handbag.

Carry Angel Face *everywhere*. It doesn't spill!
You don't need to use water, foundation, or
loose powder. It's a perfect complete
make-up for your handbag.

New!

Stays on longer than powder.

You don't need foundation with Angel Face! A smooth-
ing "cling" ingredient is pressure-fused right into
this wonderful new make-up! That's why
Angel Face goes on so evenly . . .
stays on so angelically.

Society Beauties say :

"Angel Face is the loveliest make-up I have
ever used. It stays on so much longer than
any powder I have tried, and yet it isn't
artificial looking like so many of the heavier
kinds of make-up. I carry Angel Face in my
handbag constantly."

THE PRINCESS MURAT.

"Pond's Angel Face is such marvellous
make-up. I don't know how I ever got along
without it. It takes just a few seconds to
smooth on a complete, flattering make-up."

MRS. NICHOLAS R. DU PONT.

5 angel-sweet
shades!

With its own soft puff —
at better beauty
counters everywhere.



Help Yourself
to
Winter Health

with **Eno**
of course!

These dull winter days you should always take your Eno's "Fruit Salt." Eno really bucks you up, helps keep you fit and fresh all day long. Eno's "Fruit Salt," with its gentle laxative action, tones up the system, helps ward off winter ills and chills. Eno is the winter laxative for all the family. It can safely be given to children because it contains no harsh Glauber's Salt or Epsom Salts. Never forget Eno's "Fruit Salt," the ideal winter laxative.



**Eno's
"Fruit Salt"**

Sold in bottles
for lasting freshness

The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are
registered Trade Marks.

EW52/1

Wear Jodhpurs by Dencraft
at work or at play.
They'll give longer wear for
they're tailored that way.
They're well-cut for action,
their freedom is grand.
At every good store "Dencraft"
is the best brand!

For outdoor
fun
and holiday
freedom . . .
wear



Every pair of Dencraft jodhpurs are authentically cut and tailored to give action-loving families complete leg-freedom and all-round protection.

Send coupon to Denniston & Co. Pty. Ltd., 95 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, for name of nearest supplier.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
State..... Boys'..... Age..... Girls'..... Age.....
Men's..... Women's.....
9/53W.W.



PRINCE ALY KHAN and his estranged wife, Rita Hayworth, were arm-in-arm after their daughter Yasmin had been treated at a hospital for swallowing sleeping pills.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS. Rita Hayworth playing with her daughter Yasmin, now 2½, and Rebecca, 7, whose father is Orson Welles.

Riddle of Prince Aly Khan and Rita Hayworth

With photographers and reporters camped on the lawn and interested spectators being moved on by the police, Prince Aly Khan kept his first dinner-date for 18 months with his estranged princess, Rita Hayworth, at her Beverley Hills home.

Straining for atmosphere, reporters cocked their ears and noted during their vigil that the couple's tete-a-tete took place to the accompaniment of the whooping cough of Princess Yasmin and her step-sister, Rebecca.

SEVERAL enterprising newspapermen pressed their ears against the keyhole of the massive front door and announced that they heard strains of Arabian music in the background as well as the whooping of the sick children.

The Press entourage was still keeping its vigil on Aly's second visit for lunch, but he slipped in by the rear door, and almost one hour elapsed before the pressmen were able to flash news to the waiting world.

About three hours later a smiling Prince surprised a card-playing group on the lawn.

After this visit he and Rita met at an emergency hospital, to which their baby daughter had been rushed for treatment after swallowing sleeping pills.

Apparently Rita had phoned Aly, who showed all the symptoms of an anxious father.

Baby Yasmin appeared in good spirits and was sucking a lollipop.

After fifteen minutes doctors reported that she was in no danger and could go home.

One tabloid newspaper described Rita as ensconced in her fortress of love, apparently referring to her sun-room, in which the drapes remained drawn during Aly's visits.

This was typical of the conjecture which filled columns during the Press siege of the house.

When Aly arrived at Los Angeles airport he had said simply:

"I'm here to get my wife back."

What drove Rita from the arms of Aly was, apparently, her feeling that they were temperamentally mismatched.

Hollywood's voluptuous "Love Goddess" told friends that when the first ardor of their marriage cooled, Aly made her feel like one member—although a favorite—in a sultan's harem.

Rita had scarcely married the Prince in 1949 when Aly was seen escorting other beauties around Europe.

He kept dates with American negro dancer Katherine Dunham, whom

gossip columnists also linked with Rita's second husband, Orson Welles.

He also maintained friendships with Heide Beer, estranged blond wife of British bandleader Sidney Beer, and an American divorcee Nancy Masseroni.

A friend of the red-haired beauty said, "Rita is tired of the Moslem concept of marriage—a wife is a possession to show off while a husband is free to come and go as he pleases."

From Rita's viewpoint the marriage foundered on their different concepts of a home.

The Brooklyn-born film star's friends say she is a simple, modest person who shuns the job of full-time hostess.

On the other hand, Aly is highly gregarious. He kept 14 guest-rooms in their chateau on the French Riviera filled and brought home dinner guests in scores.

"Rita, like most American

women, expects some privacy in her home, and some time with her husband and children," said another friend.

Rita said of Aly: "He can't help the way he is. That's how he's always lived. I happen to enjoy being alone with my family once in a while."

The handsome prince also had the disturbing habit of not coming home for dinner now and then.

Friends say it was this after-hours life that finally drove Rita to announce she would seek divorce.

Since Rita walked out on Aly in the middle of a hunting trip in Africa 18 months ago, the gossip columns have been regularly sprinkled with reports of their reconciliation.

But Rita established residence in Nevada and filed suit for divorce, charging extreme mental cruelty.

Her lawyers, however, have held up final action awaiting financial settlement.

There is some speculation whether Aly's visit to Hollywood may actually be less one of sentiment than determining the hard facts of divorce settlement.

Last year Rita's lawyer, Bartley Crum, was reported to be holding out for a trust fund of over a million pounds for their daughter Yasmin, born seven months after their tempestuous round-the-world courtship culminated in their marriage on May 27, 1949.

Rita's financial assets have been reported less than fabulous now.

She left Hollywood with a

sizeable bank account, but when she returned in June last year she was heavily in debt—mainly due to paying Federal tax collectors, who claim she left the United States in 1949 owing them money. Rita has undertaken a heavy five-year programme of work at Columbia film studio at a salary of more than £3000 weekly.

Her first picture, "Affair in Trinidad," in which she starred with Glenn Ford, was released recently with a big publicity splash.

Advertisements showing leggy pictures of Rita proclaimed: "Rita's back!" But the public stayed away as droves.

She's now working on a new technicolor version of Salome, "Dance of the Seven Veils," co-starring with Stewart Granger.

After Aly's arrival in New York he telephoned Rita, inquiring solicitously about her health and her children, announcing his arrival in Hollywood about ten days later.

Then Aly went up to Saginaw Springs, New York, to sell some of his father's horse and also escort several social belles.

Aly's casual datings are old news to Rita now, and she apparently intends to play the same game.

Her evenings have been occupied lately with dates with bachelors, including Gilbert Roland and Kirk Douglas, but particularly Manuel Riva, Argentine millionaire.

The 38-year-old Prince, who will probably be the richest man in the world at the death of his father, now 69, is not the empty-headed playboy the world pictures him to be. He graduated from Cambridge with special honors.

Early in World War II he became aide to French General Weygand.

After the fall of France he enlisted in the British Army as a private, rising by the end of the war to colonel.

Aly's first marriage was to British socialite Joan Guinness, who bore him two sons. When they were divorced by (and his father) settled more than a million pounds on each boy.

By **ROBERT
FELDMAN**, of
our New York
staff

London girls blew kisses to Mr. Eden

Film-star ovation from big crowd at wedding

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

Two days after he announced his engagement, Britain's most handsome public figure, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, married Clarissa Spencer-Churchill, the Prime Minister's slim, shy niece, at Caxton Hall Registry Office.

THEY were married on a special licence. An immense crowd—almost all of them women and young girls gay in summer frocks—swarmed to Westminster and Downing Street to cheer them on their way in a vast demonstration of Mr. Eden's public popularity.

The demonstration was far more than that accorded the stars and matinee idols in similar circumstances.

The bride, trim in an orchid-tinged wedding dress, pleated over the hips, a close-fitting matching hat, and a shoulder spray of orchids, answered her titters with tiny nervous little waves of her gloved hand.

At Number 10 Downing Street, Eden, handing the bride out of a limousine, gave a casual wave and a grin to the girls leaning out of the open windows of the Foreign Office, waving, cheering, and blowing kisses to their hero.

Inside, in flower-filled reception rooms, there was a gala luncheon party, with fond Uncle Winston presiding over an intimate assembly of both families and close friends.

White carnation

THE bridegroom, immaculate in a double-breasted suit, wearing a white carnation and with a white handkerchief set impeccably in the breast pocket, and pearl-grey tie, flashed and kissed Clarissa through the Registrar pronounced them man and wife.

He had slipped the plain gold wedding band on her left hand where it was next to the square-cut emerald engagement ring set with diamonds.

Clarissa smiled when friends asked her didn't she think she was unlucky.

"I am not superstitious," she said calmly.

A souvenir signed photograph of Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding, who were married at Caxton Hall earlier this year amid similar scenes, beamed down on the couple from the mantelpiece above the plain ground-floor room transformed for this red-carpet occasion with huge bowls of flowers and summer flowers.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, John Spencer-Churchill, is very devotedly related to her husband. She is his seventeenth cousin once removed, according to genealogists, who traced

their descent from a common ancestor, Thomas Mowbray, created first Duke of Norfolk by Henry IV.

Crowds waited all day in Whitehall for another glimpse of Mr. Eden and his bride as they left Downing Street for the country.

They were flying next day on a very brief honeymoon to a remote resort in Portugal. As well, they were to spend two days in Lisbon as the guests of the British Ambassador, Sir Nigel Bruce Ronald.

To give them even this short interlude from pressing State matters, Mr. Eden had worked late at night, and even spent two hours at his desk on his wedding morning.

The romance was one of London society's best-kept secrets.

Eden, for twenty years the idol of millions, typifying for them the perfect statesman, kept his romance with Clarissa secret with the bland reserve usually applied to State matters.

In the tradition of the Foreign Office, which treats inquiries about diplomatic moves with blank mystification and an air of "I don't know - what - you're - talking - about - old - man," he issued the usual "firm denials" to any society columnist who had the temerity to dial Whitehall and inquire into his love life.

The day Mr. Eden formally announced his engagement, the newspapers finally printed the confession from him, "I'm the happiest man in London."

Clarissa, 32, mature, and quiet, is remarkably well suited to become British diplomacy's "First Lady."

On many occasions the 55-year-old, still dashing Foreign Secretary has been seen escorting pale, elf-like Clarissa to film premieres and piloting her around at diplomatic functions.

Recently she has quite often lunched with him at his cream-painted Georgian mansion in Carlton Gardens.

Though she went through the fashionable ritual of presentation at Court in 1938 and was promptly hailed by society as "the debutante of the year," Clarissa backedpedalled demurely out of the intense social swim as soon as convention allowed and settled down to a career.

In a shy but sure way she has done everything well and spread her interests far and wide. She went to Oxford not just because it was the thing to do but to put genuine



SMILING PAIR. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden pose for photographers after their wedding, at which Mr. Winston Churchill was one of the witnesses.

polish on her education. She studied Philosophy.

By the time she had put in some further studies at London University, dipping into French and English literature, then enrolling at the famous Slade School of Art to learn drawing, Clarissa had equipped herself better for a full and satisfying life than any other society beauty you could pick out of Britain's upper crust.

During the war Clarissa worked on an English newspaper produced for Russians in Kuibishev, and took a job in the Foreign Office decoding telegrams—where her boss was Anthony Eden.

When Anthony Eden was only 21 he was in the hell of Ypres in World War I. He emerged from the war as a Brigade Major with the Military Cross.

Set fashions

AT 39, after a brilliant rise in politics, he was Britain's youngest Foreign Secretary in half a century. With his homburg hat and impeccably formal elegance, and his Savile Row clothes, he set world fashion standards.

America voted him the world's most handsome man—with Gary Cooper next.

In the last war his elder son, Simon, went out to bomb Jap installations in Burma and never returned.

His other son, Nicholas, is aide-de-camp to the Governor-General of Canada, Mr. Vincent Massey.

His was the first of hundreds of telegrams of congratulations to arrive.

Eden's first marriage to Beatrice Helen Beckett, daughter of Sir Gervase Beckett, was dissolved in 1950 after 27 years.

On the day his engage-

ment was announced, Mr. Eden went on to burn the midnight oil at his desk, wrestling with State documents and Embassy messages.

Only a few yards away, almost under his window, Clarissa skimmed down Whitehall in a tiny trim green car, turned into the narrow cul-de-sac of Downing Street, and was besieged at the door of Number Ten by a swarm of photographers. She held the door patiently, smiling her puckish smile.

Then she said shyly, "Good-night," and was ushered in to Uncle Winston and Aunt Clemmie.

In family matters Clarissa has been taken under the Prime Minister's benign wing ever since her father, John Spencer-Churchill, his only brother, died five years ago. Her mother, Lady Gwendoline Spencer-Churchill, died in 1941.

In a very Churchillian way, Clarissa has since struck out even further in pursuit of an independent career.

She turned to film publicity, escorting visiting journalists round sets at Sound City.

A luxury publishing company next enlisted Clarissa's talents in their elite corps of writers.

Of late Mr. Eden's reputation as one of the world's nattiest dressers has shown signs of slipping.

Savile Row's mouthpiece, the famous "Tailor and Cutter," which tosses rebukes at any male fashion backsliders in the public eye, took severe note of the seedy and ancient overcoat in which Mr. Eden departed for Lisbon for an important N.A.T.O. Conference. "Oh," sighed the "Tailor and Cutter," "what a falling-off is here."

If it needs a feminine touch to put this right, Clarissa is the girl to do it.

"Snack"

12 An assortment of LUSCIOUS CHOCOLATES IN ONE HANDY BLOCK!



Give your 'Sweet Tooth' a "Snack" today!



In 2-oz. and 1/4-lb. blocks

For feminine hygiene



Women trust 'Dettol' because they have seen doctors and nurses use it. 'Dettol' is deadly to germs but gentle to human tissue. It does not pain or stain and is an effective deodorant.

DETTOL

The Modern Antiseptic
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

THE VIKING

Edison Marshall.
A story of superb adventure in that most romantic of all ages—The Viking Age.
17/6 From all Booksellers 17/6
A SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS PUBLICATION.

Rosy Hordern's

THE blouse and skirt are high fashion in Paris. This is partly due to the talent of the brilliant young designer Hubert de Givenchy, who presents the idea as an alternative to very expensive models. The designer uses poplin, nylon, shirting, cotton, or jersey to interpret the theme—he plans each unit down to the finest detail. De Givenchy's example has been followed in Paris by Fath, Balmain, and Schiaparelli.



● Finely tucked white linen trimmed with valenciennes lace is used for the blouse, above. The model is worn with a slim black skirt and wide soft belt.



● Matching blouse-and-skirt ensemble, above, is made in leaf-green nylon. A narrow black belt and black pearl-shaped buttons complete the outfit.



● Striped shirting makes the collarless double-breasted blouse, above left. The slim skirt with built-up princess waistline completes an elegant ensemble. Balmain model.



● Gibson-girl influence is portrayed in the ensemble, above, by Balmain. It features a high, demure neckline, puffed-up, full sleeves, and is worn with straight-set hat.



● Hubert de Givenchy makes news with his exotic ensemble, above right. The blouse has a low-cut neckline and tiers of broderie anglaise as an elaborate sleeve trimming.

Paris Notes



● Sheer evening blouse, above, is designed with a low-cut collared neckline and enormously full sleeves. The model by Hubert de Givenchy is worn with a wide floor-length skirt.



● Schiaparelli's white organdie blouse, above left. The wide decolletage of the model is sewn with flat pleats. The blouse is also shown with a cardigan.



● Black cardigan-shaped fringed shawl, trimmed with large pink cabbage roses, above, is worn with a wide-spread white organdie skirt. Hubert de Givenchy model.



● Organdie dinner blouse, above left, has collar, cuffs, and buttons of velvet to match the ballerina-length skirt. Two roses trim the bodice. Model by Fath.


Dorothea Johnston

The Neighbourhood "Champ" rides to victory on a *Cyclops*



The last lap is flagged and young Bill gives his car everything—and Cyclops Clipper crosses the line way ahead! For hours of fun—for building strong limbs—to keep the kiddies in the sunlight and fresh air—happy little people for years to come—nothing can touch a Cyclops toy. These famous Australian-made toys are tough—to stand up to all the rough and tumble that children will give them.

Cyclops

"Look for the brand  on every Toy."

For birthdays, Christmas and rewards well done, Cyclops are the BEST presents.

PAIN goes quicker with DISPRIN



'Disprin' acts faster on pain because it enters the stomach as a true solution which is rapidly absorbed by the blood stream. This is why Disprin acts faster than ordinary aspirin and a.p.c. which merely enter the stomach as undissolved particles. Because Disprin is soluble it is not liable to cause stomach discomfort.

Disprin is obtainable from all chemists, in packages of 100, 25 and the handy 8 tablet handbag or pocket pack.

DISPRIN

THE New Soluble ASPIRIN

Z

LINTER paused, then went on carefully, "When I had finished the trephine I came in to see this one, and I then smelt whisky, and I asked Mr. Forrest, and he said he had been drinking, himself, so I did not think more about it. And afterwards I had had a drink of whisky also, so I did not notice."

The doctor looked at the broken bottle still lying on the floor. "He probably drank a whole bottle."

"I think so, too. We found the lead that is around the cork of a new bottle."

"And there's no saying who gave it to him?"

"Mr. Forrest asked this morning, but nobody would say, I do not think we shall be able to discover that."

"I don't suppose we shall."

He stood in silence a minute. "There'll have to be an inquest, Zinter," he said at last.

"It's a pity I couldn't have got here before the police. I think I'll see the coroner before the inquest and tell him how it all came about."

The Czech nodded. "They will be angry because I have done operations, I suppose."

"It's going to have to be explained and put in the proper light. You don't have to worry about anything, though you'll probably have to give evidence."

"One does the best one can," the other said. "It is not possible to do more than that. If I had waited till you could arrive and not done anything both men would have been dead to-day. We have now one alive, and we would have the other but for some fool who gave the whisky."

"I'll go and telephone for the ambulance," the doctor said. "You'd better come down with me to the hospital and we'll have a look at what you did to that chap's head together. Take an X-ray first, perhaps."

Jennifer was still in bed when the police car drove up to the homestead at about half-past eight. Jack Dorman was out on his horse in one of the paddocks, but Mario was in the shearing shed, and Jane sent him to fetch her husband. She made Sergeant Russell comfortable with a cup of tea in the kitchen and went to call Jennifer, who was awake.

"Jenny," she said, "you'll have to get up, my dear. You'll be sorry to hear that one of those men died, the one with the amputated foot. The police sergeant's here, and he wants to ask you a few questions about what happened."

Jennifer sat up, dumbfounded. "He couldn't have died," she exclaimed. "He was getting on splendidly. It was the other one who was so bad."

"That's what he says, my dear. You'd better get up and put some clothes on and come out and see him."

Ten minutes later Jennifer was sitting facing the sergeant, who told her about the whisky.

"It's just a matter of form, miss," he said. "I've got to make out a report for the coroner on all this." He asked her name and her address, then he said, "I understand you helped this man Carl Zinter to do both operations?"

She nodded. "That's right."

"Had you ever helped him to do an operation before?"

She stared at him. "Of course not. I met him only yesterday for the first time. I've been in this country only about ten days."

He wrote in his book. "That's right," he said equally. "It's just these questions that I have to ask. Now, what made you help him this time?"

She hesitated, not knowing quite where to begin. "Well—I suppose because my hands were cleaner than anybody else's. Look, Sergeant—this is what happened."

Jack Dorman came into the kitchen while she was telling

her story. He pulled up a chair and sat down to listen.

Jennifer came to an end of her story and the sergeant made a note or two and looked back at his notes of what Jim Forrest had said. There was no real discrepancy, which was satisfactory.

"That's all clear enough, Miss Morton," he said. "Now there's just one or two things arising out of that. Did this man tell you at any time that he wasn't a registered doctor?"

"I'm afraid I just can't remember," she said at length. "Such a lot happened last night, and I was so tired, I can't remember who said what. I certainly knew that he wasn't supposed to do operations, but whether he told me or someone else I couldn't say."

"You did know that, miss? You knew he wasn't supposed to do operations?"

"Yes," she said. "I knew that."

He made a note in his book. "Then why did you help him to do the operations?"

"Well—someone had to help him."

Jack Dorman broke in, "Look, Sergeant. There wasn't any other doctor—someone had to do something. Jim Forrest tried to get Dr. Jennings. In the end we just had to do the best we could without a proper doctor. I'd have given him a hand myself, but Jenny could do it so much better. You don't think we should have let 'em lie until the doctor came this morning, do you?"

The sergeant closed his book. "It doesn't matter what I think, Jack," he said. "I'm just a copper. It's what the coroner thinks that matters, and he's got to have the facts. I'm not saying that in Jim Forrest's shoes I wouldn't have done the same as he did, or in this young lady's shoes, either."

He shrugged ruefully. "But if the coroner thinks different when he hears the facts of this man's death, there could be a charge of manslaughter against Carl Zinter, that's the truth of it."

He went away, leaving them dumbfounded. Jennifer said, as they watched the car departing through the gates, "It can't be like he said. They couldn't be so stupid."

Jack Dorman scratched his head. "What does he think we ought to have done—left 'em lying till the doctor came? It won't go any further, Jenny."

She said, "I'm so sorry for Carl Zinter if they're going on like this. It must be beastly for him, and he's not deserved it."

The fire that had burned in Lieutenant Dorman thirty years before flared up again.

"If they start anything against that chap I'll raise the roof," he said evenly. "Pack of wowers. I never heard of such a thing."

Jennifer said, "If it should come to manslaughter—I can't see how it could, but if it should—I'd be in it, too, wouldn't I? I mean, I helped him do the operations."

Jane said, "Oh, no, they'd never bring you into it, dear. You only helped—you didn't do anything yourself. I'm sure we could keep you out of it."

"I don't want to be kept out of it," the girl said. "I was glad to be in it last night, and I'm glad to be in it still. I think it was the right thing to do."

She turned to Jack Dorman. "I would like to have a talk with him about what's going to happen—with Carl Zinter. He said he'd come round here to-day, but if there's a row on he may not come."

Jack Dorman said, "I might take a run up the road and have a talk with Jim Forrest. If Zinter's there, I'll tell him we're expecting him."

He got into his utility presently and went up to Lamirra;

The Far Country

Continued from page 11

he found Jim Forrest in his office.

"Morning, Jim," he said. "We've had the police sergeant at our place asking Jenny all about last night."

"Pack of nonsense," the manager said. "He hasn't got enough to do. I've been trying to find the fool that gave Bert Hanson the whisky, but I'll never do it."

"He had a bottle, did he?" Mr. Dorman asked with interest. "A whole bottle?"

"I don't know how full it was when he got hold of it. Probably full—we found the tinsel paper that goes round the cork. He had most of what there was, except what got spilt into the bed."

"He took a lot, did he? In the ordinary way?"

"Oh, aye. A lot of them do, of course. There's nothing else to do, in barracks, in a place like this."

"This chap Zinter—what's he like?"

"He's right," said the manager. "Doesn't drink a lot—not more 'n you or I. Goes fishing all of his spare time."

"I know. I met him on the Howqua one time, down at Billy Slim's place." He paused. "The sergeant was saying that if this goes wrong at the inquest he could be up for manslaughter."

"I know. I don't know what they expect one to do. But, anyway, it won't go wrong. We've got Doc Jennings on our side."

MR. DORMAN asked: "He's satisfied that what was done was right, is he?"

"I think so. They've gone into Banbury now with Harry in the ambulance, him and Zinter. He's going to do a post-mortem on Bert Hanson after he's got Harry fixed up right. I said that I'd go in tomorrow afternoon and get the news."

"I'd like to come in with you," Dorman said. "My girl Jenny's all mixed up in this if it should come to manslaughter."

The manager stared at him. "It couldn't go that far?"

"It could if we don't watch it," said Jack Dorman. "Zinter's in Banbury now with the doctor?"

"That's right. They went in the ambulance."

"Jenny wants to see him. I'd like to see him myself and have a talk about all this."

"I've got a truck coming out this afternoon with oil. I told him to get a ride out on that."

"I'll ring the hospital and tell him to drop off at our place, and I'll bring him on here later."

Carl Zinter walked up the road to Leonora homestead at about three o'clock that afternoon.

Jennifer, sitting in a deck-chair on the verandah, saw him coming, and went to the last gate to meet him.

"Come and sit in the shade," she said. "You look very hot."

Zinter wiped his forehead with a handkerchief.

"It is ver' beautiful here," he said. "For me, this is a lovely piece of country, just this part around here, between Mount Buller and the town of Banbury, with the rivers, the Howqua and the Delatite. I would be happy here if I were to stay here all my life."

Jane was pleased. "You like it so much as that?" She paused.

"We came here eighteen years ago, and we've sometimes talked of getting another station nearer in to Melbourne. But, well, I don't know. We've never been in the habit of going to the city much, and I wouldn't want to live anywhere else than here. If we went it

would only be to see more of the children."

"I would never want to live in any better place than here," he said.

Jennifer smiled. "But not as a lumberman."

He looked at her, smiling also. "There are worse things than to be a lumberman," he said. "It is not what I was educated for. But if I may be a doctor in this country, I would rather be a lumberman in beautiful country such as this than work in the city."

The girl said, "It's such a waste for a man like you to have to work in the woods. How long will it be, after your two years are up, before you can be a doctor again?"

He said, "I do not think that I shall ever be a doctor in Australia."

"Why not?"

"It costs too much," he said. "It is necessary for a foreign doctor to do three years of medical training again, in a Melbourne hospital, before he may practise in this country."

That would cost fifteen hundred pounds, and that I have not got and I shall never have. If I should have the money, it would then be very difficult to get a place in a hospital, because the hospitals are full with our Australian doctors." He paused.

"I do not think that I shall be a doctor again," he said again.

"But what an idiotic repudiation!" the girl said.

He looked at her, smiling at her indignation for him.

"It is not so idiotic," he said. "There must be some rule. The doctors from some countries are ver' mad. I would not like you to be treated by a Komman doctor or a doctor from Albania."

Jane asked, "What do you think you'll do when your two years are up?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know. Perhaps I shall stay on and be a lumberman for ever."

"It seems a frightful waste," the girl repeated.

Jane changed the subject. "Tell me," she said, "how's your patient getting on—the one with the fractured skull?"

"I think he will recover," he said. "We took an X-ray at the hospital and then we took off the dressings so that Dr. Jennings could see what had been done, and he was happy; he did not want to do anything else. Dr. Jennings is to do a post-mortem on the man who died this afternoon. I think that he expects to find cirrhosis of the liver."

"It'll be rather a good thing if he does find that, won't it?" she asked. "If it proves he had a bad life, anyway?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not think it matters a great deal. He died because he drank a bottle of whisky after amputation."

There was a little silence. "The police sergeant was here to-day," she said. "He wanted me to answer a lot of questions."

He looked up. "I am ver' sorry. Is that because you helped me in the operation?"

She nodded. "I'm not sorry a bit. If there's going to be a row I'm quite willing to be in it."

"There is no reason for you to be in it," he said. "You did nothing but to hand them and me when I wanted them, and I hold the light. I shall say to the police that you had nothing to do with the operation."

"Don't do that," she said. "Just let things take their course and see what happens."

There was a step on the verandah behind them, and Jack Dorman appeared.

Please turn to page 35

CANBERRA WEDDING

Bride's forefathers built
St. John's a century ago



HAPPY GROUP. Nick Parkinson (left) and his bride, formerly Roslyn Campbell, with Peter Henderson, who was best man, Heather Menzies, her father, the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, and Mrs. Menzies (background) at the reception after their wedding at the family church of St. John's, Canberra.



RAINY DAY. Arthur Campbell shelters his daughter and her husband from showers of rain with a beach umbrella. Nick is the younger son of the Rev. and Mrs. C. T. Parkinson, of Bathurst and Sydney.



HIGHLAND PIPER. Pipe-Major Stirling pipes the bride and bridegroom from the church, which was built by Roslyn's great-grandfather, Robert Campbell, more than 100 years ago.



AT "WODEN." Nick and Roslyn, assisted by Mr. Campbell, enter the lavender walk leading to the Campbell home, "Woden," where the reception was held.



THE BRIDE'S MOTHER. Mrs. Arthur Campbell (left), in a black tailored suit and cherry velvet hat, arrives with the Prime Minister's wife, Mrs. R. G. Menzies.



BRIDESMAIDS. Roslyn's younger sister Robin (right) and Heather Menzies button their gloves before leaving the church.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Nick's father, the Rev. Parkinson (left), who performed the ceremony, with his son and Roslyn, Mrs. Campbell, and Peter Henderson, Nick, who is in the Diplomatic Corps, and Roslyn have sailed for England. They will visit Lebanon, where Nick will study before settling in Cairo for two years.



FORMER RECTOR of St. John's, Archdeacon Robertson, with Mr. Campbell (left), David Wilson, of South Australia, Ivor Bowden, who was groomsmen, and Roslyn, outside the church. Pictures by Les Dwyer.

For Quicker Cleaner, Easier Cutting!

THE REMARKABLE MODEL B

IN appearance, performance and quality, there is nothing to equal the Ogden—the most modern lawn mower you've ever seen or used! The new Ogden Model "B" offers a host of extra advantages. It's 6 carbon-steel, keen cutting Rotor blades are heat-treated-and-ground and are set closer to the wheels to ensure a minimum amount of edge cutting; it's bottom blade is hardened—and ground, too. Additionally, the Ogden has a spring-loaded clutch mechanism that actually improves with wear—and it is equipped with self-lubricating bearings!

Look it over—lift it up! There's a mere 35 lbs. that simply glides over your lawn on two treaded rubber tyres which "take" any jar or strain. Ask to see the Ogden Lawn Mower at any Hardware Merchant or Store. Priced at only £10-17-0.

OGDEN

LAWN MOWER

OTHER OUTSTANDING

OGDEN

PRODUCTS FOR
Garden Lovers

The OGDEN Edge Cutter

Here is the most efficient Edge Cutter ever! Made from hardened carbon steel plate, and heavy-gauge tubular steel, it is fitted with rubber hand grips and a hand rest for comfort. It is an Ogden product of precision engineering.

It Gets the Edges!

The OGDEN Square Spray

It sprays square! Really does get the corners, leaving no section unsprinkled as with a rotary spray. It is rust-proof, fitted with a water filter, and is made with fittings to suit all types of hose. Another Ogden triumph!



It Gets the Corners

OGDEN

THE FIRST NAME FOR GARDENERS

AND Now! proudly presenting the sensational New
OGDEN MOTOR MOWER

Designed for every home owner—and budget price—the new Ogden Petrol Motor Mower starts at a spark and is extremely economical. With its saving in gardener's time, it will pay for itself in next-to-no-time. It weighs only 14 lbs., too—even a child can use it with ease AND PERFECT SAFETY. The Ogden is powered by the well-known, 2-stroke British Tor"49." It is guaranteed for 3 months and is backed by Ogden Industries for quality and reliability.

ONLY **£49'19'6**

The Lowest Priced Motor Mower in the World!

OGDEN INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD.

EDWARD ST., EAST OAKLEIGH, S.E. 12, VICTORIA

The Far Country

Continued from page 32

JACK DORMAN greeted Zlinter, then dropped down into a chair beside them and laid his hat on the floor by him. "Warming up," he said, "down to the Howqua again."

"I was there last Saturday and Sunday," the Czech said, "but it is now too hot. I only caught two little fishes, and those I let free to grow bigger."

The granger glanced at Jennifer. "Has he been telling you how he found his own grave?"

"Found his own grave?" she exclaimed. "You said something about that last night."

"You don't know anything yet," Jack Dorman said. "Go on and tell her about it, Carl."

The Czech laughed, a little embarrassed. "It is nothing."

The girl said, "Do tell me."

"It is a stupid thing," he said. "Have you been into the gully of the Howqua River, Miss Mortimer?"

"The name's Jenny," she said. "I've not been there yet. That's the next valley, isn't it—over those hills?"

"That is the one," he said. "It is very wild because there is no road to it, and very few people have been there. But once there was a town, a town for the gold miners, because there was a mine there, but now all that is finished. And the town also is finished, because the forest fires, they burnt it."

He drew a short breath, then went on, "So that now there is nothing of the town left to see at all, only a little machinery by the entrance to the old mine, and nothing else at all. Only the stones in the old cemetery are there still, because those the fire would not burn."

"When did this happen, Carl?" she asked. "When was the town there?"

"Fifty years ago," he said. "It was nearly fifty years since all the people went away, because the gold was finished. And after that the fires came, and there was no one living there to protect the town, and so it was all burnt."

"All except the headstones?"

"That is right. I met Mr. Dorman fishing in the Howqua

a month ago, and we went together to find the stones that are on the graves. And on one stone there is an inscription with my own name and my own town in Czechoslovakia."

He reached for his coat on the floor beside his chair, and took a wallet from the inside pocket. "I have copied the inscription," He took a paper, unfolded it, and handed it to her. "That is what is written on the stone."

Jane Dorman leaned over, and they read it together. The girl said, "What an extraordinary thing! Is your name Charlie?"

"Carl," he replied, "and I was born in Pilsen, but not in 1869." He paused.

"It is not so very extraordinary," he said. "We were a large family with many branches in Pilsen, and many people from Pilsen emigrated in this last century, when times were hard. The extraordinary thing is that I should have found the grave, I myself, with the same name."

He turned to the granger. "I wondered if you have ever heard the name in this country, so that I could find out who this Charlie Zlinter was. He was certainly a relation of some kind."

Jack Dorman shook his head.

"I've never heard the name," he said. "I don't suppose anybody in this country could tell you anything about him now."

"Why did it say Charlie Zlinter and his dog?" asked Jennifer. "Was the dog buried with him?"

"I do not know. I would like to know ver' much."

Jack Dorman said, "I think you'll have a job to find out much now, after fifty years."

"What about the parish register?" the girl asked.

"I doubt it," Dorman said slowly. "I never heard there was a church in Howqua. The nearest church would be in Banbury—if there was one there then. I shouldn't think that they'd have taken much ac-

count of what went on at Howqua. There might have been a shire officer there, but I rather doubt it. These gold-mining towns were pretty free and easy in those days."

"Would there have been a policeman living in the town?" asked Zlinter.

"I shouldn't think so—not in 1902. They'd send police out from Banbury if there was any trouble."

"It is not likely, then, that there would be any record of Charlie Zlinter anywhere?"

"It's just a chance," said Dorman. "If he belonged in Banbury, if he lived there, you might find something about him at the Shire Hall. It's just possible there may be descendants in the district, or there may be somebody who was living in the Howqua at the time. They might remember something about this Charlie Zlinter, some old person."

"Would it be easy to find such an old person?"

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

He said, "I don't know."

As I read the Stars

By EYE HILLARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Pay safe in health matters on August 28 or you may find yourself right out of action. September 1 is A1 for taking on a new job.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): August 26 might bring a visit from Lady Luck. Whether pursuing love or ambition, Taurus again hits the target on September 1, with heart-warming results.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Only Gemini folk know how temperamental opposition can be from shrewd minds. Redouble your efforts. On August 29 or 31 you can leap all hurdles.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Expected opportunities near at hand could be cultivated on August 26. Any rumor on August 28 could be misleading, but August 30 beams on success and pleasure.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Attend to business matters on August 26, whether buying or selling. Postpone decisions on August 28; you'll do better by waiting. Zip your purse shut.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22): A dash of cold water on your aspirations on August 21 should be taken as a challenge. You can more than make the grade on August 29, with money in reserve.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest only, without assuming any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained therein.)

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Many a Libran should find August 26 a joy, opening up new vistas. Coming events and renewed activity are foreshadowed for September 1, with opportunities suited to your talents.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Romantic developments are likely on August 29 for young and not-so-young natives. September 1 promises success in connection with clubs or group interests.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Either in business or social life you may be put off with a pretext on August 27, but August 31 promises happy hours with hospitality or outings.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Look ahead and plan for the future. August 29 offers suggestions. Should August 31 turn out a disappointment, it's merely a passing shower.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Feeling lucky? Then August 27 could be your big moment, when a little wind-fall lands in your lap. August 31 may hold unexpected adventures.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Abroad or at home you're riding the crest of popularity, so August 29 should be fine for any outing in company with the opposite sex. August 31 is topsy-turvy.

NODDING

head, Jack replied: "I shouldn't think it would. Those gold-mining towns, they weren't settled places, if you know what I mean. People went there to take up claims and work the gold; if it didn't work out right for them they went off to some other place—Western Australia or South Africa, maybe, where there was gold to be found. They didn't stay around where there wasn't any gold. I think you'll have a job to find anybody who was living at Howqua then."

The Czech said quietly, "That is very bad luck."

Presently Jane went to the kitchen door and rang the hand-bell on the verandah to warn Tim and Mario that it was five o'clock and time to knock off for tea. Jack Dorman took the Czech off for a wash; he came back to the verandah presently and found Jennifer there alone.

He said, laughing, "I must try to remember the way to behave. This will be the first time that I have eaten in a private house since I left Germany, nearly two years."

She was appalled at the casual statement. "Is that really true?"

"But, yes. I do not think that I know anybody in Australia yet, although I have been here for fifteen months. Hotels and bars and cinemas—I know those. This is the first time that I have entered a person's home."

Over the meal they talked of small, casual matters of the countryside, and afterwards, in the cool of the evening, they sat on the verandah, smoking. When in the dusk he took his leave, Jack Dorman offered to run him back to Lamirra. He refused that, saying that Jim Forrest was coming out of town and would pick him up upon the road; they did not press it, thinking that perhaps he meant to stop at the hotel and have a drink. On his part, he was unwilling to extend their hospitality, and preferred the four-mile walk back to Lamirra. Jennifer strolled across the paddocks with him to the road.

They walked on in silence for a time, then Jenny said, "I hope you'll come and see us again some time."

"I would like to do that," he said. "But also I would like to find out about Charlie Zlinter and his dog."

She laughed. "I believe you've been making it all up. I don't believe there's any such person, really."

He laughed with her. "I promise you that it is true. I would say that I would take you there and show you the stone, but it is ten miles to walk and ten miles back. Some

day when Mr. Dorman goes with Mr. Fisher in the utility to fish in the Howqua you must come with him and I will show you the stone."

"That's a bet," she said. "I'd like to do that some day."

"I should be much honored if you would," he said.

They walked across the last paddock to the road in silence. It was nearly dark.

At the gate on to the road he turned to her. "Now I must say good-bye. I am afraid that I have been awkward in company this evening, and I ask if you will forgive me."

"You've not been awkward a bit," she said. "You've been very interesting and very charming, Mr. Zlinter. I hope you'll come again."

He laughed diffidently.

"Good-night, Miss Jennifer," he said formally. "Thank you again for all that you have done for me. I shall not stop at the pub to-night at all."

"I bet," she said. "Good-night. Come and see us again."

She walked back across the paddocks deep in thought. She found Jane sitting on the verandah with Jack Dorman; Angela was away with friends in Banbury, driving her mother's car. Jane said, "I rather like Carl Zlinter."

Jennifer dropped down into a chair with an extraordinary, she said. "He's been in the country fifteen months and this is the first time that he's been inside a private house."

"Is that right?" asked Jack Dorman.

"That's what he said."

Jane said slowly, "Well, I can understand that in a way, although it sounds rather awful. They're a pretty rough lot up at Lamirra. Before that camp started up, Jack and I used to go down sometimes to the hotel and have a glass of beer and chat with Mrs. Hawkey, the landlady, but we haven't been for a long time. Too many drunks."

"He wants to take me over to the Howqua some time to see that tombstone," Jenny said. "I'd like to see it, and I'd like to see the Howqua, but I'm not going to walk ten miles there and ten miles back in this hot weather."

Jane said, "You don't have to walk ten miles to get into the Howqua, surely? You can ride over on a horse."

"I can't," said Jennifer. "I'd fall off."

Jack Dorman said, "You could probably get into the Howqua in a utility in this dry weather. It's easy going on the track this side; the other side's a bit steep. You could leave the utility parked up in Jack McDougall's paddock on the top of the ridge and walk down to the river. That'd only be about two miles. Zlinter can drive, I should think."

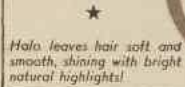
"That's awfully good of you," the girl said.

Jennifer went to bed that night unreasonably happy. She was deeply grateful to Jack Dorman for his casual offer of the old utility; she had wanted to do something to ease the loneliness of Carl Zlinter, but she had been powerless to do much about it by herself. She was still happy next morning till the postman came by just before dinner and Mario went down to pick up the mail from their box on the main road. There was a letter from her father, air-mailed from England; the happiness went from her face and was succeeded by a troubled frown. Jane saw it and said casually, "Everything all right at home?"

"Not absolutely," the girl said. "Mummy's been in bed with bronchitis. They seem to have had terrible weather in England. Of course, it's January."

Please turn to page 36

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!



Yes, "Soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily shampoos leaves dulling film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—the largest-selling shampoo in America and Australia.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

FOR COUGHS COLDS SORE-THROATS 'FLU CROUP BRONCHITIS

CHEMISTS RECOMMEND LARYNOIDS

An amazing medicine, containing instant-acting ANESTHESIN, for relief and protection from winter ills.

Larynoids

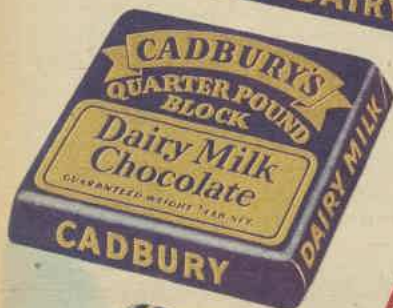
2/- in the handy pack FROM ALL CHEMISTS

L.A.A. 32

DON'T GIVE ME A MIRROR

Francis Simons
A very human story of a weak man caught in the web of his own weaving. A new and very readable type of thriller.
14/6 From all Booksellers 14/6
A SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS PUBLICATION.

CADBURY'S DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE



*There is
a glass and
a half of
full cream milk
in every
half pound!*

I want Cadbury's

delicious to eat, and good food too!

JANE asked: "Not serious, is it?"

"Oh, no. The thing is that when Mum's ill it makes things hard for Daddy. They've only got a woman who comes in in the mornings." She paused. "It happened last winter, and I took ten days of my holiday and went up there and ran the house. I didn't bargain on it happening again this winter."

She said no more, but she was troubled at the thought of difficulties in the snow and rain of the Midlands, so far away.

At dinner Jack Dorman said, "I'm going in this afternoon to meet Jim Forrest at the hospital—anything to post?"

"I want to write to my mother," Jennifer said. "What time are you going?"

"Not till about three."

"I'll write it as soon as we've cleared away."

Jack Dorman drove into Banbury in the new utility, posted Jennifer's letter before he forgot it, and drove round to the hospital. A New Australian wardmaid told him that Mr. Forrest was with Dr. Jennings in the office. He put his head in at the door.

"Come in, Mr. Dorman," said the doctor. "I was just telling Jim here about these men."

He was a small, brown-haired man with a sandy little moustache and blue eyes; he had been an officer in the Australian Army Medical Corps in the war, and he still had the appearance of an officer in civvies. Jack Dorman went in and sat down. "What's the news, Doctor?"

"I was telling Jim," the doctor repeated. "I've just finished the post-mortem. The man was an alcoholic all right. You never saw such a liver. He was full of whisky, too."

Jim Forrest said with feeling, "He must have been."

"He certainly was. Matter of fact, I should have thought there was more than a bottle in him, but I suppose I'm wrong. There was certainly a lot." He paused. "I had a look at the amputation while I was at it. It was carefully done."

Jim Forrest said, "He'd have been right but for the whisky."

"I wouldn't say that. Sepis might easily have set in. As I understand it, the amputation was done out in the open to free him from the bulldozer. All I can say is that the job was well done from the surgical point of view."

There was a pause. "As regards the other one," the doctor said, "the fractured skull, I took an X-ray this morning. If I had been doing the job here I'd have taken an X-ray before operating, of course. If I had done so, I should probably have removed one more small piece of bone that Zlinter left in. Working without the X-ray, as he did, I should very likely have left it, as he did."

He paused. "There, again, infection is the danger. Zlinter showed me what he did, and I don't think anybody could have done more. But there's no denying that the conditions were bad for any cranial surgery."

Jack Dorman said, "Taking it by and large, though, he didn't do a bad job?"

"I think that's a fair statement. Taking it by and large, he didn't do at all a bad job, considering the difficulties."

"You'll tell them that at the inquest, Doctor, will you?"

"That's right. That's what I shall say at the inquest."

Jack Dorman said, "If he can do a job like that, why can't he be a doctor properly? Get a licence, or whatever you call it?"

"There's a ruling about these immigrant doctors. In this State they've got to do the last three years of their training over again. It varies according

The Far Country

Continued from page 35

to the State, I think. I know it's easier in Western Australia."

"Pack of nonsense," said the grazier. "We could do with another doctor here, and now we've got one and we're not allowed to use him."

"I don't want you to think I'm against Zlinter," the doctor replied. "I think he's a good man. If he was qualified I'd like to see him practise in this district and take some of the work off me. But not until he's been checked over at the hospital and been passed out as competent."

The doctor got up from the desk; he had still a lot of work ahead of him.

The grazier went out into the street with the timber manager. "What about a beer?" They got into their cars and drove down to the main street and parked under the shade of the trees in front of the Queen's Head Hotel.

It had been market day in Banbury, but the market was over before dinner, and now in the late afternoon only the dregs of the crowd remained in town. The bars, which had been hot and crowded most of the day, were thinning out. Jack Dorman and Jim Forrest went into the saloon bar and ordered beers, and stood discussing what they had learned from the doctor about Zlinter.

A yard away from Jack Dorman and Jim Forrest as they discussed Carl Zlinter was an old man sitting hunched upon a stool, a red-haired old man, now turning grey but still fiery on top; a broad-shouldered old man who must have been a very strong man in his time. He was drinking whisky, evidently determined to sit it out until the bar closed.

PRESENTLY the barman said, "Last drinks," and the clock stood at two minutes to six. Jim Forrest hurriedly ordered four more beers, and the barman pushed the dripping glasses across the counter; the old man by their side sat sunk in reflection or dumber, a half glass of whisky before him. At ten past six, the barman said, "We're closing now," and it was time to go. He said to the old man, "Come on, Pop. Closing now."

The old man did not stir, but mumbled something incoherent.

Jack Dorman smiled and put his hand on the old man's shoulder. "Come on, Pat," he said. "Time to go home now. Finish up your drink. Got your jinker here?"

The old man raised his head, and very slowly lifted his glass and drank it off with the utmost deliberation. Jim Forrest smiled, "Who is he?"

"Pat Halloran. He's got a place five miles out on the Benalla road." Jack knew the old man fairly well. He had come out from Southern Ireland as a stable boy at the end of the last century. He was a widower and his two sons ran the property and did most of the work. They also drove large and powerful utilities too fast, but the old man had never learned to drive a car, and came to town each market day in a jinker—a two-wheeled trap drawn by an old horse.

Jack Dorman smiled again, waited till the old man had drained his glass, and said, "Come on, Pat. It's closing time; we're getting thrown out of here. Where did you leave your jinker?"

"It's in the yard out at the back," the barman said. "Take him out through this way, if you like."

"Take the other arm, Jim," said Jack Dorman. "We'll put him in the jinker, and he'll be right."

The old man got down from the stool, and they walked him, one on each side. "That's right," he said, with a marked Irish accent. "Sure, put me in the jinker and I'll be right. They began walking him to the yard. 'I know you,' he said. 'You're Jack Dorman, up to Leonora.'"

"That's right," said Jack Dorman. "Watch these steps."

"I'm right," the old man said. "Only I'm drunk. I know you. You're Jack Dorman, up to Leonora." He swayed wildly, and they strove to hold him in the passage, the old man holding the door open for them. "It's a shameful thing I'm telling you," he said anxiously, "but I'm drunk, drunk as Charlie Zlinter."

The grazier stared. "What's that, Pat? Who are you as drunk as?"

"Drunk as Charlie Zlinter," the old man repeated. "I know Charlie Zlinter. Good old Charlie!"

"I don't know Charlie Zlinter, Pat," the other said. "He was Charlie Zlinter?" It was quite possible that this old man could have been in the district when Howqua was a township.

Pat Halloran turned red. He checked in the passage; he was still a powerful man and brought them to a standstill. "What was that you would be saying? Who was Charlie Zlinter? Haven't I heard with my own ears two talking all the while of Charlie Zlinter? Is it a fact that ye'd be making of me, ye because I'm having a drink taken? Will ye fight me, now?"

"Nobody's making a fool of you, Pat, and I won't fight you," said the grazier. "Come on—let's find the jinker. Tell us about Charlie Zlinter when you know him and I'll tell you what I know about him and there'll be a pair of us. What did Charlie Zlinter do?"

"He got drunk," the old man said. "I got drunk. You got drunk. Sure, we're all drunk."

They came into the main yard and there was the jinker; the horse patiently waiting to take his master home. Jack Forrest untied the reins from the tethering-ring, tied the girth, and looked the harness over, while Jack Dorman steadied the old man. "Right," he said.

The grazier said, "The jinker's right, Pat. Can you get up in it?"

The old man grabbed the splash-board and the second put one foot upon the seat and swung himself up into the seat, the habit of fifty years ago defeated by alcohol. He took the reins and lifted the trap from the socket. "I'll be a right boys," he said. "Sure, we'll be wishing you a very good evening."

The grazier stood in a moment at the wheel, looking up at the old man. "What did Charlie Zlinter do, Pat, besides getting drunk?"

The old man stared down at him. "Charlie Zlinter. And then he stood up in the jinker and he received, with dramatic flourishes of the whip that made the grazier stare hurriedly,

"Charlie Zlinter and his horse hound. Fell into the Howqua and he drowned."

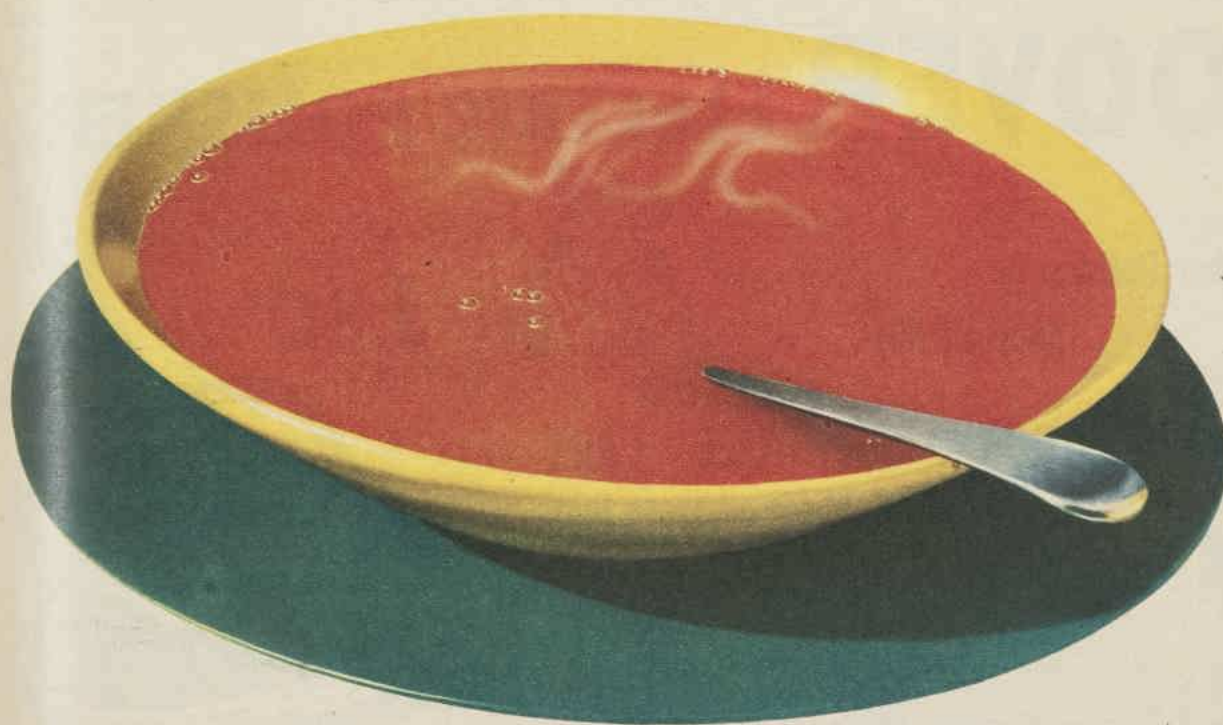
Be warned, fellow sinners, never forget. If he hadn't been drunk he'd have been living yet."

He touched the horse with his whip and drove out of the yard.

"I reckon that's the Charlie Zlinter we want," Jack said quietly, as they moved away.

Please turn to page 36

Sip!
Sip!
Hooray!
for
Australia's
finest
Tomato
Soup



Kia-ora tomato soup

Stand by for cheers when you serve your family *double-strength* Kia-ora Tomato soup—
it's delicious! And there's double the quantity in every can—

6 big serves from the 16 oz. size, 3 from the 8 oz.

For extra economy . . . for extra flavour—always insist on Kia-ora Tomato Soup.



KEEP A KIA-ORA PANTRY for an
endless variety of ready-to-serve meals.
Spaghetti, Baked Beans, Tomato Soup, Celery Soup,
Vegetable Soup, Pea Soup with Ham.



Take it Easy!... Take a Hoover...

Polish off Floors, Furniture, Cars in Smart-Quick Time!

TAKE IT EASY WITH THE HOOVER ELECTRIC POLISHER

No other Polisher

does all this...

IT'S FASCINATING
TO SEE FLOORS COME UP
TO FULL POLISH WITHOUT
ANY EFFORT! IT WILL EVEN
DO THE SCRUBBING
FOR ME!



SO LIGHT
AND EASY TO USE IT
WILL POLISH FURNITURE,
TOO! THE SOFT LAMBSWOOL
PADS BRING UP A
RICH GLOSS



FLOORS • FURNITURE • CARS
It's light, it's right for all these jobs

IT'S SO
PERFECTLY BALANCED
YOU CAN EVEN USE IT TO
GIVE A PROFESSIONAL
POLISH TO YOUR
CAR



**SCRUBS
POLISHES • BUFFS**

Why should you spend hours scrubbing and polishing when a Hoover can do it in less time and better than you can? Why should you use elbow grease, to give the floors a glossy shine, when a Hoover can give a satin-smooth finish without any effort at all? Wouldn't you like a happy, shining home, and time to relax? You can, it's all yours when you take it easy with a Hoover Electric Polisher!

ONLY
£30'12'

Scrubbing Brushes
£1.16.0 extra



See your retailer
for his "TAKE-IT-EASY" TERMS

A small deposit will

*Start one
working for
you NOW!*

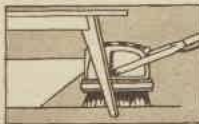
Look at the features that cut work in half



**SOFT, TWIN CONTRA-ACTION
BRUSHES**, rotating in opposite
directions for a harder, longer-
lasting finish and no chance
of a smear.



SNAP-ON LAMBSWOOL PADS for
a super-shine finish. These plus
the left-pads give mirror-surfaces
to floors, furniture, even the car!



BUILT-IN HEADLIGHT to draw
attention to unpolished spots,
make sure of an even shine. You
can even polish under low furni-
ture with a Hoover.

FOOT-OPERATED SWITCH in the most convenient place. Detach the handle
and your Hoover polisher's ready to go to work on the furniture or the car.

ENTER THE NEW BIG HOOVER JINGLE CONTEST

Listen to your favourite radio programmes "Bold Venture"
and "Crossroads of Life" for entry details. Or call
and see your local Hoover retailer.

The Far Country

Continued from page 36

you can paint very good pictures."

The man smiled shyly across his broad face. "I paint pictures only now one or two each year," he said. "There is not time and people here do not want pictures. When I came first to this place three years ago, I said, 'Now I will paint pictures and we shall make much money.' But it did not happen in that way. Now I paint only a little."

"You work upon the railway?"

"In the platelaying gang. It is very hard work and not good for the hands, for painting. I do not think that I shall paint many more pictures."

"You are Estonian?"

"Lithuanian," the man said. "I am from Kaunas."

"I am from Pilsen," Zlinter said. "In my country I was a doctor, but now I am a laborer." The man nodded in comprehension. "I have friends who want a picture. They are more educated than some, and they have bought all the motor-cars that they can use, and now they want an oil-painting."

"So?" said the Lithuanian. "I would have thought it would have been a radio or a washing machine."

"They will have those also," said Zlinter, "but the woman wants an oil-painting. She has seen exhibitions of ugly pictures in Melbourne, and those she does not want. She is simple, and she wants a beautiful picture that will give pleasure to those who do not understand about pictures. There is a man called Spiegel in the camp who told me you can paint such pictures."

SHULKIN replied, "I can paint such pictures. I can paint any sort of picture."

"May I see?"

Shulkin led the way into the railway coach. It had been an open coach without compartments at one time; now it had been roughly converted into three rooms with match-boarded partitions. Much of the seating still remained unchanged, and each of the three rooms still had two doors upon each side. The end room that they went into was furnished with a bed, an easel, and a great litter of old canvases and frames stacked along one side. "I buy old canvases and frames at the sale," the artist said. "It is cheaper so."

He pulled out a canvas from the heap and set it on the easel.

"This—a portrait of my mother." The stern old face glowered at them from the canvas, a powerful picture finely executed. He whisked it away, and planted another canvas on the easel. "This, the Delatite River."

It was a bright river scene, with a fine blue sky and white clouds, and a riot of golden wattles on the bank, making a delicate harmony of color. "So..." said Carl Zlinter. "This you should show her. Something like this is what she wants."

"I can paint anything she wants," the artist remarked, "but usually they cannot say."

The Czech stood back and looked critically at the river scene. "I do not know pictures," he said at last. "But I would think that this is very good." He paused. "You must have had a great deal of experience."

"I studied in Paris and in Rome," the platelayer replied. "I was Professor of Artistic Studies in the University of Kaunas."

There did not seem to be anything to say to that. Zlinter stayed a little while and had a cup of tea. "I will tell Mrs. Dorman about you," he said. "If she wants a beautiful picture, she does not need to go to Melbourne for it. She can find it here in Banbury. I will tell her this evening."

He went off presently, and caught a bus out on the Benalla road. Twenty minutes later he was walking up to the Halloran homestead. A small girl came to the kitchen door and he asked for Mr. Pat Halloran. She turned and called into the house, "Ma, there's a feller asking for grandpa."

"In the wood shed."

"He's in the wood shed," she said. "Round there."

In the wood shed Zlinter found a red-haired old man splitting sawn logs with a sledge-hammer and wedges, doing the work with the skill of a lifetime rather than with any great muscular effort. "Please," he said. "May I speak to you?"

The old man rested on his sledge. "An' who might you be?"

"My name is Zlinter, Charlie Zlinter," the Czech said. "I work in the timber camp up at Lamirra."

"Sure, an' you can't be Charlie Zlinter. Charlie Zlinter's dead these fifty years."

"I am another one with the same name. I am trying to find out about the one who died."

"An' what made you come here, may I ask?"

"Mr. Jack Dorman, he said you were talking about Charlie Zlinter in the Queen's Head on Thursday."

"Who's this Jack Dorman? Jack Dorman at Leonora? Sure, an' I haven't set eyes on the man these past six months."

"Perhaps you do not remember," the Czech said diplomatically. "He helped you up into the jinker on Thursday."

"Would that be so? Well, Glory be to God, I didn't know a thing about it! Would you believe that now?"

He evaded the rhetorical question. "Jack Dorman said that you were speaking of this Charlie Zlinter. I have seen the grave."

"Ye have not. Charlie Zlinter was buried in the Howqua, and the fire went through. There's nothing left there now."

"The headstones are left," the other said. "They are stone, and so they did not burn. The headstones are there now, all of them, in the forest by the river, where there was the cemetery."

"Do ye tell me that?"

He had gained the old man's interest, and he held it while he explained the position to him. "This Charlie Zlinter, he was from Pilsen, in Bohemia," he said at last. "That is on the stone. I am another Charlie Zlinter, also from Pilsen in Bohemia. I am trying to find out what I can about him."

The old man leaned on his sledge. "He was a bullocky," he said at last. "I wouldn't be able to say at this distance of time if he worked for himself or if he worked for Murphy. He drove a waggon with a team of bullocks, six bullocks or eight would it have been? Holy Saints above, I'm losing all my memory. I couldn't say at all if it was six or eight. I came out to this country in 1895, while the old Queen was on the Throne."

Please turn to page 41

HOW TO BE REGULAR WITHIN 10 DAYS (without purgatives)

"AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING—JUST ONE WEEK WITH YOUR ALL-BRAN AND I WAS REGULAR AGAIN!"

Mrs. J. GORDON
7 Stevens St., Randwick

Complete Satisfaction or Double Your Money Back

This is all you need do... enjoy tasty, tasty Kellogg's All-Bran for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you don't feel it has helped you, then just send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

BULK IS THE ANSWER!

Your daily health and regularity depend on what you eat. Kellogg's All Bran is not a purgative. It contains the bulk your system needs to end constipation. The vital bulk in this rich, nut-sweet health-food helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle elimination... no purgatives needed this natural way.

Ask your grocer for a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran

right away. Within ten days you'll benefit. After that keep on enjoying this crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Never lose that wonderful feeling of health and natural regularity it brings.

YOU BENEFIT 3 WAYS
Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural laxative, health-food and blood tonic all in one! Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, Kellogg's All-Bran builds up your health, it gives you vitality as it brings regularly instead of purging the energy out of you.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
*Registered Trade Mark
END IRREGULARITY—the way NATURE intended



EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE in 3 minutes



If you value romance, keep underarms free from horrid hair. Get rid of this glamour-killer to-day. But don't use a razor. It only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Just apply amazing Veet. Leave for three minutes. Then wash off. That's all. Every trace of hair has been smoothed away like magic. Skin is left as soft as if that ugly hair had never existed. There's no razor stubble; no shadow or coarse re-growth. Success guaranteed with Veet or money refunded.

VEET hair-removing cream

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4688, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:
● September is Time to Grow Seeds.
● Springtime in the Rockeries.
● Growing Vegetables for the Home.
● How to Grow Good Carnations.

Name of leaflet (one only)
Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

CARL ZLINTER arrived in Banbury at about six o'clock on Saturday morning, riding in the back of a delivery van that had picked him up from the road. He had not eaten, and he went and had it in a cafe, bacon and two eggs and coffee.

When he paid his bill, he said to the girl who had served him, "Do you know a family called Shulkin? They are New Australians. The man works on the railway."

"Never heard of them," she said scornfully.

He looked at her with clinical interest as he paid his bill, wondering if she were tubercular, in spite of his decision to abandon medicine he could not rid himself of interest in pygmies. He smiled at her, and went out and walked down the long, wide tree-lined avenue of the main street towards the railway station.

The looking office was closed because upon this single-track line there were only two trains a day, but the stationmaster lived beside the station in a weatherboard house, and he asked there for Mr. Shulkin. The stationmaster said, "Aw, look, Sam Shulkin, he's not writing to-day. There's a



NEVER A SCRATCH
Gets all dirt fast...but



BON AMI
THE ONE FAST CLEANSER
THAT HASN'T SCRATCHED YET!

Dramatic Relief and Long Immunity CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS
Mrs. M. L. says... "I have been a victim of Catarrh ever since I can remember. I am happy to testify that Lantigen B' brought me from about the first day."
Don't put up with Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bacterial Ashtma, Sore or Antrum infection, Sinusitis, Colds. Many ex-sufferers in Australia, and in many other parts of the world, find that after taking Lantigen B' they have been freed from suffering, in many cases, for years. Lantigen B' gives such great benefit because it is an oral vaccine which stimulates the natural healing power of the system to produce what are called antibodies. These antibodies are the natural enemies to germ infection. They neutralise the germ poisons, reduce inflammation, ease congestion, and external headaches, clear stuffy nasal passages and thereby ensure sound sleep and good health generally. Lantigen B' starts working with the first dose—costs only a few pence per day. Proved successful when all else has failed.
Ask your Chemist for **Lantigen B'** DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE



Bilda-brix

the realistic model builder - for all ages

Young or old — boy or girl — even father too, will have hours of educational fun with this ingenious set of interlocking plastic bricks.

A fully illustrated 4-colour instruction book of 16 pages shows how easy it is to make true-to-life models. After a little experience lots of your own designs can be built - - -



RAILWAY BUILDINGS
SKY SCRAPERS
FACTORIES
GARAGES
MONUMENTS
PAVILIONS
DOCKS
SHOPS
FORTS
BRIDGES
FLATS
HOSPITALS
HOUSES
FARM BUILDINGS

another
PLAY-MATE
toy

others include ANIMAL TOYS • EDUCATIONAL TOYS
MECHANICAL TOYS • GAMES • DOLLS

If desired, the bricks can be glued together to make sturdy permanent buildings, providing colourful settings for model trains and other mechanical toys.

32⁶
SET

METROPOLITAN AREAS
Bilda-brix — more than a toy.
On display in toy departments throughout Australia.

Manufactured by Australia's largest Plastics Organisation
MOULDED PRODUCTS (AUSTRALASIA) LTD.
MELBOURNE • SYDNEY • BRISBANE • ADELAIDE • PERTH • LAUNCESTON • HOBART • NEWCASTLE • TOWNSVILLE

HONISSETT

CONTINUING.

The old man said: "I worked for years in the stables for Jim. That's what had the Queen's Guard in those days, and then I joined the police. There was a policeman in this country then."

"Do you remember Charlie Zinter?" the Czech asked.

"Sure, I do that. He was a German and he drove a bullock team in and out of the Howqua from the railway here to the Howqua and back again. There wasn't a fine broad highway then, with the motor-cars all passing about at sixty miles an hour. There wasn't hair nor back of a made road at all, at

"Bullocks were the only teams to get a wagon up over the Howqua and down into the Howqua, passengers and machinery and food and drink and everything all went by bullock team. Will you believe what I tell you, the bullock drivers were the ones that made the money! The Germans, they never did much in the Howqua, and in the end the company went broke. What was then went into the pockets of the bullock drivers."

"What was Charlie Zinter like?"

"Ah, he was a fine, big fellow with dark curly hair, and he spoke English in the way you speak it. He was one for the house, and he was one for the girls. He had a cabin in the Howqua, for he was there as a miner first of all, and then he had the wit to see he'd make more money with a wagon and a team. He was a big, lusty man, and drink and women were his downfall. That's the truth I'm telling you."

He paused and shot a humorous glance at Zinter. "Drink and women, drink and women," he said. "It's a sad, sad thing. He used to drive in

here the one day and back the next, twenty-two miles each day; he'd come in here the one evening and then he'd be away up to the Howqua the next day. Ten hours or so it might take him, and he had two teams, one resting and one working. He used to come to the Queen's Head Hotel, and hobble the bullocks on the green outside and feed them hay, and then he'd come into the hotel and get drunk, and he'd sleep in the wagon and away off out of it next morning back to the Howqua. And as like as not there'd be a young girl going to the Howqua for a barnard in Peter Slim's hotel, a girl no better than she should be, or she wouldn't be going to the Howqua."

He thought for a minute. "They were fine, noble days, those times, when we were all young."

"What did he die of?"

"Drink and drowning," the old man said, "drink and drowning, and his dog with him, only the dog wasn't drunk, though it might have been at that, the company it kept. It was August, and the river was running full with the melting snows. There was a girl living in the Howqua by the name of Mary Nolan, oh, a wicked girl, I'd think shame to tell you all that that girl did, and she so soft and well spoken and pretty, too. She lodged on the other side of the river from the Buller Arms Hotel that Peter Slim kept, Billy's father, him that's the forest ranger in the Howqua now. And Charlie Zinter, he stayed in the hotel till close on midnight, and then he made to go across the river to see this girl."

After a short pause the old man went on: "Well, most parts of the year ye'd cross the How-

qua and never wet your feet by stepping on the stones, but in August and September, with the melting of the snows on the high mountains it runs five or six feet deep. There was a cable bridge, a bridge of two wire ropes with planks across the way you'd walk on them, and a third one to hold on to, and Charlie Zinter, drunk the way he was, must go across the bridge to see this girl. Ye'd think, now, for a man as drunk as Charlie to go on a bridge like that at midnight would have been enough, but he must take the dog with him."

"He had this heeler dog he kept for rounding up the bullocks and to guard the wagon when he was in Banbury, and he must take it away with him over the river."

WITH a quiet chuckle he said: "But the dog didn't like it so Charlie picked it up in his arms and started off across the bridge in the dark night, with the dog in his arms and the bridge swaying and going up and down with every step he took, and he as drunk as a lord. And that was the end of it."

"He fell off the bridge into the water?"

"He did that. They found him half a mile down stream come the morning, him and the dog together. There was never a priest there to say mass for him, and they buried him and the dog in the one grave, which the priest would never have allowed." He paused.

"Aye, it was a sad thing; he was a fine, noble boy. It made a great wonder in the countryside, for he was well known on account of coming in and out

of Banbury and people riding with him. And they put a poem in the paper about him, ah, a lovely, lovely poem. Did ye never hear it?"

The Czech shook his head.

The old man declared, "Charlie Zinter and his heeler bound. Fell into the Howqua and unhappily drowned. Be warned, fellow sinners, and never forget."

If he hadn't been drunk he'd have been living yet."

"Ah," he said, "it was a lovely, lovely poem."

"This Charlie Zinter was almost certainly some relation of my own," said the Czech, "because he came from my own town. Did you ever hear anything about him—who his relations were or who he wrote to? Did he leave any papers to say that?"

"Ah, I wouldn't know all that. There's only one person left might know about a thing like that."

"Who is that?"

"Sure, Mary Nolan herself."

"Mary Nolan! Is she still alive?"

"Ah, she's alive. She was a wicked girl, and Father Geoghegan, he was the priest here then, he would have nothing to do with her until she came to the confession, and that she would not do. And so when the mine closed down and everybody left the Howqua what must she do but go for a barnard at Woods Point in the hotel there, and very strict she came to be, so that there was no loose talk or dirty jokes in Mary Nolan's bar. I did hear that she made her peace with Father O'Brian from Warburton, who went to Woods Point in those days, and like enough

he didn't know the whole of it. And then she married a man called Williams, who lived on an allotment out by Jamieson, and they lived there until he died at the beginning of the second war. And then she sold the place and went to live at Woods Point with her brother-in-law's family; I'd say she'd be living there yet. I haven't heard she died."

"She must be old now," said the Czech.

"Seventy-five, maybe," the old man said indignantly. "That's not so old at all."

"Do you think that Mary Nolan might have kept Charlie Zinter's papers, or know what happened to them when he was drowned?"

"Ah, I wouldn't be saying that at all. She's the only person living in the district now that might know something, though it's a long while ago. I'll say this now, she knew Charlie Zinter better than anyone else, and better than she had any right to as a single woman."

Carl Zinter left him presently and walked back into the town and got there in time for dinner. He went to a different cafe for his meal, where they were kinder to the New Australian, and got a lift out halfway to Merrig.

He was just in time for tea, and they made him welcome. He said to Jack Dorman, "It is quite correct, what you have told me about Mr. Pat Halloran and Charlie Zinter. I have learned a great deal of my relative this morning."

"What did you find out?" asked Jennifer.

He cocked an eye at her. "I found out that he was a very bad man. I do not think that I can say all that he did with ladies in the room."

JANE and Jennifer laughed. "You can keep the juicy bits to tell Jack afterwards," Jane said. "Tell us the rest."

Zinter told them the story as they sat at tea. "Mrs. Williams," Jane said thoughtfully. "Old Mrs. Joshua Williams, would that be? Used to live at Sharon, out past Jamieson?"

"I do not know," he said. "I did not hear the name of the station. Only that she married a man called Williams."

"I think that must be the one." She turned to Jack. "You remember old Mrs. Williams, the one who used to breed geese when we came here first. You remember—we got six goslings from her, and they all died but one, the first year we were here. Didn't her husband die, and she went to Woods Point?"

"I remember those goslings," Jack Dorman said emphatically. "They were no good when we bought them, and she knew it. I'd have made a row and got my money back, but we were new here then and I didn't want to start off with a row."

"She went to live at Woods Point, didn't she?"

"I don't remember. Easily find out."

"I'm sure she was the one." They finished tea and washed the dishes, and went out on the verandah and sat down. Jack Dorman gave his guest a cigarette. "Inquest's on Monday morning," he said. "You'll be there, I suppose?"

Carl Zinter smiled a little wryly and put out his hands. "I shall be going with Mr. Forrest," he said. "I think he will come back without me, because I shall be in prison."

"That's not going to happen. The doctor's on your side, and it's what he says that counts."

To be continued

ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS COUGHS CURBED IN 3 HOURS-SLEEP SOUND

Coughing, Difficult Breathing, Wheezing and Painful Nasal Sinuses, Quickly Helped by Scientific Compound that Dissolves Congestion in Three Hours, thus Restoring Vigour and Vitality and Sound Lasting Sleep.

Do you or any of your family suffer from stubborn, nagging coughs especially in the morning and at night? Do you cough and cough everything to raise phlegm? Do you suffer so badly at times that you can't seem to get your breath, especially in bed, and have to try to keep sitting up in a chair? Do those terrible spells of coughing and difficult breathing tire you out, keep you from your work, and stop your appetite? Does congestion in the nasal sinuses (commonly called catarrh) interfere with your breathing and at times cause severe pains, especially in the forehead and each cheekbone?

Stop Terrible Coughing Breathe Freely—Easily

Thousands of Australians have found that it is no longer necessary to suffer from these painful symptoms of attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis and Nasal Congestion by the perfection of a remarkable medicine called MENDACO.

American Discovery Works Through Blood

The original MENDACO formula was discovered in the United States more than 20 years ago. Since that time, it has been improved and perfected to such a degree that MENDACO is now the most widely-used medicine in the world for attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis and Nasal Congestion.

MENDACO is not a cough syrup, a smoke, injection, spray or liquid, but it is in little, tasteless, easy-to-take tablets. Within three hours after you take the first dose of MENDACO it is carried by the blood to the lungs, bronchial tubes and membranes of the nasal sinuses. Then it has the remarkable property of dissolving the congesting phlegm that causes your trouble. Not only does it do this but it also relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in the bronchial tubes so that you can get good air in and out of your lungs, breathe freely, sleep well and thus regain your natural vigour and vitality. Yes, right from the first dose you

feel the benefits of MENDACO. find your cough going away and life again worth living.

Attacks The Cause

Irritation of the membranes of the nasal sinuses, the throat and bronchial tubes may arise from many causes such as excessive smoking, colds, dust, smoke, fog, industrial gases, motor fumes, certain foods, and many flowers and weeds.

When the membranes are irritated they frequently give off large quantities of phlegm. This phlegm is the cause of much coughing, wheezing, sneezing, difficult breathing, painful sinuses and loss of sleep and energy.

MENDACO, through its remarkable properties, acts to thin, loosen and remove this congesting phlegm. This scientific way actually assists in removing the underlying cause of your painful symptoms of coughing, sneezing, wheezing, difficult breathing and other symptoms of Asthma, Bronchitis and Nasal Sinus Congestion attacks.

PRaised BY MILLIONS

Thousands who had suffered for years—many who had given up hope—have been amazed to find results which seem almost like a miracle to them. This has been proved by the popularity of MENDACO in upwards of 70 countries throughout the world—not only in Australia but everywhere, such as United States, Canada, England, South Africa, Siam, India, Brazil, Mexico, Uruguay, etc. Over five million packages of MENDACO have been used—proof positive of the remarkable success of this scientific product.

My Thanks to Mendaco

Users can not praise MENDACO enough and write the most grateful letters of thanks. For instance, Mr. Arthur W. Flannery recently wrote: "I had Asthma for 25 years and there have been times when life meant nothing because of the terrible coughing, sneezing and wheezing. I couldn't sleep and lost a lot of weight. I tried everything and became discouraged, but heard of MENDACO and decided to give it a try. To my surprise and delight after I had taken only four MENDACO tablets I began to breathe easier and soon I was not bothered at all. It has now been more than four years since I first took MENDACO and I can say that it has kept me free from the suffering of these terrible attacks all these years."



Don't let Coughing and Difficult Breathing keep you awake Half the Night.

Guaranteed—No Benefit, No Pay

No matter how long you or any of your loved ones have suffered from these terrible attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis or Nasal Congestion, you owe it to yourself to see how quickly MENDACO may give you the same benefits that it has to millions of others. But you do not need to risk anything in proving this to yourself, because MENDACO is backed by a positive guarantee of no benefit—no pay. So get MENDACO from your chemist or store today and if you are not completely satisfied and feel like a new person after giving MENDACO a fair trial, simply return the empty packet and all your money will be returned. Take this opportunity today to win freedom from the attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis or Nasal Congestion.

MENDACO

The Guaranteed Medicine for ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS and NASAL CATARRH

Stop Coughing—Sleep Like a Baby

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 27, 1952.

BEAT THE HIGH COST OF MEAT



This **MAN-SIZED** meal is **RICHER** than SIRLOIN BEEF in **NOURISHING PROTEIN!**



"Tonight save shillings... serve this big, hot 'Cheese 'n Carrot Deep Dish'" says Elizabeth Cooke

"With meat so expensive, now is the time to save money with Kraft Cheddar" advises Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert. "Kraft Cheddar gives you the same strengthening protein as meat—but at far less cost! And Kraft Cheddar is loaded with additional food values you don't get in meat—the essential Vitamins A, B2 and D... plus calories and the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates."

Good cooks always use Kraft Cheddar for main-course dishes. Because it is already processed, that true cheddar flavour never varies—and never cooks out! Kraft Cheddar blends perfectly with other foods to give you meals that are always satisfying without being too "rich". And, unlike ordinary cheese Kraft Cheddar is pasteurized for purity. It melts smoothly, never goes "stringy" when cooked. No rind—no waste.

Sold everywhere in the blue 8 oz. packet or economical 5 lb. loaf.

CHEESE 'N CARROT DEEP DISH

—a money-saving family meal

Quick and easy to make! All you need is—

Ingredients:

1 bunch carrots
8 ozs. shredded Kraft Cheddar

1 lb. onions
2 cups breadcrumbs
Parsley, salt, pepper

White Sauce:

1 tablespoon butter or margarine
Salt

2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
Pepper

METHOD: Boil carrots in salted water, and when tender cut in long strips. Boil onions till tender but firm.

To make White Sauce: Melt butter or margarine, blend in flour. Stir in milk gradually, stir mixture till it thickens and boils. Season.

Place layer of carrots in casserole, cover with sauce. Kraft Cheddar, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, parsley. Repeat layers. Top casserole with onions, crumbs and Cheddar, bake golden brown in moderate oven. Garnish with carrot strips and parsley. A hearty meal for 6 people.

But remember! Use only Kraft Cheddar for this recipe. Kraft Cheddar gives you the kind of protein that helps build sound muscles, strengthens resistance to infection, and nourishes tissue and nerves.

ON TOAST FOR BREAKFAST!



Here's a hot 'n hearty breakfast ideal! Kraft Cheddar grilled on toast. No fuss—no trouble! Ready in a few minutes. Delicious, nourishing and a real money-saver for you!

COOK REGULARLY WITH

KRAFT CHEDDAR For **HIGH-PROTEIN LOW-COST** meals!

MEAT BALLS with cheesy spaghetti may be prepared in one large dish for a family or for a buffet meal, covering the meat balls completely with cheesy spaghetti. Hot frankfurts, baked tomato halves, appetizing noodle pancakes, and a bowl of creamed peas and carrots are arranged on one large platter.



Quick and Easy...

● These recipes will help you prepare mid-week luncheons or week-end meals in a short time and with very little work.

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

THE dishes are not all in the "on the table in five minutes" category.

But tedious preparation is eliminated, or in some cases simple preparation is done in advance so that last-minute cooking and serving are speeded up.

Noodles, spaghetti, minced steak, banana, marshmallows, baked beans, and sago (called quick-cooking tapioca in America) are some of the ingredients used in the following recipes.

They are quick and easy to handle and combine well with other ingredients. Another point in favor of the ingredients used is that they are not expensive.

All spoon measurements are level.

Noodle Pancakes

(See color photograph.)

Served with hot frankfurts, baked tomato halves topped with grated cheese, and creamed carrots and peas.

Half-pound fine egg noodles, 2 eggs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 des-

sertspoon grated or scraped onion, butter.

Drop noodles into boiling salted water, cook until quite tender. Drain thoroughly. Beat eggs until light and frothy, add salt, pepper, parsley, and onion; fold in noodles. Heat griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan (or use hot-plate of electric stove), grease thickly with butter. Drop noodle mixture on to hot greased iron or into pan a tablespoonful at a time. Cook over low heat until crisp and very lightly browned on one side, then turn and brown other side. Serve hot and freshly made.

MEAT BALLS WITH CHEESED SPAGHETTI

(See color photograph.)

One pound vermicelli or spaghetti, 1 large onion, 3 rashers lean bacon, 1 dessertspoon good shortening, 1 cup concentrated tomato soup, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock, 1 1/2 cups water, salt, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1/2 cup milk, grated cheese.

Meat Balls: One and a half pounds minced steak, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 egg, 1/2 cup chopped sultanas or raisins.

Cheesd Spaghetti: Cook vermicelli

or spaghetti in boiling salted water with half the chopped onion until quite soft. Drain, keep hot. Fry chopped bacon in melted shortening with balance of onion until both are lightly browned. Stir in tomato soup, stock, water, salt, parsley. Simmer for 5 minutes, add meat balls, cook gently 1/2 to 1 hour. Stir in milk just before serving with spaghetti sprinkled with cheese.

Meat Balls: Combine all ingredients in the order listed, shape into small balls with the hands, using a little flour.

BANANA SAGO FLUFF

One egg, 1 1/2 cups milk, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons sago, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 2 1/2 tablespoons sugar, 4 bananas, 4 tablespoons toasted coconut.

Separate white from yolk of egg, place yolk in saucepan and gradually add milk. Stir in salt, washed sago, and half the sugar. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until mixture comes to boiling point. Simmer 5 to 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir into egg-white beaten to meringue consistency with remaining sugar. Add vanilla. Allow to cool, then chill

thoroughly. Fill into 4 individual serving-dishes, top with sliced banana and toasted coconut just before serving.

ORANGE MARSHMALLOW CUSTARD

Two eggs, 3 dessertspoons sugar, pinch salt, grated rind of 1 medium orange, 1 1/2 cups warm milk, 3 tablespoons powdered milk, 4oz. marshmallows.

Beat eggs with sugar, salt, and grated orange rind. Beat powdered milk into warm milk, add to egg mixture, and beat until well mixed. Pour over marshmallows in 4 individual ovenware dishes. Stand in dish of hot water, bake in very moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes until custard is set. Marshmallows float to the top, melt, and brown lightly. Serve hot or well chilled.

QUICK BEAN CASSEROLE

One medium sliced onion, 1 tablespoon good shortening, 2 tomatoes, 1 large tin baked beans, 1 rasher chopped cooked bacon, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, soft breadcrumbs mixed with extra chopped bacon

(this time uncooked), small quantity extra shortening.

Cook onion in hot shortening until golden brown. Skin and slice tomatoes. (Skins are easily removed if tomatoes are immersed in boiling water for 3 or 4 seconds.) Combine beans, bacon, mustard, and golden syrup. Place alternate layers of bean mixture, tomato slices, and onion slices in greased ovenware dish. Top with crumbs mixed with extra bacon, dot with extra shortening. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve piping hot.

SALLY'S APPLE SLICES

Four slices day-old bread cut about 3/4 in. thick, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, apricot jam, 1 1/2 cups hot stewed apple pulp well drained free of syrup, cinnamon.

Trim crusts from bread, dip quickly into beaten egg mixed with milk. Drain well, deep-fry golden brown or fry in butter or substitute in shallow pan, turning to brown. Drain on clean kitchen paper, spread with apricot jam. Pile hot stewed apple pulp on top, dust with cinnamon, and serve at once with custard, cream, or ice-cream.



Graeme Bell

AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS
JAZZ-BAND LEADER, SAYS:

"Small's Club Chocolate is as snappy as a Dixie jazz tune"



Remember, you can enjoy four types of
Small's Club Chocolate...

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| (1) PLAIN | (3) ALMOND AND RAISIN |
| (2) WITH ALMONDS | (4) FRUIT AND NUT |

Small's make these milk chocolates —
PLAIN MILK • NUT MILK
GINGER MILK • CHERRY NOUGAT



Small's
— the gourmet's chocolate
Sold Everywhere

Worried with
Indigestion? Try

KWIC BRU

Non-habit-forming
Delicious! From a
general

STOP KIDNEY POISONING TODAY

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, and Colds, Distress, Circum Urinary, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are invading the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients

Surgery for gallstones Headache as eye symptom

I HAVE just assisted one of Australia's foremost surgeons at a gallstones operation on Mrs. Nolan. I first saw her eight weeks ago when I was called out in the night because she had a very severe attack of pain in her upper abdomen.

She was doubled up and vomiting. I gave her something to relieve her pain and waited until it had taken effect. I noticed she was of the type which we once thought was the gallstone type—fair, fat, and 40.

When I had examined her I told her she must be X-rayed. "I hope I won't get many more attacks like this," she said. "I had one some months ago."

"Did your skin or eyes have a yellowish tinge afterwards, Mrs. Nolan?" I asked.

"Yes, doctor, a couple of days later, but I thought I was cured. I have been taking olive oil to get rid of the stones."

"A fallacy," I said, "but one greatly in vogue some years ago."

The next night I was sent for again—the pain had recurred. It was very sharp and she had it under her right shoulder-blade.

When she was comfortable again, she said:

"All right, doctor, I give in. I'll be X-rayed and have it fixed up."

In a day or so, however, she was jaundiced, and I told her that her gall-bladder X-ray must be deferred until her jaundice disappeared.

I put her on a diet of skimmed milk, lean meat, fruit, and glucose to protect her liver-cells, but several weeks later her jaundice was still present. I could then feel her liver and she said she was itchy all over.

She refused to stay in bed any longer, and I told her to report in two weeks whether the jaundice had cleared or not.

When she came into the surgery two weeks ago she was still yellow.

"You cannot go on like this indefinitely, Mrs. Nolan!" I said.

"But I am improving, doctor. My skin does not itch much now."

"After six weeks, Mrs. Nolan, it is not uncommon for the itch to clear up, but the damage to your liver is still going on, and, in spite of the jaundice, you should have an operation."

"A nurse told me that I might bleed if I were operated on while I was jaundiced."

"We shall give you Vitamin K before the operation to control this tendency," I said.

"And the surgeon, doctor?"

"None but the best is good enough to remove a gall-bladder, Mrs. Nolan," I said.

"Unusual complications may arise and it will require a person of wide experience and

manual skill to deal with them."

The operation revealed two big stones in the large duct of the gall-bladder. There were no signs of tumor in the pancreas gland.

Her husband was relieved to find that it was "only stones," but could not understand how they could have stayed in the duct without causing her pain continuously.

"It is the small duct which is so sensitive to pain," I said. "Stones in the large duct are not usually the cause of as much pain."

"Now that the bile has a free passage the liver should improve."

"As it is, she will need diet and rest for many weeks, perhaps longer."

TO my surprise, when I opened the waiting-room door on Monday morning Mrs. Bishop was led in by her husband. In all the years she has been coming to me this has never happened before.

"She has had a shocking headache for two days," Mr. Bishop said, "and not a wink of sleep."

"Where has the pain been?" I inquired.

"Really all over the side of my head and in my eye," Mrs. Bishop told me.

"I vomited once or twice, and we thought it might be a stomach headache."

"Why didn't you ring me?"

"It was the week-end, and we didn't like to disturb you," was the reply.

I found her left eye was reddened and swollen, the white being very red near the iris.

The pupil was larger than on the other side and oval in shape, and the iris had lost some of its color.

When I felt her eyeball it was very tense.

"Have you had any trouble with your sight, Mrs. Nolan?"

"Yes, doctor, I have always been long-sighted, but lately I have been much more so."

"It is your eye which has caused your headache," I told her. "You have acute glaucoma. It is a very serious condition, and I shall ring an eye specialist at once."

Later the specialist rang and told me he agreed with the diagnosis and would take over the treatment.

Acute glaucoma is associated with increased tension in the eye. This causes pressure on the optic nerve fibres and on bloodvessels and interferes with the blood supply of the tissues of the eye.

The cause is unknown, but it generally occurs in long-sighted eyes. The condition is so serious that the patient is liable to lose his sight, and even his eye.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

Inner cleanliness
puts a

SPARKLE

in your life!

There's more zest to enjoyment when you're fit and blooming with health, so start your day with bracing Andrews! It refreshes and invigorates the whole system, acting in these four ways—

FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT: Antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets.

THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY: To complete your inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the system and thus purifies the blood.



2/4
&
3/10

ANDREWS



the gentle laxative
that ensures
INNER CLEANLINESS



THE KNIGHT SAT PENSIVE in the Hall

the Vassals stood around:

None durst among them, great or small,

Create the slightest sound.

"Gadzooks!" he cried, and roared with rage,

"This cough I'll not endure, So quickly, Knaves, and send my Page

For Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

DON'T BE HALF SAFE



IT'S EASY TO BE SURE

NEW . . . Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE. USE ARRID—TO BE SURE!



ARRID

Attractive fringed table mats



Diamond motifs are embroidered in satin-stitch, with cross-stitch and running-stitch each side.

ADD a pleasant note to a luncheon table setting with this set of fringed and embroidered table mats. Make them as suggested in white or in a pretty pastel shade of apple-green, dove-grey, or primrose.



HOPSAC, coarse linen, or other cotton or rayon material in which the weave of the fabric is easy to follow is suitable for these hand-worked table mats. The embroidery can be done with six strands of stranded cotton instead of soft embroidery cotton.

Materials Required: 1 yd. 36in. hopsac (this makes a centre mat and two place mats), 4 skeins 407 (Gobelin green) Clark's "Anchor" soft embroidery cotton, 1 skein white stranded cotton for hem-stitching.

Cut centre mat 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 10in. and two place mats 14in. x 10in. Draw out two

threads, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the edge, all round the mats, and hem-stitch the inside edge of the drawn threads using two strands of stranded cotton.

Following the weave of the fabric, mark out the diamond design, as illustrated, across both narrow ends of the mats. With soft embroidery cotton, work the diamond motifs in

satin-stitch, with cross-stitch each side, and border with two rows of running-stitch, as shown.

When embroidery is completed, draw out all threads beyond hemstitching and press the mats on the wrong side.

For a dinner set, the centre mat and eight place mats will take 14 yds. of 36in. material.

Prize recipes

☉ **Coffee and walnuts flavor the light, even-textured pudding which wins this week's main prize of £5.**

HOT orange slices, served with this set of fringed and embroidered table mats. Make them as suggested in white or in a pretty pastel shade of apple-green, dove-grey, or primrose.

Your reputation as a hostess will be enhanced if you serve this pudding at your next "special occasion" dinner.

Consolation prizes are awarded to an uncooked chocolate nut roll, an appetizing savory steak, and a quickly made banana dessert.

All spoon measurements are level.

COFFEE NUT PUDDING WITH HOT ORANGE SLICES

Two ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. brown sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 2 sliced peeled oranges, sugar, 1 extra dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon rum or sherry.

Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar and coffee essence. Add beaten eggs. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with nuts and milk. Fill into greased mould, cover with greased paper, steam 2 hours. Just before serving, dip orange slices in sugar, sauté in melted butter flavored with rum. Arrange around pudding, trickle any remaining syrup over top.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. M. Barrett, Box 5066, G.P.O., Sydney.

CHOCOLATE NUT ROLL

Half pound chocolate-coated biscuits, $\frac{1}{2}$ tin sweetened condensed milk, 1 tablespoon

lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, chocolate icing, extra chopped nuts.

Crush biscuits with rolling-pin. Add walnuts, condensed milk, and lemon juice, mix well. Mould into a roll on paper lightly sprinkled with icing sugar. Chill until firm. Coat thinly with chocolate icing, sprinkle with extra nuts. Cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to D. Maidon, 22 Invermay Grove, Auburn, Vic.

BANANA COCONUT CRISP

Four or 5 bananas, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, juice of 2 oranges and $\frac{1}{2}$



ORANGE SLICES heated in butter and flavored with rum or sherry are served with coffee nut pudding. See prize recipe on this page.

lemon, 1 teaspoon cornflour, little water, 1 egg-white, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut.

Peel bananas, slice lengthwise. Coat with flour and 1

tablespoon of the sugar mixed together. Place in greased ovenproof dish, bake in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Heat orange juice, lemon juice, and remaining sugar, stir in cornflour blended with water, stir until boiling, simmer 2 minutes. Pour over bananas. Beat egg-white until stiff, gradually add extra sugar. Fold in coconut, spread over pudding. Return to oven until lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Granzin, 2 Jane St., Gympie, Qld.

ORIENTAL STEAK

Two pounds chuck steak, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 onion, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Cut steak into 2in. squares, coat with seasoned flour. Brown sliced onion in melted fat, remove. Brown steak, stir in balance of flour and seasonings, brown. Add liquids, simmer 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or pressure-cook 25 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Warby, 5 Kerta Weeta Ave., Black Forest, S.A.

Basic Recipe No. 16

KITCHEN CUT-OUTS

CAKE FROSTING

Soft Warm Icing: 6oz. icing sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, flavoring (vanilla or any other essence or grated fruit rind), coloring.

Roll and sift icing sugar, place in small saucepan. Add boiling water gradually and mix thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Stir over very low heat until icing softens to a smooth, flowing consistency. Icing must not be allowed to become too thin or it will run off the cake. Add flavoring and coloring, pour over cake, and smooth surface quickly with knife blade dipped in hot water. Allow to become quite firm before cutting.

VARIATIONS

Orange Warm Icing: Add

grated rind of 1 medium orange and use orange juice instead of water to mix.

Chocolate Warm Icing: Add 1 tablespoon cocoa, mixed and sifted with the icing sugar. Avoid overheating, which tends to dull the surface of chocolate icing.

Passionfruit Icing: Use pulp of 2 passionfruit instead of water for mixing. If passionfruit are large and juicy, one may be sufficient.

Coffee Warm Icing: Substitute 1 dessertspoon coffee essence for 1 dessertspoon of the water used for mixing.

Mocha Warm Icing: Reduce water by 1 dessertspoonful, add 1 teaspoon coffee essence and 1 teaspoon milk and sift 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons cocoa with the icing sugar.

Comfort's the Keynote



Modess

... because
IT'S THE softer... safer
... economical
SANITARY NAPKIN

Women everywhere know and enjoy the perfect comfort, the complete security that only soft, safe Modess can afford. Naturally it is the choice of the discriminating.

For absolute comfort there is the perfect companion to Modess, the Modess Belt—light, yet so reassuringly safe. Available with pins or clips.



PRODUCT OF
JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Free! "GROWING UP"

A booklet is available giving full information and will be sent post free and in plain wrapper.

Write to NURSE REID, Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



"Having trouble with your teeth?"

Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders are wonderfully soothing at teething time. They ensure regular, easy motions, cool the blood and are absolutely safe. Try them next time baby is fretful through teething. THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE AND DO NOT CONTAIN CALOMEL OR MERCURY COMPOUNDS.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

Betty and Jim Learn Fourth Grade Arithmetic

A new "LEARNING EXPERIENCE" Textbook:
6/6 From all Booksellers 6/6

A SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS PUBLICATION.



YOU CAN ALWAYS RELY ON *Raleigh* GARDEN-FRESH CANNED FOODS

When your grocer tells you that

YOU CAN ALWAYS RELY ON Raleigh

you know that behind his words stands the skill and resource of one of Australia's finest canneries. Here the produce of our own fields, harvested at just the right time, ensures all the healthful nourishment and appetising flavour of fresh-grown garden vegetables in "Raleigh" canned foods.



FOR A DELICIOUS BEGINNING TO A WINTER MEAL, CHOOSE "RALEIGH" TOMATO, MUSHROOM OR VEGETABLE SOUP.



GARDEN-FRESH "RALEIGH" FRENCH BEANS ADD COLOUR AND APPETISING GOODNESS TO HOT OR COLD DISHES.



ALL THE SWEETNESS OF FRESH YOUNG GARDEN PEAS IS RETAINED IN "RALEIGH".



THE ENTIRE RANGE OF "RALEIGH" CANNED VEGETABLES MAKE EXCITING ADDITIONS TO A SALAD PLATE.

ALWAYS ASK YOUR
GROCER FOR

Raleigh

GARDEN-FRESH
VEGETABLES

"RALEIGH" TOMATO JUICE
OR TOMATO SAUCE
DESERVE A PLACE ON
EVERY MENU.



Tune your radio to "Rally Round" each Tuesday, 2UW 1 p.m. — 3AW, 4BH, 12.45 p.m.

FASHION PATTERNS and
notions may be obtained immediately
from Fashion Patterns Pty.
Ltd., 40 Hurst St., Ultimo,
N.S.W. (postal address Box
100, G.P.O. Sydney), and
from the 2112 depot.
The 2112 depot, 1212
Lodge St., Sydney, New South
Wales, should address all
orders to Box 100, G.P.O.,
Sydney, New South Wales.
Postage is included in
price quoted.

Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for Beginners

F2055.—Beginners' pattern for
an easy-to-make beach shirt and
beach coat. Sizes 32in. to 38in.
bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in.
material. Special price, 2/-.

F2052

F2053

F2054

F2055

F6883

F2051

F2054.—Button-up coat-dress. The design is
suitable for any summertime material. Sizes
32in. to 42in. bust. Requires 6 yds. 36in. material.
Price, 3/6.

F2052.—One of the newest spring-into-summer
fashions, the separate skirt and blouse. Sizes 32in.
to 38in. bust, 26in. to 32in. waist measurement.
Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material for blouse and 4½
yds. 36in. material for skirt. Price complete, 3/6.

F6883.—A pretty feminine nightgown, designed
with a low, oval neckline and puffed-up sleeves.
Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 31in.
material. Price, 4/6.

F2053.—Smart dress-and-jacket twosome features
plain and striped material. Sizes 32in. to 42in.
bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. striped material and
2½ yds. 36in. plain material. Price, 4/6.

F2051.—Boy's neatly tailored
long-sleeved shirt. Sizes 6, 8,
10, and 12 years. Requires
1½ yds. 36in. material. Price,
3/6.



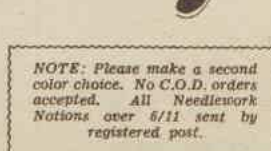
291



292



293



294

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 291—SUPPER-CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVIETTES

The attractively designed cloth and match-
ing serviettes are obtainable clearly traced
ready to embroider on cream Irish linen.
Size 36in. x 54in.; serviettes, 11in. x 11in.
Price cloth, 23/6. Postage and registration,
1/6 extra. Serviettes, 1/6 each. Postage,
3d. extra each. The design is also obtain-
able clearly traced ready to embroider on
white linen. Size 34in. x 54in., with match-
ing serviettes 11in. x 11in. Price cloth,
12/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra.
Serviettes, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra
each.

No. 292—TRAYCLOTH

The cloth is clearly traced ready to em-
broider in leaf and acorn design. The
material is Irish linen, obtainable in cream
and white. Size 11in. x 17in. Price, 7/3.
Postage, 7d. extra.

No. 293—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS AND PANTIES

The dress and matching panties are obtain-
able cut out ready to make. The material is
springtime cambric printed with a small
floral and spot design on grounds of pale
green, lemon, pink, and blue. Sizes, dress,
length 18in. for 2 yrs., 17/3; panties 3/3;
20in. length for 4 yrs., 18/3; panties 3/9;
23in. length for 6 yrs., 19/9; panties 4/3;
27in. length for 8 yrs., 21/3; panties 4/11.
Postage and registration, 1/8 extra for
dress and 6d. extra for panties.

No. 294—BOY'S OR GIRL'S LONG- LEGGED OVERALLS

The overalls are obtainable cut out ready
to make in British headcloth. The color
choice includes sage-blue, pink, natural,
lemon, and green. Sizes, lengths 29in. for
2 yrs., 13/11; 31in. for 3 yrs., 14/6; 33in.
for 4 yrs., 15/3; 37in. for 5-6 yrs., 16/-.
Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second
color choice. No C.O.D. orders
accepted. All Needlework
Notions over 6/11 sent by
registered post.

Make sure
YOU are safe from
COLD WEATHER B.O.!



LIFEBUOY GUARANTEES YOU WILL BE SAFE... MAKE THIS 10 DAY TEST

For just 10 days use Lifebuoy in your daily
bath or shower—then check the difference it has
made to your personal freshness.

Tests show that, from the day you start to use
Lifebuoy, you start to safeguard yourself against
B.O., and as you go on using



Lifebuoy you build up
increasingly better protection.
No other soap tested can
match Lifebuoy because
no other soap contains
Lifebuoy's exclusive
purifying ingredient.

W.306.W.W82G.

HOW YOU FEEL TOMORROW

depends
a lot
on
TODAY...



To be radiant, energetic and
free from minor ailments
which take the joy out of
living you must avoid
Constipation. If you want
to enjoy perfect health the
natural way take Beecham's
Pills, the purely vegetable
laxative, tonight. Then you'll
be really fit and ready for
work or play tomorrow.

TAKE
Beecham's Pills
TONIGHT
THE PURELY
VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

You can do so much with **BAKEO**

**SO QUICKLY, SO EASILY,
... AND SO ECONOMICALLY!**

Clever, versatile Maxam Bakeo! Delicious pastry—pies "like Mother used to make" in one-tenth of the time! The difficult part of pastry making—quick, even blending of shortening and flour is already done for you—light, crisp, golden pastry straight from the Bakeo packet. And such a wonderful timesaver for all kinds of other things as well!



Just Add Water—easy, isn't it? For the lightest, most delicious pastry—toss the Bakeo mixture with a fork and sprinkle with cold water, a tablespoon at a time.



Roll Out with quick, light strokes! Flour the board, but be careful to wipe off excess flour before you start. Too much will stick to dough and make your pie-crust hard.



And Bake until golden brown! Perfect pastry requires a very hot oven (450° F. is exactly right), and 15 minutes cooking time. Dough should be about 1/4-inch in thickness.



Everytime—perfect pastry! Light, crisp, delicious! Bakeo is prepared to a closely-guarded formula. Proportions are exactly right. You can't fail—can't go wrong!



Besides Pastry—Bakeo makes delicious cakes and gingerbreads! Follow the recipes on the packet or adapt your own family favourites! Saves hours per week in mixing time!



Puddings Too! So easy when you know how! Bakeo is a perfect blend of pure light shortening and sifted flour—the foundation of every successful steam pudding ever made!



Biscuits, Cheese Straws, party savouries! No hostess can afford to be without an extra packet—or even two! You can make so much, so quickly, so successfully with Bakeo.



The Best of Everything! Quality never varies! Every packet of Maxam Bakeo is a well-balanced blend of specially milled, sifted flour, baking powder, salt and pure light shortening—the best money can buy!

BUT MAKE QUITE SURE YOU GET ...

MAXAM BAKEO

... the original and best pastry mixture.

Cabin Trunk for Sale

Continued from page 4

JUDITH interrupted excitedly, "Russians? Tell me more."

"No different. Except that at their parties we had caviar, which everyone loathed and pretended to like, and vodka, which went to our heads. And still just the same old small talk, same inanities, and same old faces."

"And Australia?" she asked doubtfully, as if it were the last hope of fulfilling her dreams. She saw a gleam of mirth in his eyes and she cheered up a little. This sounded more promising.

"Met a couple who had emigrated from here. They hated the way Australians always abbreviate Christian names... you know, 'Les' and 'Alf' and 'Pete.' So they called their new baby 'Murray' and thought that they were safe. But when he went to school he was nicknamed 'Cod' because 'Murray Cod' is a very popular fish over there."

"People, people, people," she exclaimed. "You don't tell me about places, you just talk about people. I want lovely descriptions and lurid adventures, and all you talk about is domesticity and children."

"Just a sentimentalist." He said it quietly, but his look made her drop her eyes. Her disappointment was queerly distorted by a feeling of anticipation and excitement. She fumbled in her bag, but he quickly produced his case, stubbing his cigarette in his saucer.

"Sentimental, perhaps," she said, "yet anyone can see you're not house trained. Messing up the saucers like that. Think of the washing up."

"I could be trained." His voice was still quiet, and she found it hard to understand her tangled thoughts.

"You talk," she said, "as if the most exciting thing in the world were trimming the hedge and mowing the front lawn. And I've been picturing you fighting natives with assegais and..."

"Tommy guns nowadays," he interjected, and then he leaned forward. "You mean you've given me a stray thought?"

"It was the trunk," she said

quickly, "the labels... the places..."

"People, not places..." he hesitated, and she found his gaze too probing to face. "People are the really exciting thing in life."

"And why not people in other parts of the world than this?" She managed to rally her flagging confidence. "Look how many people are emigrating."

"What do they know of England who only England know?" he quoted seriously, and then he leaned forward. "Do you know the loveliest sight in the world? To see the Southern Cross sink behind the horizon and watch for the North Star. You need to go away from here to appreciate it. Do you know, I've asked my firm for a job at home. I want an exciting life. The mowing and clipping you talked of. And playing cricket on the lawn with the kids. That's all the excitement and color any sensible man wants. The only satisfaction."

"Then you won't need the trunk." She fumbled with their cups and filled them with tea that was now almost cold. He watched the amber liquid spilling into their cups and they both knew that the trunk mattered no longer. It had been a Magic Carpet that had whisked her through dreams of adventure and excitement and then it had landed her back in Waterloo Station with a man she had met only twice.

"I'll make you a present of it," he said, watching her seriously.

"And they say women are illogical!" she exclaimed. "You try to persuade me not to travel and then you give me the trunk..." Her mind suddenly went back to her childhood. "I've just remembered, there used to be an old trunk in the attic at home. It was covered with labels like yours because my father had travelled a lot. It was full of old-fashioned clothes that we used to dress up in and broken toys and old books that we'd loved..."

She broke off, and when she looked up at him he saw that her eyes were blurred with tears.

"It went with everything

else, when a stray breeze blew the house early in the year. That was when my father was killed." She looked down and fingered a knife. "We used to have such fun. A big, comfortable house and a garden and an orchard. There were all of us..."

"Where are they now?" he spoke gently and moved a hand across to touch hers.

"Two of my brothers were killed. My sisters have married and live up north and I can't manage to see them often. And my mother and younger brother live in London."

"I see." His voice was gentle. "And there is no one to share the old family place and be interested in what you're doing now."

She shook her head miserably.

"Don't you see—this time his hand closed over hers—" "it's what I've been saying all along. You need companionship. Everyone does. Isn't it that, rather than a smoky old building and a little drizzle that's got you down?"

"Perhaps it is!" She said more to herself than to him.

"You know," he went on, never really caring whether he sold that trunk or not. It was a sort of gesture. But when he saw what it meant to her, was whether I saw you again or not. I liked the look of you and I'd have lost sight of you if I'd sold you the trunk and then..."

"I thought you were just being provocative for an excuse," she said shakily.

"For a very definite purpose," he answered promptly. "I knew so well that travelling alone is miserable. It's not with the right person... so I'm staying at home. But I'd so little to go on. I was playing for time. All I had was the name of a railway station that I'd seen on the season ticket in your hand. I needed, at least, a telephone number."

The dreary tearoom suddenly appeared bright and a fitting background for adventure and excitement... and the promise of companionship.

"Kingston 10789," she said promptly and happily.

(Copyright)

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- The half of a half a teacher has a store in a popular song (13).
- Any male, though it sounds as if a Cockney overlooked a female (8).
- Sen-synoph found in deer (6).
- Parent, rue cannage (9).
- His French child (13).
- Ice and cat judiciously mixed is pertaining to vinegar (6).
- Mixes together (8).
- Reverential fear found in a raw ecclesiastic (12).
- Best time can be worthy of consideration (9).
- Rodent and I on daily allowance of food (6).
- Purpose in portable shelter (8).
- Maid leg mended (Neither young nor old) (anagram) (4, 4, 2).

**CALORIFIC S C
R O O L A L T E R
E L E C T O R A L
O D A R E L A I R D
I N D E P T O F E L
T A D E E O W H E R E
V R N E E
D E R A R O S A T I N
E R E F A T I O N E
F R I L L F U R S
N E R V Y C E L L S
E S S S T E N D I A L**

Solution to last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- A rare man (anagram) (11).
- Raised and the French tapped a disturbed creed (11).
- This water is white (17).
- Viscid liquid in Crosby is soaked up (17).
- Formerly part of a play with its ward isolated upon (17).
- Special bodily faculty; nature of it is common (15).
- Broken can in the French once as weapon (18).
- One French and I on junction (5).
- Withdrawal concerning short religious treatise (17).
- Make mistakes with a spasmodic contraction having no regular course (17).
- Human being at English feudal territorial unit (15).
- Disloyalty, but not without reason (17).
- In these animals the red rats (17).
- Forty-five inches (11).

GYPSY SIXPENCE

Part two of our
absorbing 3-part
adventure romance

THE STORY SO FAR. From childhood, the half-gypsy ROMULUS BROOK feels that he is marked by birth and fate for an unusual destiny. He early guesses that he is actually half-brother to his so-called foster brother, GERALD. When both join a regiment in India, fellow-officers look askance at Rom, but an immediate affinity springs up between him and SUKEY WEBB, the Colonel's daughter, an unusual renegade herself.

They vow to marry after a romantic night at a lonely tower where Rom is on guard, and together they defy Colonel Webb. At first hostile, he suddenly gives in. **NOW READ ON.**

HAMYD had put up the horses while I was in the Colonel's bungalow and was waiting for me with a puzzling bit of news.

"Did the sahib leave a lamp burning in his room when he went forth today?" he asked in formal Urdu.

"Nay."

"There is a light in the window."

"I will see to it."

I could not imagine who my caller might be at this late hour, or what his mission. My nerves on edge, I opened the door narrowly with a flexed forearm, ready to close it swiftly, only to be instantly ashamed of the absurd precaution. Gerald was sitting in my one easy chair, wearing a lounging robe and enjoying a pipe.

But there was no doubt of the importance of his visit. I knew his face well enough to know that he had not been to bed. Too, I knew from the wick of my lamp, which had needed trimming at its last burning, that it had not been lighted long.

"Sit on the bed, old man," he told me. "Since it's so late, we might as well make a night of it."

"Didn't you find my bottle? It's in the corner of the cabinet."

I poured two drinks and my heart glowed as always when we touched glasses. He gave me a "salaam."

"That's particularly appropriate tonight," he said.

"News must travel fast."

"None has travelled that I know of. I've got a confession to make, Rom. You know we all do foul things—pretty rotten things sometimes—when we think no one need ever know. Well, I was put out with Sukey's fishy excuse for breaking an engagement with me this afternoon. I'm quite fond of her and had planned a rather nice outing. Of course I thought she was going out with that cad Clifford."

He paused, then went on: "Riding along the old canal, I caught a glimpse of her making out Kil Sarak. I was stung enough to follow her as far as the pahari and then watch her through my field glasses. She made straight as a crow for the old Moslem tower."

I nodded shortly.

Please turn to page 50

By EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

"It offers interesting possibilities as a rendezvous, you know. I hadn't realised she was thick enough with Clifford to meet him at such a place. Well, when I wandered back here, Clifford and Henry were fixing for a sundown chukker. It happened they hadn't seen me, and when I thought of something I deliberately didn't let 'em."

Again he paused, then added more slowly: "What I thought was how you'd mentioned being ordered to watch the river this afternoon for a gun-runner. Of course it came to me in a flash that you and Sukey had made a little deal that neither of you wanted anyone to know."

"That was a reasonable assumption," I said.

"Of course I wanted to back your play. I didn't understand it, but I figured I'd better stay out of sight so the chaps—maybe his nibs, too—would assume our engagement hadn't been broken and she was out with me. I didn't appear for mess, and in fact didn't show my shining face hereabouts until you two were safely home."

"That's what I mean by a brother."

"Thanks, Rom. Perhaps I saved you two from interruption—the Colonel might not have taken kindly to his daughter and a subaltern roosting half the night so far from chaperonage. But I'd put Jamrud on guard—you know I can trust him—and his report made it look serious. He said the Colonel was waiting up—that he'd answered the door in person—and you'd gone in to talk with him. Frankly, I was a little worried. Since I was up so late, I thought I might as well have about until you came home. Older man—are you in trouble?"

Any trouble I was in had become suddenly a great deal less. The very tone he had used—largely matter-of-fact but with a cheerful rather than solemn inflection—reduced it, and so did his every lack of a long face.

"In a way," I answered. "But it's the most wonderful trouble I could imagine."

"My word! That sounds as if—" "Look, Gerald. It would be ghastly trouble if you wanted her for yourself. Tell me you don't—if you know it's the truth. She said you didn't—you haven't given any sign of it—you remarked that you were 'quite fond' of her, and I was convinced from the start that was all."

Gerald smiled. "Compose your mind, Rom," he said. "I am fond of her—I must say I found her exciting too—but tastes differ—and she wasn't what I was looking for in the way of a wife. Do you mind my saying that?"

"Heavens above!" "You know I'm a bit of a stick, old man. I can't help it. I'm a typical middle-class Englishman and Sukey is too—unconventional—too dashing for me. I wouldn't be sure I could hold her. I'd be worried about her not being 'proper.' But she'd have been a perfect match for Henry Bingham—and if she's picked you, he's in for a nasty jar."

"Have another drink?" For I needed a minute to think this over. "Right," He poured one half the usual size.

"With that last, you told me two things I didn't know. If she's too unconventional to make the right wife for you, I'd think the same would apply to Henry."

"He's a real aristocrat, Rom. Born one—bred one. What need he care for Mrs. Grundy or any of her works?" He paused. "What was the other thing I said that surprised you?"

"That Henry was going to—" "Rom, didn't you know he's head over heels in love with her?"

"I didn't know it."

"Didn't Sukey tell you he proposed to her last night?"

"No."

"Well, he told me. He made no great secret of it—and she'd tell you anyway, in time. He told me that until he actually popped the question, she seemed highly agreeable. He thinks she intended to accept until that very moment. Then her eyes got big and she told him

he would have to give her a little time, because she might be in love with another man."

My throat felt tight. "Did she say who the other man was?"

"No. Henry flattered me by thinking I was the lucky fellow. When I told him how wrong he was, he decided it was Clifford. Clifford is quite effective with the ladies, you know. But I wasn't convinced it was he. I had the vaguest inkling that it was—you."

"Incredible as it seems, you are right."

"There's nothing incredible about it, Rom. You're a very powerful man. You have a way of getting what you go after—I've seen that all my life—and also you seem to be extraordinarily lucky. Of course you've been meeting her all the time that we three fools—Henry and Clifford and I—thought we were competing only with one another."

"Not often, but occasionally."

"And making more hay in those infrequent meetings than all the rest of us combined. If she wasn't sure last night—but of course she was. She was just a little reluctant to let Henry go. She's been completely sure at least since that day you ran into her in the club library, weeks ago."

That was the day we had kissed in such frantic hunger. "I don't remember you being in the rooms that day."

"I wasn't. She mentioned finding you there. That is—she pretended to mention it casually, but really she spoke of it deliberately. I suppose she was trying to find out if you'd told me about it."

"Then it wasn't altogether a vague inkling—"

"That was all the evidence I had. There was other evidence, though, if I'd had the brains to see it. Even that incident—the first week she was here—when she sent me for her parasol. You had the inside track even then."

He had been speaking in a calm tone, his eyes full of thoughts. His smile at the end was not even bitter, only wry.

"I dare say there were little difficulties, as usual, but you ironed 'em all out to-night," he went on.

"Yes, we became engaged and are going to be married in two weeks."

"Pretty short notice." His voice betrayed no great surprise. "But since you're both in love—why wait?"

"How about drinking to my wonderful luck?"

"How much of it was luck? Some. That's always the case in everything big, Rom. Do you remember that day in the pony-cart—and the old Gypsy woman and the coin? You kept it as a good-luck piece, didn't you?"

"My word!" "I remember asking you to give it to me. Of all the cheek!"

I THOUGHT of that day and replied, "I remember you standing by me just the same—as you did to-night."

"Well, it was plain as a pikestaff that the old man wanted her to take Henry. That was natural enough—Henry being one of the biggest catches in India—money—maybe a peerage before he's done. And, knowing what a high-handed old snorter he is, I thought he'd raise a row."

"Well, he did."

"But gave you his blessing in the end?"

"You know better than that, Gerald. Sukey told him that blessing or no blessing we were going ahead in a fortnight. I wish you could have seen her—standing up to him."

His expression, as though looking through me and beyond, made me pause. "I knew she would," he said quietly.

"But Gerald—you meant more than the Colonel's ambition for her to marry well. You knew—you couldn't fail to know—that he'd rather have her go unmarried all her life than marry me."

Gerald sprang to his feet and walked quickly to the window.

When he turned, he was deeply flushed.

"Rom, if he feels that way—do you know why?"

"Of course. Infinitely better than he does." And then, coming upon me so quietly and naturally that I did not even feel surprised, the moment had arrived to break a long and aching silence. "Gerald, do you know too?"

He looked at me as though in profound amazement, hesitated, and then slowly nodded.

"As soon as I did?"

"A little before, I think. I knew years before that you were Papa's real son. I felt it in my bones—or divined it somehow by the way Mamma acted towards you. I knew, too, you weren't like me—like any English boy I knew. Do you remember those high mountains in Yorkshire Papa took us to when we were about nine years old? The highest was Mickle Fell. I thought of you as coming from over Mickle Fell, from the wild, strange country beyond. I found out what country it was, the day we met the Gypsy."

"Did your mother ever know?"

"You told her yourself about the darkness not washing off. But she knew long before that that your mother wasn't a—white woman. Do you mind my speaking of her that way? It's the way we speak of Indians, although they belong to the white race the same as we do."

"Of course not."

"I don't know when it dawned on her that your mother was a Gypsy. The only reference she ever made to it was in her last, bitter, half-mad letter to me two weeks before she died."

My hair brushed up as from an icy breeze through the window.

"Gerald, why didn't you tell me that Mamma—your mother—had died?"

"I couldn't, Rom. I felt I ought to—then I remembered how she hated you—and how—because of that—you came to hate her. I got the news of it on the very day you captured Kambur Melik. That was why I couldn't join in the celebration. I decided not to tell anyone."

Gerald rose, poured a small peg, and downed it in one quaff. I had no heart to remind him that his next drink was to have been to Sukey's and my engagement. Then we sat as still as though all our main business was over, but we both knew we had only prepared its ground.

"Colonel Webb thinks you're a Eurasian, doesn't he?" Gerald asked suddenly and rather briskly.

"Yes. A rather charitable view of me, don't you think? Don't most of the fellows say, 'If he's not a half-caste, he's something worse?' " "Not that they think. But I know what they think. Your best friends, Major Graves and Henry Bingham, believe you're part-Asiatic. Apparently they credit you with not knowing it yourself—or at least not being sure of it."

"Otherwise I wouldn't foist myself on the Tatta Lancers. No gentleman, knowing he wasn't a real white man, could do such a thing."

"Oh, come, Rom. There's a lot of poppycock about this sahib business—"

"Certainly, if he knew the taint, he wouldn't pay court to the Colonel's daughter." I felt an old familiar smile, if it could be called that, beginning to curl my lips, and quickly straightened them. "What about my worst enemies?"

"You have only one—Clifford—that I know of. Well, perhaps I should add Colonel Webb, who never forgave you for that dance. They, too, think you rose out of the Asiatic swarm—that you know you did—have been cunning enough to conceal it—and got where you are by Asiatic cunning."

"They're quite correct."

"They've never made a downright issue of it for a lot of reasons. Colonel Jacob's very powerful, and he's a quarter-caste. Regimental snobbery is very unpopular at home, and all the records show you're a first-rate officer."

He paused. "It is your and Sukey's business only," he went on quietly, then added, "provided she knows what she's doing."

His eyes fixed on my face. They became like those of a judge before whom I stood on trial. They were

not accusing, they were only searching.

"In other words—provided I haven't obtained her consent under false pretences."

He nodded. "That's it. In plain words, did you tell Sukey?"

"In plain words, I did. I told her before she promised to marry me."

"Well, you see why I asked. There are people who'd say you had no right to court her until she knew, because after she'd fallen in love with you she couldn't look at it straight."

The Colonel had said it in different words. If I knew something about myself that made courting her an offence, I ought to be horse-whipped. Gerald had expressed his own opinion without meaning to, I thought; he did not want me to know he agreed with the others.

Gerald rose and glanced at his watch. "We've still got time for a short wink before parade."

"I'm excused from parade for being on watch to-night."

"Lucky devil. Nothing to disturb your sweet dreams. Well—" But he stopped, his head cocked, as though he had just thought of something. "Speaking of luck—would you mind showing me that coin the old witch gave you so long ago?"

"I'd love to show it to you, but I haven't got it."

HIS brow furrowed and he stood so still that it gave the effect of a deep start. "My soul, you haven't lost it?"

"No. I gave it to Sukey to-night."

I saw his mind work. He did not want me to think that he thought anything of that. He would not want anyone to know he could be so superstitious.

"That's jolly good," he said. "Now you'll both be lucky."

"She gave me something, too. A servant she was brought up with—his name's Hamyd—a wonderful chap."

"My word! And he didn't mind?"

"Of course, but what she says goes."

"Well, you and she will be married in two weeks, and you can both have him." He paused, smiling. "I can't tell you how much better—how much it's meant to me." His eyes were luminous in the lamp light.

"Waiza hi." That was the Hindustani equivalent of "the same with me."

My eyes were shining the same. But I was glad I said so little when I felt so much.

It so happened that the stream of sweet dreams Gerald had foretold for me was choked and fouled by a horrid one. It came upon me through some channel of my brain that I thought was ten years dry; it was like the walking of a ghost ten years laid. As far as it went, it did not vary in the least particular from its previous visitation.

Again Mamma's arms were around me and her kisses warm on my face—her name was Mamma instead of the Woman. Again Gerald called me—Rom! Again Mamma flung me away. But this time I wakened too soon. I did not dream on to fight in the hope of winning. When time and place returned to me, with the effect of an explosion, dawn was at the window and I was wiping my face with my hand.

"The Woman is dead," was my first thought. No doubt hearing the news last night had invoked the dream.

When, later, I reported to Major Graves he had nothing exciting to assign to me for the next fortnight—only reconnaissance for the proposed extension of a military road. If I turned in a good report, I could be almost certain of immediate official transfer to the Survey.

When the sun began to slide toward the Kirihar Mountains and the shadows had a cooler look, I walked to the bungalow of Colonel Webb, Lieutenant Romulus Brook was going to pay a call on his betrothed, as was fitting and proper!

If Colonel Webb should ask what my business was I would tell him so. But when the servant answering the door did not call him to attend to me, my relief was all-pervading and unashamed.

The servant bade me wait while he announced me. He returned with word that I would find the mahosahib in the garden, with another guest. He showed me out a side door, and I followed a cobblestone path toward a dim glint of white through red-flowering oleander shrubs.

Presently I caught sight of my beloved sitting on a stone bench in the garden rail, her hand in Henry Bingham's. It came upon me in a dark, cold flood, that she was about to tell me that all that had happened last night was only a dream—at least I must believe it was—and she had decided to marry the brown sahib.

But the radiance of welcome in her face was for me.

"Rom, what were you smiling about as you came through the oleanders?" she demanded.

"I didn't know I was—"

"Well, you were, and it was a horrid smile, wasn't it, Henry?"

"I didn't notice. I dare say I was the butt of the joke. Old chap why didn't you laugh aloud? The Johnny who laughs last laughs best, they say."

He spoke in a good-humored tone, but in his eyes was a look I had seen in the eyes of men cruelly wounded while following a flag.

"Rom wouldn't dream of such a thing, Henry," Sukey told him quickly and with deep earnestness. "You know he wouldn't. But he does smile horribly sometimes, especially when he thinks he's going to be hurt. I'm going to get you over it, Rom."

"Henry, there's no one—"

"Let it go, old boy," Henry bled in when I stammered. "I know you want to say something comforting, and I'll take the will for the deed. Now I'm going."

As he spoke, he moved with a creasing speed. As he gained the oleanders, he waved his hand. Turned a little sideways from me, Sukey gazed after him. But there was no way of hiding those big tears, and in the end she did as I try.

Chilled to the bone, as by an icy wind on a desolate moor, yet I went to her and kissed her eye dry.

"I'm so glad you did that, Rom," she told me. "I was afraid you wouldn't."

"What made you cry?"

"About us, not about him. It's not what they're saying. It's what they don't say."

"Do many people know it already?"

"The whole lot. That's my dream, of course. Papa came into my room early this morning, and asked me to send you a chit immediately, asking you to keep it secret for a few days. He hadn't closed his eyes all night, of course. His only possible reason was the hope he could break it off. I told him so, and that I was going to let nature take its course. She smiled, a little while. "I helped nature along by dropping over to see Martha Caldwell right after breakfast. The woman actually turned white. You should have seen her mouth, exactly like a nymph. She didn't bother about the details—the fact alone surpassed her fondest dreams. She couldn't get me out of the house fast enough, so she could set sail."

When I started to speak, Sukey kissed me. "Wait till you hear the rest. Mildred Ager invited me to the tiffin, and of course everybody came. Each had something fixed to be worded as carefully as a prime minister's statement for the Press. Nobody used the good old word 'congratulations.' Most of them and they wanted me to be happy—a few wanted both of us to be happy—and a soul said we would be happy. Their manner was much the same as though I had gone insane."

"Well, maybe you have. What did Henry say?" Gerald told me last night that he'd proposed."

"Henry said, 'I might have known it!'—and some sweet things to me. But what did Gerald say? What ever he told you, you'd believe."

She was excited and somewhat flattered over Gerald's following and spying on her yesterday. Then she leaped ahead of my story.

"He knew all the time that you were his half-brother, and half-Gypsy," she said. "And of course he asked if you'd told me."

"Yes."

"Did he ask you when you'd told him?"

"Yes, and although he tried to conceal it, he was mightily distressed that I'd wanted."

"What I wasn't in my right mind?" Sukey's eyes were withdrawn and intensely bright. "Then you remembered what Papa said about horse-whipping. I wish I'd been there. I wish I'd been there."

"I'd be in the clink right now, as a deserter."

"But we are married—aren't we? We haven't gone through the ceremony, but we belong to each other forever."

She was sitting very still, speaking in a low voice, but when I moved my arms a little in invitation or anxiety, she flung into them, and her knees were covering my face.

A high tide of happiness rolled in upon us. It lasted until the moment of my departure. Then her deep and tender concern for me, the like of which I had never known, raised me to exaltation.

"You won't care what anyone says," she asked.

"No one will say anything—except perhaps Clifford Holmes."

"Don't be so sure. You put too much confidence in sahibs—look up to them too much, I suppose, on account of Gerald. They can be wonderful gentlemen up to a point, but I've heard how some of them talk to natives when they're put out about something."

"I don't expect to have my back slapped—"

"Whatever they say—straight out in cold little 'realism' or 'fancy'—let it roll off you like water off a duck. Will you?"

"Sweetheart!"

"Remember you're the most gifted man in the regiment, and you'll go farther than any of them, with me in help you. And Rom—no matter how they act—don't you dare give them the satisfaction of thinking you feel ashamed or beneath them in any way. If you do, I'd never forgive you. You're the man I love, and the one I choose."

"Well, I wish I'd told you about my colorful origins before you fell in love—"

"I wish Gerald had kept his public school morality to himself. It's one of his business, anyhow. I wish we hadn't agreed to wait two weeks for a ceremony. There was no need of it—even if the vicar would put up our banns, he'd almost rather lose his living than marry us without Dad's consent. I'd much rather go to the Methodist Mission. We will, won't we?"

"Yes, or to a Hindu guru."

"Can't you persuade Major Graves to assign you duty away from the post for most of these two weeks? I'd go along with seeing you only occasionally—meeting you in town or anywhere—to save you from having to be around Papa and those pukka sahibs. Just so he doesn't give you dangerous duty."

"I think that may work out all right," I repeated what Graves had said to me.

"You haven't got your witch's charm any more. Thank heaven you've got Hamyd—and me."

"Thank heaven!"

"Good-night, my love! The moon won't shine—and the music won't play—and the flowers won't smell!—but you're in my arms again!"

Anything like a quarrel was unthinkable during regimental mess. The honor of the regiment demanded that no officer ever raise his voice to another during the rite of bread and salt. So the least discourtesy towards me there seemed highly unlikely, although Colonel Webb had announced that he would be absent to-night, and therefore, the men could dine in undress uniforms and would not toast the Queen.

Perhaps because he could not stomach dining with me so soon after my victory, Clifford Holmes was absent from his place. Gerald rose me a wave and a smile; there was no occasion for Henry or any of the others to address me. I thought the men were quieter than usual and what talk there was was carefully confined to shop.

Indeed, only one person at the board gave me the slightest uneasiness—Lieutenant Winston Loring, the newest addition to our rolls. It was said that Colonel Webb had

not wanted him in the Tatta Lancers, but could not get out of taking him, since his father had been an officer of the regiment and he himself a boy wonder at Sandhurst.

During the meat course he leaned across the long table and spoke to me in a tone I found markedly unpleasant.

"I hear you've proven yourself quite a lady's man," he said.

I acknowledged the remark with half a smile and attacked my meat. The officers near me did not appear to hear; one of those beside Loring stiffened a little and looked away. The other said quietly, "Children should be seen and not heard."

Loring flushed, and when I glanced at him again there was a sullen expression on his boyish, unprepossessing face. He was staring at his plate, but only toying with his food. I wished that the dinner was over, so I could go.

The plates were removed and when the servants had filled our glasses with a sweet wine to go with dessert, they left the room.

THE men had begun to sip the drink when, to my alarm, Loring rose to his feet.

"Sir, may I offer a toast?" he asked the second-in-command sitting in the Colonel's place.

Lieutenant-Colonel Maddock eyed him up and down in cold appraisal. "There is no rule against a junior subaltern offering a toast at dinner," he said, with that patently mock gravity more stinging than a sneer.

"I waited for one of the older officers to do it, but I dare say they either don't know the occasion or it's slipped their minds," Loring went on. "Gentlemen, let's rise and drink to the forthcoming marriage and future happiness of the Colonel's daughter and our messmate, Romulus Brook. Rom, you're a lucky fellow, and she's a lucky girl. Gentlemen, let's rise and drink—"

He stopped, because his voice could no longer flow against that dam of silence.

Gerald got quickly to his feet, and so did Major Graves. A captain on the other side of the table whom I hardly knew, the only officer in the regiment who had come up from the ranks, rose and stood as stiff as though on the parade ground. But Henry Bingham gazed at the ceiling. All the other officers of the Tatta Lancers sat motionless with expressionless faces.

Loring's hand shook, then steadied, and he raised his glass to his lips. Major Graves gave forth a low, deep-throated "Heard! Heard!" and drank as though unaware of the reverberating silence. The captain opposite slowly drained his glass to the last drop. I saw all this out of the side of my eyes, it seemed, for the only one I gazed upon was Gerald.

He did not reach for his glass. Instead, his clenched hands went to his sides, a position I had seen him take a few times in his life when he was furiously angry and trying to keep his self-control. Then he spoke in clipped, dry tones to Lieutenant-Colonel Maddock.

"Sir, I beg to be excused from this board to write out my request for transfer—"

"Thanks, old man, but this is my affair," I broke in.

"Well, I'm going to—"

"Wait a moment, and perhaps the Colonel will be good enough to excuse both of us."

Gerald looked inquiringly into my eyes, and when I smiled at him, he moved around the table as though waiting for me, not far behind my chair. He was white, but appeared perfectly steady. When the three toasters took their seats, I rose.

"Sir, I want to thank Major Graves, Captain Tidale, and Lieutenant Loring for the toast," I said.

"Also, I ask to be relieved for the moment from all obligations of military rule—"

"Permission is not granted," Colonel Maddock broke in. "But, on behalf of all who did not join in the toast, I apologise for a discourtesy to you that we felt we could not help. Gentlemen, this regrettable incident is never to be mentioned again, either among ourselves

or to anyone else. I declare it closed."

"Heard! Heard!" someone cried.

"Lieutenant Brook, as far as your military career is concerned, we say 'Rung ho!'"

"And as far as my social career goes, I say to all but three of you—'Bossa mera puttha!'"

There was no one here so deficient in Hindustani that he did not understand the vulgar invitation. Translated literally from English, the words themselves had an insulting sound when roundly and emphatically pronounced.

One other gesture I made, half by instinct. I was to stop and give Gerald precedence in going out the door. That was his privilege by rank, but I let him know—and perhaps all the watchers, too—it was also his right in my heart.

I followed Gerald to his room. Then he poured me a drink of whiskey, diluted it with water, and handed it to me as though it were medicine I directly needed. No mirror was nearby to disclose my face to me, but I felt its clammy sweat, my knees trembled, and I despised the fast, feeble beat of my heart.

When I was seated in his big chair, he sat on the bed, his chin resting in his palm.

"Gerald, I ask you to throw overboard right now any notion of applying for transfer from the regiment."

"I don't see why. Anyway, I'm half committed—"

"You're not committed in the least. If necessary, you can discuss it with the second-in-command—not Colonel Webb, who will have no official knowledge of the affair—and, of course, he'll ask you to stay on. For the good of the regiment—and your own good—you'll agree to do so."

"I confess, Rom, that until tonight I couldn't have wanted more pleasant associations than with those fellows. But from now on—"

"From now on—at least very soon—I'm going to be gone. I'll have my transfer to the Survey—I'm breaking orders in telling you this—as soon as the recommendation can be sent through channels. Meanwhile I'll be away from the post as much as possible. Thirteen days from today Sukey and I will be quietly married by a missionary and she'll join me, wherever I've been sent."

"Wait just a minute," Gerald wiped his cheeks and lips with nervous force. "Rom, are you sure that Sukey can stand it? She'll hear about it, no fear. You don't think, do you, that such extreme and bitter opposition by her father's regiment might break it up?"

Gerald was speaking with growing difficulty. I interrupted him.

"It might break up some engagements. But not ours."

"Then she's a mighty strong-minded girl—as well as being head over heels in love—and you—but I admire you for it—you're a mighty strong-minded man."

"Others will say I'm a rotten cad. The decent thing would be to write a letter, resign my commission, and disappear. Well, that's not what's going to happen. We're going to marry, and strange as it may seem to the sahib world, we're going to be happy. My work in the Survey will take us all over India and will be exciting to us both. We can associate with natives and half-castes; and, after all, we may not be ostracised by the best society out here. If I accomplish enough, we'll sit at the Governor-General's table with Colonel Jacob."

His eyes gleamed when I said that last. He got out his pipe, filled it with a steady hand, and lighted it.

"I dare say you're right," he replied at last. "and I'll stay with the regiment."

Our parting was quietly cheerful.

As I was finishing breakfast next morning a bearer delivered a chit. It read:

"Romulus Brook:

"If you are not on duty, I have business with you on the skittles green at once. I am sure you would rather have it done there than in a more public place. Do not appear in uniform because the lesson I am going to teach you doesn't concern the military."

"Clifford Holmes."

My legs walked me toward the

By EDISON MARSHALL

skittles green, like two friends walking a drunken cupmate to sober him up. I should thank Clifford for choosing this place instead of a more public one. Surely it was as well suited to the present business as it had been to my first intrigue with Sukey.

Clifford was seated on the base of a piece of sculpture imaging a crouching, snarling tigress. He was dressed as though for tennis, and I had never before observed so well his broad shoulders, narrow waist, and smooth, long limbs.

He rose gracefully to his feet.

"I received your note," I told him.

"And I wasn't on duty."

"Good. We can get this over in jig time."

"You spoke of some business you had with me, better done here than in public. What is it?"

"I believe you know. I think you're shamming innocence, to get off as lightly as possible. But, considering various things, I'll make a brief explanation first of what I'm going to do second."

He paused briefly, but I made no comment.

"To start with, I've nothing to say about you and Sukey becoming engaged. That's not my business. If I had been at dinner last night, I, too, would have refused to drink that toast, but that would have been on general principles. As it happened, though, I'd stayed away. And that proved to be a very lucky thing."

He paused, expecting me to ask him why. I merely waited.

"You did something there that the other fellows can't take any action on," he continued. "Colonel Maddock ordered everybody there to let it drop. But you see, Rom—I wasn't present. I didn't receive that order. I can, without disobedience, take action on it."

Again I waited, and the coolness he was showing, that of an English gentleman plus a sahib, became a little spotty.

"I don't know how you got your hands on Sukey," he said, his eyes changing shape and glistering. "but I do know you insulted the second-in-command and a number of my messmates. Because they wouldn't drink to your marriage with a messmate, you used a vile expression. If you were a gentleman—of course, this wouldn't have happened in that case—I'd feel it my duty to send you my card. As it is, I've got another duty, and it will be sterling pleasure as well. By now you must have guessed what it is."

"Is this a guessing game, Clifford? You should have told me in the beginning. But let's get it over, whatever it is."

"That suits me perfectly. Take off your coat."

"And then what?"

CLIFFORD said quite coolly. "I'm going to spoil your appearance for a few days. Rom, Sukey's not going to like the way you look, old boy, when I'm finished with you. You can account for it any way you like. If you want to complain to H.Q. you can. I'll explain that it's completely unofficial—neither of us was in uniform—that I felt you needed a little treatment, and gave it to you."

"Of course you realise that you outweigh me by two stone. I was unbuttoning my jacket. 'You're half a head taller with far more reach—'"

"You should have thought of that, my lad, before you opened your dirty mouth last night."

"On the contrary, pistols, or even sabres, might fetch a reasonably fair fight." I was drawing my left arm from the sleeve.

"I'm not interested in a fair fight, or any other kind. You don't seem to be as clever as usual—and hurry up with that jacket! This is instruction. As I told you in the note, I'm going to teach you a lesson—"

At that instant, I taught him one. I had not roamed the alleys of Trieste and frequented the dives of Tunis without accumulating a good deal of useful information in several widely diverse fields. I had now

removed my coat and was holding it by the lapels, as though about to lay it on the stone tiger.

My dazed-seeming movement in that direction had carried me within five feet of my impatient enemy, and at that distance I could not miss my throw. As the garment went over his head, I struck him with all my strength full in the belly.

He went down.

It was necessary that he stay down until his dangerousness was removed: I knew how to effect that, also. I intended to be very thorough. After blackening both eyes, bashing in his nose and lips, I recalled again what he had said about changing my appearance, and so went over the ground again to make sure I had changed his.

When he showed signs of returning to consciousness, I went to our clubrooms and, without looking or speaking to any of my messmates there, I tacked Clifford's letter on our bulletin board. A glance over my shoulder as I was going out the door showed two men reading it. That they would visit the skittles green in the course of a very few minutes there was no doubt.

Then there was just time to get into uniform, and report to Major Graves' office for the day's orders.

He interrupted his talk with a General Staff officer to hand them to me. Our salutes were punctilious, but there was a glint in his eyes that did me a wonderful turn. I could not call him friend, but certainly he was not a foe.

When I read the paper in the orderly room, I knew he had stood up for me again. Of the many "boreome tasks" he could have assigned me, he had appointed me the very one that Sukey would desire for me—taking me away from the post for several days into an uninhabited sand-hill area west of Kotri where no tribesman had any occasion to raid.

I was to locate its dhands and simas—kind of desert ponds and springs—and especially to seek and follow the dry bed of a fabled river. It would be best for me to wear Moslem dress—if a caravan passed in distant view it would cause less comment—and to take only one servant. Our riding horses and two pack ponies would furnish our transport.

With my native garments in a saddlebag—I did not want to be challenged at the gate—I rode along the Quarters to find Sukey. Hamyd had already informed me that Colonel Webb was in the field, and, by a little more rise in the new-turned tide of luck, my sweetheart was at home.

When we were seated, she said cheerfully, "I hear the regiment gave us quite a send-off."

"Can you joke about it, Sukey?"

"It's a tremendous joke, really. Those solemn waxworks around the table—fancying they were being so pukka. I wasn't a bit surprised though, except by—" Sukey stopped, her already high color rising a little more.

"By what?"

"Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it, but, after all, we mustn't hide our thoughts from each other. Two things surprised me. One that Henry didn't drink to us, and the other that Gerald did."

"I don't understand that."

"Henry is an aristocrat. The doctrine of noblesse oblige should have made him stand for the big things, not the little ones. In public at least he should have stood by you instead of by Papa. What they did was not only a silly but a vulgar gesture. I dare say he was so resentful that he couldn't see straight."

"I agree with you, I think. But why you should be surprised at Gerald—"

"I suppose I'm not, really. I told you before he's a lot deeper than he seems. He seems romantic enough to have sat with the other fools—even making a little speech that no matter how much he loves you and 'respects' me he couldn't drink to a wedding that he disapproved of. He's bound to disapprove of it, you know—that makes his support all the more wonderful. No, he couldn't

She took a cruise

..But missed the Boat!



Tests Published in

Authoritative Dental Literature Show

That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating With

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Most thoroughly proved and accepted
home method of oral hygiene known today

Research at five leading American universities proved that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene readily available today! Yes, and 2 years' research

showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type.



USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH—AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY BEST!



LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM



America's largest, Australia's largest, the World's largest selling dental cream

the explanation would have been too difficult. Anyway, I suppose he was so angry—"

"He was angry. So much so, he never did—now that I come to think of it—actually drink the toast. He stood up with the others and announced he was going to apply for transfer, and then left the room without picking up his glass. I had to take him out of any notion of leaving the regiment."

"What about Clifford?"

"He wasn't at mess."

"I know that, but he's bound to do something to get back at you."

"He's the one I'm most afraid of. He really hates you."

I decided not to tell her of my meeting with Clifford. She would probably not be amused by the mental picture I had of him this minute.

Sitting beside her, I never saw anyone more alive. Her hair seemed to have light of its own; the color in her face was always in process of change.

"Gerald thought it might make you back out on the deal," I told her.

"You know better than that."

"Se spoke with confidence, but suddenly her face changed."

"Then, as we were in worse danger than we'll admit or even think about? But just being insulted—"

"attached—but some real, terrible danger?"

I shook my head. It could mean "no" or "I don't know."

"She laid her lips softly against mine, while the tall clock in the corner ticked several times. As the sharp spurs on the clock dial transpired and the little periods, I remembered her about my mission, to take me far from the rebel villages, far from the post."

"Maybe I've been seeing ghosts," she said in flushed haste. "Papa will never forgive us, but he won't really do anything. Clifford could be useful—hurt you a lot if he can—but he doesn't hate you enough to commit some awful crime."

I might as well tell her of my meeting with Clifford—she would hear it soon—but I could not now.

"It would take a lot of hate, and I'd be in the cards," I said. "Now I'd be good-bye in the loveliest way you can."

"The next minute, it seemed, I was riding followed by Hamyd, through the Quarters gate. I was aware of something better felt. What if I never saw Sukey again? What if on the day we had expected to be united, she or I had died?"

"Sukey, I am too far behind on knees ever to catch up! Bachhiya, you do not know how long and deep the death. Now the dust of the desert is on my lips."

"Hamyd was a close, watchful, but so far not a very cheerful, companion. This was his first sharp peering with his former playmate and forever delight; and no doubt he had the feeling of her needing him just now. All that day he rode punctiliously behind me, declining my back invitations to fraternize with me or to discuss the topic uppermost in both our minds."

Partly this was his sense of propriety with a Johnny-come-lately, and partly a kind of poofa against bad luck.

Certainly I must not rush matters. My relations with Hamyd could be not only a great joy but a great strength, one of the three most important in my present life, if carefully promoted and cherished."

At present it was in its most delicate stage. There was no jaundice in his eye; it seemed to me that he was highly disposed in my favor; and his profound brotherly love for Sukey was without a trace of even momentary jealousy. But I had an appealingly great deal to live up to in his eyes."

I did not dare try to impress him. In the main, I relied on my instincts and in particular on the one main, certain fact of our bond—the joining of our hands by our beloved."

On the second day I ventured to speak occasionally of her beauty, her look, or her wit. Though he made little verbal acknowledgment, always his eyes glowed. Meanwhile, I was discovering what a competent servant he was. A superb rider—meaning he could ride all day without undue tiring of himself or his mount—he had an expert's knowledge of horse-handling and care."

Our bivouacs were the most comfortable I had ever seen on the desert. Fires blazed up as by magic under his hand and directly became the right size and kind for cooking; what he needed to prepare a tasty meal was always in the first saddle-bag he opened; the unhurried economy of his movements was a delight to my eyes."

After our first camp, I never again concerned myself with our commissary or any impedimenta—knowing the horses would be watered, fed, rested, and ready to ride, and there would be water in the jugs, arrack in my flask, good clean food on the cloth, and a comfortable bed, all at the appointed time."

Our relationship warmed gradually during the first three days of our journey, and in the morning of the fourth. In the early afternoon of that day, when we had had to dismount and tie our horses in order to follow the big, dry bed of the unknown river through deeply gullied ground, it seemed that we had broken the last ice and were entering upon a new relationship akin to that established between sahib hunters and their gun-bearers."

SPEAKING very little, but aware of companionship, Hamyd and I were walking side by side. Suddenly he lifted his head in a thoughtful way, and then came to a dead halt. His head was cocked a little to one side, as though he were listening to some faint, far-off sound, and he sniffed long.

"Sahib, I smell something—"

"What is it?"

"I do not know. It is a stale smell, very faint, but bad. It is like—"

Then his eyes fixed on a steep-walled gully entering the river-bed forty paces ahead of us. His position, a few feet from me, enabled him to look at it from a slightly different angle and behold what was still hidden from me. A tremor ran through his body, leaving it rigid. Then he gasped out three Hindustani words.

"Sahib, maut hai!" ("Master, it is death!")

Then Death waiting in ambush moved, and I saw him plain. A carbine was in my hand, but I flung it from me as though it were a cobra, and in the same motion raised my arms high over my head.

These acts were prompted by hope so far below the level of consciousness that it was not much more than a blind instinct to struggle toward survival. It seemed that I behaved hopelessness as plain as day."

Out of the gully sprang a score of wild-eyed, black-bearded Rind tribesmen. They raved with one another and with an equal number leaping from a nearby crevice, each striving to be the first to wet his high-brandished blade."

They bowed as they lunged across the little space of round ground between them and their goal; and my ears, listening and interpreting with extreme precision, distinguished drunken-like laughter as well as fanatical shouts of fury."

The space narrowed, while long I lived on according to soul-time—measurable by the amount I saw and heard and thought. All this was exceedingly vivid but seemingly impersonal—as though it were being shown to a spectator. No doubt my emotional responses to the events, although of extreme power, were depotentiated and drowned in horror of impending death."

The race was but half-run when I picked the winner. It was a tall, young, Arab-looking Rindi who had been the first to leap from the ambushade."

The winner bore down on me, the sword in his upraised arm pointed behind him beginning its long chopping sweep. It flashed high and lashed downward in a shining arc, perfectly aimed at the top of my head."

My upright arms jerked forward and bent backward as its shield. The glittering streak veered from its straight-down course—curving outward around my forehead and then slashing inward at one side. Then I was blinded save for darts and streaks of light as from bursting stars; but a second passed, and I opened my eyes and lived."

I lived strongly, despite my right

cheek being sheared away from eye to jawbone. I felt that same hard-to-extinguish flame, fierce and bright as though from inexhaustible oil, that had kindled my flesh and bone at my father's deathbed."

I became sharply aware that there was a sudden lull in the violent action. That I was wounded but not dead had caused a dilemma which they were not immediately able to resolve. I seized upon the circumstance as offering the only immediate chance to prolong Hamyd's and my reprieve from the waving swords. I played that chance for all it might be worth."

Turning to face an elder, who seemed to be in charge of the mob, I touched my forehead with the fingers of both hands. "O Sheik, since I have lived this long, I ask to live enough longer to sell thee a good horse."

Of all the things that he might have expected me to say, evidently this was not even the last."

"Feigning madness will not save thee a flaying of thy dog's hide, O Lomri, inch by inch. Then when thou hast sat awhile in the sun, thou shalt see my feet, thou destroyer of my kinsman Kambhar Melik, in prayer that I cut thy throat."

"Aye, I was the destroyer of my Rani's enemy, Kambhar Melik. Before that, I was the destroyer of the Emir's lashkar into the ditch at Meecanee. Even now, my life in pawn to thee, and directly bleeding, I am still Lomri. Thus it behooves thee to be on thy guard when I would sell thee a horse. Thou must still take care against the fox's cunning, lest thou be cheated in the deal."

The old sheik stood silent for several seconds. Against his will, it seemed, he was puzzling over this strange thing."

"The four horses, including the excellent mare, are mine for untangling their halters," he growled at length. "What fox's bark is this?"

"Aye, and I am the carrion for the least thrust of thy sword, so there is not need of haste. The stallion of which I speak is to the mare a king's charger to a fellah's donkey."

Again the old sheik was plainly at a loss. Finally he said, "It is better that the manner of the death be lingering. So will our kinsman, Kambhar Melik, and they who died in the ditch at Meecanee, looking down from Paradise. We will sit and hear the wondrous deed thou hast to tell."

I knew then that I was dealing not with a minor chief, but a well-born, literate Baluch sheik, although as bloodthirsty as his most ruffianly follower. It was his fixed resolve that I die by torture, but I did not think about that now. It was not necessary, in order to make the maximum effort, at the utmost height of my powers, to live on. Such effort was native to me. I could not slack it if I tried."

Only to live on! That was my sole aim now. I had no sahib pride to stand between me and the bare survival. I had tossed it away with my rifle. I had become the lowest Gypsy of them all."

Sukey, would you rather I die like a man than live like a dog? If so, I cannot grant your wish, or heed it at all. In a moment more you will be no longer in my life, so reduced it is."

Farewell, Beauty that would have walked with me. I can't have you any longer. I have to let you go. But whether I die soon or live on in chains, I charge you in this parting with a most solemn charge. Can you hear me across this desert of our dissolution? Yes, for wherever you are, my spirit stands in your doorway, demanding, not entreating, a final truth."

You may not know my voice, or be aware of it at all, but your spirit will remember the charge at the hour of requirement. Look well at the hand offered you in place of mine!"

Mine was swarthy from dark birth, but make sure his is not stained black and red. If you do not, you will break the truth I am keeping even now, and there will be dreadful retribution. I would save you from it, as the last office of my love."

My captors were Rindi tribesmen of Arab descent, among the most

stalwart, proud, and warlike in all the mountainous land between India and Persia. They made a half-circle between Hamyd and me, their woollen lungis worn gracefully, and seeming both poised and in repose."

Directly opposite me sat the grey-bearded sheik, addressed by his men as Mustapha, more richly dressed than his followers and wearing the biggest turban. I sat on the ground, a sign of defeat that I felt would calm rather than excite them. They listened intently as I addressed Hamyd, and one of them who spoke Urdu scornfully translated the conversation for some of his fellows."

"We are both captives of the Rindi and I have no right to command thee. But as my fellow in evil fortune, wilt thou look carefully at my wound, and tell me its severity?"

"Much flesh has been cut away," Hamyd answered, after a close inspection, "and thou art losing too much blood."

"Hast thou a cloth to stuff into the rent, to quench the worst of the bleeding?"

"Aye, sahib."

"Do not pack it so full I cannot freely work my jaw. I have a horse to sell to the great sheik, and must sing his praises well."

Saying this helped me hide the pain of the stuffing of a strip torn from Hamyd's face cloth into the raw wound. Hamyd fastened the wadding with a bandage across the tip of my nose and tied over my left ear, then carefully repeated our conversation."

"We have seen enough of thy skill," the old sheik responded. "Now let Lomri tell us of his wondrous deed."

"To begin with, he stands seventeen hands when stoutly shod, and is pale brown in color."

"Why, he is tall enough for an emir to ride in state!"

"Truly, he is fit for the finest stall in the stable of Nazir Khan, and worth all of the half-hundred horses who broke their necks in a ditch at Meecanee."

"By Allah, this fox has a bold bark. But truly we remember the lambs and the poultry he has stolen without reminder."

"The Koran bids thee do justice to Allah's least creature, whether fox or worm. Truly Lomri stole no lambs nor hens. He slew or captured only lions of the desert—enemies of his Rani."

"That be true. Speak on of thy horse."

"He, too, served the Queen, on whose corn he fed. He has won fame for his feats in battle, not only in his own country but in thine. He is well taught in many branches of learning and can speak many tongues, among them the language of thy forefathers, spoken at very Meccae."

THE sheik gave his beard a short, fierce tug and addressed his followers: "How would a fox know any bark but his own—or perchance the whinnings of the jackals of Hind? To deal plainly, he went on, turning to me, 'thy glisour (Christian) ears could not recognise Arabic if they heard it.'"

I said, "Will your followers understand if you, a sheik, address me, your captive, and suffer me to reply, in the language of the Prophet and the Koran? For seeing that they had a hand in my capture, in all justice they should give ear to such buying and selling as we may do."

Again the sheik was perplexed, and about him I could sense the growing restlessness of the tribesmen."

"You've lived too long," one bullet-marked headman broke in. "You seek to parry our swords while your kinsmen ride to your help. Kambhar Melik was my uncle and my steel thirsts."

"And mine," rose another voice. And then other voices in a deep-throated growl. "And mine!" Some of the tribesmen were rising from their seats of stone."

I cried, "Fools!" Then, when the killers paused at my shout, "Truly, you deem Lomri a fool, to think I look for any help. Why should my

kinsmen fear for me, when I've been sent to survey an empty desert far from your villages? Why, it was needless to bring a rifle, save to shoot a gazelle for the pot?"

I paused for dramatic effect—playing the dreadful game at the peak of my powers."

"Are you gazelles?" I asked. "If not, what strange chance brought you here?"

All were listening now, their thin lips curled downward, and a bright glint under their black eyebrows."

"Yes, it's a strange chance that we, journeying across these wastes, should catch sight of a sahib and his servant," Mustapha Sheik remarked blandly. "Then to discover that our captive was none other than Lomri—" He paused."

"In that case, all your winnings so far—four horses, bridled and saddled, good gear, and ride—are a windfall of clear gain. That is nothing compared to the profit to be made on the Arabic-speaking horse. What will you give me for him and his groom?"

"The sheik eyed me shrewdly. 'You are seventeen hands tall, and pale brown in color, and speak many tongues. Could it be that the fox has changed into a horse?'"

"It was my jest, Mustapha Sheik, at the point of the sword."

"It was a bold jest, truly, and not a dull one. Perchance my master Nazir Khan will relish it also."

"By my beard, Mustapha," cried the nephew of Kambhar Melik, called Kamel by his fellows. "It's a better jest than the jester himself knows. For that very carrion, Ali Khan, Vizier of the great Khan, has offered a hundred cattle."

"The word reached me long ago," I broke in. "When I was a soldier of the Rani, it made me proud. But you, effendi, must jest broadly, to hint that he would pay more for my dead body than my living hand and brain. Is a thousand cattle too little to pay for a perless slave to his throne?"

So I spoke, sitting in the dust and a queer sort of red mud. Beside me, Hamyd, taller than I, gazed toward the hills while our captors pondered my words."

"Great Sahib," Mustapha Sheik said at length, "so esteemed by your fellows that one of them sent us word where we might cross your path and do you honor—"

I did not hear the rest, and the part I had heard I already knew. I realised now I had known it at the first glimpse of the enemy ambush."

"If you won't buy the horse, at least make good use of his groom," I told him.

"For God's love, be still," Hamyd whispered.

"He was born in a sahib's service and is of your own faith, and has never raised his hand—"

"If we send you into slavery to our Emir, we will send him also," Mustapha Sheik replied. "If we give you to the kites and the jackals, as our judgments and hearts decree, we'll give him the like."

"That became my kismet when Bachhiya put me in thy service," Hamyd said with great dignity, for all to hear."

An argument arose about a bird in the hand against two in the bush. Dead, I was certainly worth a hundred cattle—that had been secretly promised by Ali Khan, Vizier of the Emir—while sent to him alive, the hillmen's reward might be enough rope to hang them, for getting him in trouble with the English."

This seemed reason enough to most of the tribesmen for cutting my throat at once, but the old sheik chose to prolong the game. I argued, and promised, turning a smart phrase as well as I could."

At times, my senses reeled, so that I scarcely was conscious what we were saying. But, at length, my will prevailed over theirs."

"There is no God but Allah," Mustapha intoned, after a pause. "In him all might and all glory repose. Lomri, it may be Allah's will that you be taken unto Nazir Khan, there to go into slavery unto him, or into the darkness of death. If so, it may be made known to me, when

we have taken you to our pavilions, eight kos across the desert."

"Peace be upon you, O Sheikh, and ye all."

"It is a long march for a wounded man, and we will see how you bear up. Truly Allah would not suffer us to send a weakling into his great servant, Nazir Khan. But we'll give you a lump of musk and abundant water ere we set forth."

"Allah will bless your charity to the fallen."

To live to reach Mustapha's pavilions would be my immediate goal. But some greater goal than mere existence is necessary to all men that they may have even that, let alone the miraculous gift of human life in all its blaze and wonder. Whether that goal is noble or base, wise or foolish, it alone can brace the sinews, quicken the brain, and heal the wounds of the battle.

We set out across trackless sands to intercept a dim caravan road that no doubt met the old Arab trade route between Persia and Sind.

Before starting out, I was given a lump of musk, a sooty substance found in the reproductive glands of a small hornless deer of the Hindu Kush, and a stimulant of great power. When its effect began to wear off, I was still permitted to drink from the ponds and springs.

The other mercies granted me were less substantial but large. They were not vouchsafed me by my captors, but by my heart and mind. One was the realisation, kept ever before me, that the torture was only partly punishment, the rest being a trial of my worth as a slave to the Emir of Baluchistan.

Another was the assurance, at times becoming eerie as a dream, that the sand hills between me and my destination were a definite number and their infinity was an illusion, and when, in extreme travail, I climbed another, that number was one less.

I lost track of time and almost of specific pain. Half-delirious, I dreamed of two long rows of sahibs, once my brothers-in-arms, raising their glasses in triumphant toast. The Colonel Sahib had returned to his place at the head of the table, Holmes Sahib occupied his chair, only Gerald was absent from the feast.

All drank to the narrow escape of the Colonel's daughter, but to one the wine was the nectar of the gods. Sweet on his palate, heady in his brain, it made him like a god in his own sight.

The dream came and went, but during its visits my feet seemed a little lighter and the sand a little less deep.

No one spoke a word to me until, at sundown the next day, we were winding down to a village of flat-roofed huts on what I thought was a larger confluence, from sixty and a hundred miles generally north of Karachi. Here I was told to wear my face cloth, and if I was spoken to by anyone, to answer only Salallahu Mohammed (Bless the Prophet). Apparently the stranger would then assume I was an Arab pilgrim vowed to muteness until my goal was reached.

At the caravanserai an elderly hakim with skilful hands carefully washed my wound, and dressed it with some sweet-smelling ointment.

In the morning, a small caravan formed in the village road, in charge of a handsome Rindi who Hamyd told me was Mustapha's nephew, Hassan. The amount of baggage indicated a journey of many days. The sooner we set forth, the safer. Save for a few slaves, the village was made up of the clan of Kambar Melik.

A mullah's vision in the night, or a jinni sent from Paradise in the form of a vulture to flick its shadow at my feet, might cause Mustapha Shik to change his mind.

Then, in surprise, I was listening to the news he told me. He had prepared a skull to send to my betrayer in proof of my death.

"Is the skull of a size that it could perhaps be mistaken for mine?"

"It could well be."

"If God wills that I go to Kalat, in slavery to your Emir, have you

a slave who would draw from the upper jaw the rearmost wisdom tooth on the right side, and from the lower, the tooth next to and behind the dog tooth on the left?"

"Could it be that those same teeth are lost from your dog's jaws?"

"Verily, O Sheikh, and one of my kinsmen in the regiment is well aware of the loss I had reminded him of it only a few weeks ago, when a tooth-doctor of great skill was sent from Bombay. Also I'd have your servant bore a small hole in the upper surface of first grinder on the right side of the lower jaw. It so chances that there's such a hole in a similar tooth in my jaw, for the gold that had filled it, placed there by an English doctor in my boyhood, was loosened by time and fell out when the bone was caused to tremble two days ago."

"If your kinsmen had wit to look for the gold—" Then Mustapha paused.

"Of a certain one will look, Mustapha Sheikh, in love of he who was Brook Sahib—and one who stands by, watching and listening, will be sure to look also. Both will think that the gold was gouged out, to be reset in the handle of a sword."

"Then it should not be a clean-bored hole, but roughly cut. Truly that will sharpen the edge of the jest."

"By your leave, O Sheikh, I don't mean to jest."

There was a sheen on his eyes as they met mine. "So I see."

Actually I had meant only to play on the same tribal trait that had served me before—the mountaineers' abhorrence of treachery and their passion for blood revenge, called thar. I had toyed with the skull trick to take my mind off terror and pain. It had seemed there was only one person whom I wanted convinced of my death, the one of whose love I was sure. I could not let her hope for my return. I would not pay her in that spurious coin. However, it was best that Gerald have no doubt, lest he institute inquiry dangerous to me.

"What kismet awaits you in court I can't guess or dream," he said finally. "But there's one assurance I can give you, perhaps of some comfort in your solitude. Your betrayer in Hyderabad will never doubt you are dead."

"Dukki-ak ya Shaykhe!" This stately Arabic expression meant, literally, "I am your protected, O lord."

"In that one matter, yes. Every soul who knows you're alive is under my hand, and no whisper of the truth will ever be carried on our desert winds. Instead, a fine tale of your death will be wafted to your kinsmen, the deed done by a band of wandering Yesedis from beyond the Koh Rud."

THE sheik went on, "Your betrayer will not lie awake in terror of your return, but his gloating over his triumph will make his life all the more dear to him, and hence your revenge—if Allah wills it—all the more sweet. And if it be your kismet to steal upon him, with thirsty blade, you won't be cheated by a guarded and bolted door."

He waved to his nephew, Hassan. "Noble youth, you'll take our prisoner even to Kalat, presenting him, with the letter you bear, to my great kinsman, Nazir Khan." The old sheik turned to me and stood very straight, his arms folded on his breast. "Alhamdulillah (Praise be to Allah, Lord of Three Worlds)! You have my leave to go."

The last time I had heard these final words was by a low red fire, not far from an enchanted tower, when Sukey had given Hamyd leave to depart from her. It was as though I had been reincarnated in far-distant time and place. But once more I was sure of my identity and could know a Gypsy pride.

Instead of clambering aboard the she-camel, I addressed her with an imperious "Ikhi! Ikhi!" to make her kneel.

Our caravan, swiftly moving, gained the ancient town of Bela at

the close of the second day. Seated with the drovers beside a cooking fire in the caravanserai, I attracted no undue attention from other travellers; and the bandage covering most of my face excused the muttered "Al," an abbreviation of "O Allah bless him!" to every "Bless the Prophet!" sounded in my hearing.

To the few curious, my guards explained that I was a pale-colored Persian, on a pilgrimage to Solomon's Throne, and I had been wounded by a bursting gun.

From this populous region, its deserts turned almost into swamps by irrigation waters, we headed up the valley of the Parali River toward Wad, an ancient highway to Kalat known as Kohan vat.

The wilderness gave way to rugged pasturage for fat-tailed sheep, then to a wide fertile valley with tilled lands, pretty villages amid orchards and mulberry vineyards, and herds of humped cattle. Then my heart was deeply moved, in strange, sorrowful wonder, at the sight of Kalat, where I was to live, and perhaps die, a slave, rising ghostly in the dim distance.

Slowly it took shape and substance in the lucid mountain air. Crowning a low hill, ringed by rugged peaks, the whole city had the aspect of a fortress. Long before sundown we could make out the miri, an immense towering citadel containing Nazir's palace; reminding me of some of the great castles on the Danube, although far more austere.

The light was failing as we rode through the narrow streets lined with mud-walled, flat-roofed houses huddled in the vast shadow of the fortress above.

We spent the night at the caravanserai, with hirsute Afghans, lithe Persians, and a band of slant-eyed Tartars from Turkistan. In the morning Hamyd laid out handsome garments, obviously from Mustapha's wardrobe, that I was to wear to the palace.

I told him that I had been troubled the past few days by a prickling tension of the skin all round my wound, from nose to ear, and from temple to chin; was there any sign of the extension of proud flesh?

"Nay, sahib, it's a clean wound, although far from healed."

Some peculiarity of tone caused me to look quickly into his eyes.

"What ails thee, Hamyd? I would like to see for myself, if thou wilt buy a mirror in the bazaar."

"I have a small mirror, sahib, and will fetch it, since it is thy kismet."

I did not know what he meant until I looked into the glass. Nature's effort to restore the hacked-out flesh and to close the gash had drawn the skin and tissue from all the surrounding area, and was beginning to reshape the whole side of my face.

The alteration had only started. To what lengths it would go I could not imagine. But I was not as shocked as Hamyd had expected me to be. Indeed I felt a certain sense of fitness, almost poetic, in my appearance changing utterly with the utter change of my fate. My old life had ended; a new one had begun.

This changed appearance would come in handy in the pursuance of revenge. With this new face could go an implacable hatred, a remorseless heart. It could become a wicked face.

When I looked at it in the glass, I would not see the face that Sukey had covered with lovely kisses. I would become more quickly reconciled to the death that had parted us.

Having seen the ancient palace of the emirs in Hyderabad, my eyes were not dazzled by the gaudy glories of Nazir Khan's. During the business of our admission into an outer hall, and the putting of Hamyd and me in the charge of a eunuch seneschal, I looked only at the faces of those whose favor or disfavor towards us, and whose headaches in the morning, or sour stomachs at night, could loom so large in our fate.

When the time for the audience drew near, we were led into the durbar and stationed with some richly apparelled Negro slaves, no doubt the gift of some pasha or cham out Africa way. The room

filled with officials of the court, petitioners, courtiers, and visiting sheiks and headmen, mighty in their villages but insignificant here.

Then a hush fell, and with it all present fell to their knees, foreheads on floor. When the Grand Vizier bade us rise, Nazir Khan, Defender of the Faith, the shadow of Allah on earth, Emir of Baluchistan, was seated on his gold-and-ivory throne.

In due course Hassan's name was called. Quaking in his lungi of many colors, he prostrated himself before the throne and was permitted to present Mustapha's letter. I thought there was a passing sparkle of interest in the royal eyes.

"Hassan Melik, the matter is to our pleasure, and we will send the letter-writer a purse of silver rupees to the worth of two hundred cattle," Nazir Khan pronounced.

Then to Hassan's glory, he permitted a scarf to be hung around his neck.

NAZIR KHAN'S pleasure might lie in the gift of a slave, or with getting hands on an enemy of some note among his tribesmen. In the next few days I became no wiser than before.

I was told brusquely by the seneschal to answer to the name of Paulos, which among the Moslems seemed to be a generic name for a Greek, and not to speak of my history unless by royal command. Such palace attendants as I encountered gave me haughty as well as curious glances, which were my due as a Christian. The slaves with whom I was quartered did not dare kick or be kind to me until my fate was known.

The younger of two Arabian physicians belonging to the court, Murad Hakim, treated my wound twice a day with what I sensed to be unusual skill, and, fastening its vinegar-soaked compress with glued strips, dispensed with my awkward bandage. But English doctors treat wounded prisoners in their death cells, lest they cheat the hangman.

About ten days after the audience, an excited eunuch bade me bathe with care and array myself in my best clothes. Then I was led up dark, narrow stairs to a small, dimly lighted dewan, no doubt an informal council chamber.

There, seated on a heap of cushions on a dais, was the handsome young Emir, richly arrayed and bejewelled, puffing on a hooka.

When I had prostrated myself, I was given permission to stand.

"My servant Mustapha wrote me that you speak well the language of Oman," the Emir began bluntly.

"I have some small knowledge of it, exalted master," I replied.

The Emir puffed luxuriously, but I was warned to be on rigid guard by the sheen on his bold, black eyes.

"If I were certain of your life-long willing and loyal service as a slave to my throne and person, your counsel uncolored by self-interest, ever speaking the truth without flattery to me or to yourself, why, then the might of your deeds while serving your Queen might weigh the balance for, not against, my sparing your life."

"You may be certain of it, master. I swear by my God and honor, and Hamyd will take a like oath before Allah."

"The capture of Kambar Melik was a notable feat," the Emir went on. "It evidenced some bravery and much cunning. But it was a minor feat compared to the deceiving of my lashkar into the ditch at Meeanee on that day of woe. Save for that, the charge against the enemy flank would have broken his lines and his spirit and given victory to our arms."

I did not immediately reply. Considering what he had said a moment before, I was confronted with an extremely dangerous decision. I made it on an instinct.

"O mighty King, have I your leave to dispute the truth of your royal words?"

"The tongue of many has been cut out for less, but you have my leave."

"If you take comfort in the belief that your lashkars' charge could have turned the tide of battle, it is false comfort. The battle was already won—although I was not then aware

of the fact. At least that sentence of the high command and every officer of the English Army and my own belief."

There was no depreciable expression on the Emir's face.

"Some among my councillors otherwise," he remarked, thoughtfully. "Even so, you may keep your tongue for the time being. For the time, I accept your slavedom unto me, as you've sworn it by your God. You have my leave to go."

If I could have possibly known what I was going into, I might have been so terrified as to implore his mercy. While backing, my head swayed from his presence it seemed I had played my cards well. Perhaps to steady I had disabused him of a cherished illusion.

Yet in dreadful days to come I remained one of my few reasons—excuses, for all I knew—for little hope.

If the degradation heaped upon me had been made public, a thing by no means rare in Central Asia, I could believe that the Emir was demonstrating for his people, with Oriental lavishness, his contempt for an Englishman who had chosen slavery instead of honorable death.

If jeering crowds had been permitted to watch me, I might have thought that the Emir, or one of his councillors, was trying to lower their respect for the white man, heightened at Meeanee—an old policy not unknown to kings of the East.

Hamyd, working in the stable, was not permitted to visit me. Actually no one came near me but a handful of slaves, our foreman, and Murad Hakim, who with a masklike face and as few words as possible continued to treat my wound. Even these did not seem to know me as Lomri, only as Paulos the Greek.

The foreman's whip was laid on according to order, his strokes counted carefully, although he never evidenced the least pity; neither did he show rancor or scorn.

Every day was one which, in some dimly visioned future, I would want to tear from my life's calendar of days. On falling to sleep every night I wanted to bury, too deep to dream, of, all that had happened the day before.

The labors I did, and the pain that enforced them, could be less endured by a native than by Europeans—the latter were subject to more rapid mental dissolution, and I dared not calculate how long I could live and stay sane.

Perhaps someone in court, unknown to me, bore me malice as cruel to satisfy with one false stroke. Yet I clung with desperate teeth to the belief that this was an ordeal of strength and faith, inspired by the fame of Lomri and influenced by the religious fear called malbus, and at some undecidable moment it would pass.

The drought deepened and the heat mounted day by day; the cool nights became cruelly short. But the rains broke at last, and the signs of the summer solstice brought a visitor to my den.

He wore an iron slave ring, as I did, and both ears had been cut off; his yellowish skin and facial features suggested mixed European and Asiatic blood. There was a dimple in his eyes, but otherwise his face was as expressionless as a dervish's.

"I'm called Langur (the Monkey) and I am—I was—a half-caste of Bombay, and born to the service of the English throne," he told me. "I must be back in my cell before the watch changes, so I'll wait for words."

I gave him a breathless nod.

"I bring you evil news, but also a bright hope. A great sardar of the court was boon-fellow to one whose name unknown to me when you slew; and the daughter of that sardar is the wife of your enemy's son. I could not cut your throat with my own hand, but the Vicer would do this slow death for you, and the Emir has forgotten your existence. There will be no easing of your labors, or lightening of the kurpi (hippo-hide whip) until you die your last breath."

"Truly, it's evil news. What can you offer me, and at what price?"

"Yes, do you swear before your God that you won't betray me, now or hereafter, to anyone in the Emir's court?"

"I never knowingly bring harm to a British subject who hasn't harmed me."

There's a certain Persian with whom I'm in concert. In a certain number of days his caravan will take a certain road. It chances that a mail-messenger will among his company, and no road guard or askari dare approach his contained litter in fear of his curse. It so chances too that the mullah has lately died and his body been hidden."

"Speak quickly, Langur, and softly."

"If you are taken in the mullah's mail to a city of the Queen, will you take oath to reward him to the amount of five thousand rupees? I shall give you if you have only one chance in ten of a safe arrival there. It is still your last and only chance to escape a dog's death here. But you coming in this Persian, and so perfect his plans, that there's hardly one chance in ten of disaster."

"You're only to take my hand and follow me, by a safe passage, to the gate of a certain courtyard. There a camel-driver will be waiting, and will convey you to a hiding place. I am sure that you can hope or believe it was not well that you be engaged until the last minute, in remains of safety, but the Persian is certain you'd clutch at a straw, so when a veritable lifetime thrown into the sea of your despair."

"Truly, a dressing man will clutch at a straw." The Arabic saying was almost identical to the English. "So what will be your reward for carrying the Persian's message?"

"He's promised me one-tenth of the amount he receives from you, whereby I can buy a certain boon." Langur clasped his trembling hands. "Take your oath quickly, Paulos. Every moment is precious."

Happily I did not have to put my oath to trial. I need think only of my skin. Langur did not know how bright a hope he had brought me!

I shaped him a fine speech. "All this is a dream in the night," I declared. "You haven't come here, you haven't spoken to me of escape, and even now I'm talking in my sleep. In the morning it will all be forgotten. But just now I'm dreaming that you are departing in great haste."

"Truly your name is Lomri," the man broke in, in a quiet casual tone. He disappeared in the darkness.

In the morning my iron neck-piece was removed and I was made the third assistant to the Master of the Wardrobe of the Grand Emir.

In a little less than two years, when affluently my highest honor had been the passing of tea and coffee cups, water perfumed with nargis and tobacco pipes in the Vizier's chambers, I planned and brought about the execution of a trap for the Emir. The opportunity came from the trouble we were in with Persia.

I came into the game when I received the Vizier all I knew of the Shah's military strength, as reported by the Survey only shortly before my capture. When the Vizier had me relate the information to the Emir, I seized the opportunity to unfold a plan for winning a strong ally.

English hands were full of war with the Afghans, but it seemed possible to entice Sa'id ibn Sultan, the great Arab king, whose former capital, Muzair, was only five days' sail from our coasts across the Persian Gulf.

A small card in our Emir's hand was a legendary distant kinship between him and Sa'id. The great potential area was the port of Gwadar, on our coast, which had been noted to the Sultan of Oman at a feast about a century before. Since that like so many great men, had a weakness for ceremony, I proposed that the transfer of the territory be celebrated by a great feast.

If he would attend in person, break bread with Nasir, and enjoy himself hugely, he could no doubt be induced to join hands with our Emir in sworn defence of his little South sheep range of three hundred square miles on the road to

Persia. Then there would sit a snarling and sick Shah on the Peacock Throne.

Nasir Khan agreed to the plan before I left the chamber. From that hour, I never served another cup of Coffee in his or the Vizier's chambers.

It was not by chance that my hand could loom large in the preparations for the durbur. My greatest lingual accomplishment being a mastery of Arabic, I had read carefully the Indian Survey's confidential dossier on Sa'id ibn Sultan and had discussed it with Major Graves. Thereby I knew some of his vanities, his tastes, and his strengths and weaknesses.

Since he prided himself on being a great nimrod, I proposed he be promised a lively chase after wild ass on the fleetest horses in Nasir's stables. I had heard Gerald, who loves hunting, pine for this sport.

IN the same letter there could be a hint of a gift unworthy of his receiving, yet which might afford him relief from the cares of state. He should be reminded that Gwadar, if small, was his only possession in Greater Asia, whereby his empire embraced two continents.

In accordance with these ideas, the Vizier had me compose a suitable invitation to the fete, saying he might find suggestions in it for the official document, to be signed by the Emir. I spent the whole night on the composition, of course employing the stately Nahwi Arabic, as opposed to the Kalam wail, the vulgar tongue. Naturally I did not shrink from floweriness, and the hint of the gift was conveyed in a voluptuous verse by Jamil.

What I thought would happen did. Explaining that he was not sure on some points of grammar, the Vizier showed me the finished letter in elegant Arabic script. Except for one added salutation, copied from the Koran, it was my composition word for word.

Although we could hardly look for a reply short of three weeks, it arrived on the sixteenth day. I was on attendance to the Vizier when it was put into his trembling hands.

That night a syrup made of apricots, that had stood too long to be an entirely safe beverage for True Believers, flowed freely in his chamber, and one of the chamberlains addressed me, after several cups, as Paulos Effendi. Sa'id ibn Sultan would attend the fete in person!

Anxious for the promised gift to please him, and putting more confidence in my own connoisseurship of beauty than that of anyone at court, I petitioned the Vizier to let me select it at the market. No doubt a visit there would afford me easy opportunity to escape, but I was sorry for that, since it might militate against my being entrusted with the mission. Actually the notion did not appear to cross his mind.

"Allah bless your journey!" he cried and sped me on my way.

After my deals at the slave market were made, the spell of freedom was on me yet, and perhaps that was what caused me to utter words that should be kept in aching curb for years to come.

Although my hearer was only a gossip-loving clerk called Jessa, and spoke them in an idle tone over cups of coffee, the dusty alcove where we sat became weird as the scene of a dream.

From discussing the late-ended Sikh war, we fell easily into mentioning famous regiments and their commanders. One such Colonel—Webb Sahib by name—was a famed foe of my Emir.

"It's said that his cruelties are caused by sorrow that he has no sons," I ventured.

"That's a great shame to any man, whatever his faith."

I ventured further. "Did you hear that he has one daughter, wooed by many captives?"

"You may've, since she is much talked of, being born in Hind and speaking our congue as one of us. But the news you had of her is no longer true."

I dared not lift my coffee cup lest my hand shake. "So?" I asked politely.

"The report of her wedding reached my idle ears more than a year ago."

He spoke in a casual tone. He was repeating trifling report heard at the tea-houses, where the affair of prominent sahibs were frequently discussed. He appeared to be a down-at-heel rajput called Jessa, but instead he was a courier sent to me from a lost world, a builder of a bridge greater than any spanning the Indus, even one that linked the living with the dead.

"Wah!" Jessa's exclamation revealed astonishment and alarm. "Are you looking at a ghost?"

"Why? Was I staring into space?"

"Yes, and your face turned pale, and the great scar on your cheek showed like a brand."

"It is a brand. No, my friend, I was thinking of my own wedding, long ago, and a day of woe."

"May your gods be merciful unto you that you may forget."

"I've forgotten even now. My thanks, and pardon my wandering thought. You were speaking of the memsahib's wedding—did you say to a Governor Sahib—?"

"Nay, to one of the officers of her father's regiment whose name I did not hear. Truly the sahibs have strange ways. Their daughters go unveiled in public, and choose their own husbands. Often they are twenty and past before they make their choice."

Had she married Henry Bingham or Clifford Holmes? Which of them? Which?

The bridge stretching between two worlds fell during the night. Mere thought was too heavy a load for its cobweb girders. Perhaps it had troubled my dreams, and I had brushed it down with a wave of my hand.

In the morning I went about the business of wrapping the gifts for the Sultan. I bought Samarkand silk and cloth of gold, velvets, shawls, heavy gold chains and bracelets, and necklaces of jade, sapphires, and amethysts.

I stood in the Emir's train and slavish pride rose high at the reception given the Sultan in the durbur of the Sheikh of Gwadar. A king of this stature was not to be found from the Turkish border to Cathay. Wearing no jewellery, in rich but rather simple clothes, he had a majestic bearing and yet a great deal of kindly warmth.

The climax of the great fete was an impressive ceremony, performed over bread and salt, in which Sa'id ibn Sultan pledged his sword beside our Emir's in defence of Gwadar against all enemies. It was tantamount to putting all Southern Baluchistan under his shield, and the gnashing of the Shah's teeth would be heard afar.

It was Allah's curious will that the deserving do not always get their just deserts this side of the grave. The sad fact has been remarked upon by every philosopher worthy of the name. Even so, I was to have a triumph of my own after Sa'id ibn Sultan had decorated both our Emir and his Vizier with scarfs at an informal farewell.

"My brother," he had remarked to Nasir Khan, "I've long known you as a great king and defender of the Faith, but I didn't know, until I received your letter, that you were so well versed in our poets and in the language of very Mecca."

"Truly I am not, Sa'id ibn Sultan, and don't deserve your praises."

"But verily, someone in your court has the erudition I mention, to have composed the letter to which you signed your Imperial name."

"In the name of Allah, great King, it was composed by my slave, Paulos the Greek."

"If he's among your train, I'd be pleased if you would ask him to stand forth."

I stood rigid until the Emir nodded to me, then prostrated myself before the Sultan.

"You may rise, faithful slave to my brother. In serving him, you've served me."

The Emir spoke quickly in the way of emirs when a chattel is admired by an illustrious visitor.

"Sa'id ibn Sultan, I aspire to the honor of presenting him to you, as a token of gratitude for the honor you've paid me."

The Sultan looked at me thought-

By EDISON MARSHALL

fully. "It comes to me you may have good use for him, as long as Mohammed Shah gazes hungrily eastward from his Peacock Throne. But, if he should be taken to Paradise, you may proffer the gift again. It may be I would accept it."

"O mighty Sultan, we've become brothers-in-arms, and my slave Paulos is yours whenever you will do me the ineffable honor of accepting him," Nasir Khan replied, bursting with pride.

The Sultan took his magnificent departure, and our jubilant Emir returned with his train to Kalat. My position in the court was from henceforth as high as that of the head eunuch's, and my influence with our master fully as strong.

It became my job to disabuse the Emir of his lingering dream of supreme power. He must be convinced that no native state in easy reach of English armies could withstand a full-scale war. I cited, at such times as I dared, the long succession of English victories in India.

If the Emir were wise, he would no longer countenance border raids and uprisings, and would make a strong alliance with the Indian Government against mutual enemies.

The time came, at the end of the fourth year of my slavery, that I might lay down my labors for a while to serve my heart.

The Vizier arranged for me a private hearing by the Emir. When, in his chambers, I had kissed the hem of his royal garment, he dismissed all his other attendants, and gave me leave to offer my petition.

"Great King, before I was Paulos the Greek, I was Lieutenant Brook of the Talia Lancers, and known to your people as Lomri."

"I know it well."

"You also know I was betrayed by one with whom I had eaten bread and salt, in every belief that I would be slain. Instead I was delivered into your most potent and merciful hands."

"Yes, in the chains of slavery."

"I ask to absent myself from your service and protection for half a year, with my former follower, Hamyd, to go into India, to discover the name and abode of my betrayer, by such proof as would stand in a court of law. I would go in the guise of a Tajik horse-trader and, by my bond with you, not make myself known to my former people."

A CONFLICT of emotion swept across the Nazir's face. "You would yet delay putting him to the sword?" he marvelled.

"Yes, for as long as it might bring trouble to your throne."

"Paulos, do you think your enemy is one whose slaying would make great stir?" Nazir asked thoughtfully.

"He may be a colonel of horse or a lesser officer. Doubtless his slaying—unless most cunningly done—would make great stir."

"It was whispered to me that evil lust for your cobah tempted him to the dire deed. Do you long to take her back?"

"I long for her, but won't attempt to get her back as long as I'm your slave."

"I wish I could grant you leave to darken his eyes. I would, save that English law doesn't recognise blood feuds. But your petition to run him down and establish his guilt I gladly grant. If you would be content to let some hireling's hand deal him the stroke of death, I would give you leave and the wherewithal. That can be worked when you have completed your service to me."

"Completed it, Nazir Khan!"

"Yes, for the time has come to hold out to you a most fair hope. My enemy the Persian Shah, Mohammed, balked in his evil designs, fades fast and, according to my spies, may any day drink the cup of death. But whether or not he has breathed his last, one month after your return from Hind, I will do even as I promised my brother Sa'id ibn Sultan—present you to him as a token of gratitude for his most prized friendship."

"I will trust your service unto him to be such as to help keep your giver green in his memory and our friendship in his heart," he continued. "To hear is to obey."

"When the day comes for me to dispatch you to him, I shall say in the letter that I'd promised you, had I kept you, to retain you and your follower, Hamyd, in my service for five years more, then to set both of you free. So I will ask him, for such is not unseemly among us, that he do the same as though you had served me in the same wise. No doubt he will honor that request, he being truly a Son of the Prophet of kindly honor."

I knelt before the Emir, and there was no practice in that.

"You're a young man, not a score and ten," he went on solemnly. "When you're free, you may take your revenge, and, if Allah will, and it be your yet desire, your cobah."

He held out his hand for me to kiss, and spoke in a voice harsh with the emotion that strikes so readily and deeply such off-white men as he and I.

"You've served me well, you who were born free and once a brave soldier of your Queen. Your cunning counsel aided me in balking my enemies and lengthening the shadow of my throne. You've kept your vow to me in every jot and tittle, as though we had broken the unleavened bread, and eaten the salt of God. Now go from me quickly, lest we both be shamed."

Long ago now, I had grown used to the face of Paulos, the Emir's slave. I could no longer call to mind what Lieutenant Brook had looked like.

Even my love for Sukey had become like a dream during my slavery. When in my right mind, I had deeply desired her to be happy. If it should be my lot to choose between Sukey's happiness and my betrayer's punishment, the choice was already made. One was a small duty compared to the other. Indeed it seemed more duty than heart's desire as yet, when still I did not know his identity.

But the compulsion became more passionate as the caravan that Hamyd and I had joined drew nearer the Sind frontier. We were not far from the sand hills of my fall, and the scenes were reminiscent of some I had known before then.

Since the merchants wished to touch Liara, I decided to leave them at Uthal, and go by Mustapha Sheikh's village on the Hab. If he still lived, he might have news of my death, and I wished to gaze again into the old grey wolf's eyes.

In the street I recognised at least three of my captors, and felt as though I were walking from a dream.

When I found Mustapha at the blacksmith shop, only a little leaner and fiercer-looking than before, he readily agreed to speak to me in private. We went only a little way down the village road.

"O Sheikh, has it been my honor to have seen your face before?" I asked.

"I think not, or I would have recalled yours. It does not seem one easy to forget."

"Look well, in Allah's name, lest you speak falsely."

He gazed at me long. Wonder came into his eyes. "It cannot be," he said, his voice shaking.

"Father," I said, "is it such a wonder that I've lived to see your face again?"

"It wouldn't be, but we heard that the Emir put you to the sword the day after your departure."

"Have you heard no word of Paulos, the Greek slave of Nazir Khan?"

"Bismillah, blind fool that I am! By Allah, the Emir owes us more than the two hundred cattle he paid—"

I laughed then, and he bayed with laughter.

"Come!" he cried. "Let me spread a feast. There be many here—"

"By the mercy, O Sheikh, not one of your village is to know that Lomri—"

I was stopped by the glitter in his

old wild eyes. "You're even now going into Hind?"

"Yes."
"You're in great haste?"
"Not in too great haste to ask the fulfillment of your promise."

When we had eaten, I asked him to sell me forty horses, to be paid for from the sum the Vizier had lent me. Mustapha charged me a bottom price and threw in a mare that he said was the equal of one he had captured amid the sand hills.

"But I have another gift for you," he went on, suddenly grave. "On that day of deathless memory I told you that the bearer of your betrayer's letter had destroyed it. That was a lie unto an enemy, permitted by Allah. I will fetch it from its hiding place and give it to you for anything you may read between the lines."

As I read the yellowed letter in faulty Urdu, Mustapha's eyes fixed on my face like a hungry hound's. The skin of my scalp was drawing because of a vision. It was of an officer of the Tatta Lancers thumbing an Urdu dictionary, and carefully copying on bazaar paper the words of treachery. I was sick not with disgust but with horror. Never before had the black deed loomed so real.

"Mustapha, could there be any doubt in my betrayer's mind that I was killed?" I asked.

"None, my son. On the day that you departed for Kalat, a rumor blew across the sands toward Hyderabad that a band of Yezedis from the Jebel Bariz had murdered a sahib and his follower for his rifle and horses. Your betrayer knew we had accused them falsely to avoid reprisal, but he would let sleeping dogs lie."

"Truly he would."

"Mark now, our cunning. Well we knew that an officer, wise in our ways, would follow your footsteps with a stout guard. It came to pass, and in due course he arrived upon the scene of your capture. What he found there was first a great stain of blood on the sand. Also, he found a welter of tracks as though a sahib had run about trying to escape from a band of horsemen. Also he found some valueless articles that the Yezedi had dropped when greedily searching your saddlebags, such as a broken jar that had held ghee, a letter, and an English book."

"But his greatest find was your turban, with a bullet hole through it. And nearby there were bones scattered about as by the beasts of the desert."

"Truly, you were cunning, Father. Do you know whether the bones were buried or carried away?"

"We know full well. While the guard of lancers stood back, two sahibs advanced to make close survey of the scene. One of them was taller than the other."

The taller sahib was of course Gerald. Colonel Webb would not fail to grant his request to take part in the search. The other was probably Major Graves. Of course the betrayer, despite a quite lively interest in the affair, had resisted any temptation to be present. Even so, his sleep might have been troubled until the search party's return.

The two officers walked here and there, often bending to look close at the ground. Mustapha went on. "They picked up articles, and peered at them long. At last four of the guard were called forth, and began digging a hole in the sand. The bones were wrapped in a saddle blanket taken from the tall man's horse and gently lowered into the hole. Then, while the guard formed a long line, the hole was filled in and covered with a cairn of stones. So it remains to-day save for a worked stone which a squad of soldiers brought there and raised at the head of the cairn some two months later. It has writing on it that I cannot read."

When I did not speak, Mustapha spoke on in a shaking voice.

"No soldiers came to raze our village, or even to ask cunning questions. That was full proof that your kinsmen were assured you were slain by Yezedis." The old man laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Truly, my son, unto them you are one who has drunk the cup of death. Since your countenance is changed past recognition, your guise that of a Mussulman in every word and sign, you may make your search for the evil one, unnoticed as a pariah dog in the street, and, if need be, go into his service to find proof of his guilt."

A rifle regiment had been stationed at Kotri, in lieu of the Tatta Lancers now barracked at Lahore. But the people of Hyderabad had not forgotten the tall, blue-eyed horsemen, and the third tea-seller I would ask, if not the second or the first, would probably know which Jangi sawar had married the Colonel's daughter.

I did not put the question to anyone, because I did not, at this time, want to know. It would amount to nothing as evidence, but I might become persuaded that it did. If, for instance, it were Henry Bingham, the most likely winner, but to my best judgment by far the most unlikely suspect of my three, I still did not want to devote thought to him until I had investigated the others. Having told Hamyd to avoid any mention of his beloved, I would not find out from him. Downy chimed when I first met him, Hamyd had now a good growth of beard. In Tajik dress, he need not fear a second glance.

In the meantime I was going over my betrayer's letter. If the man who wrote it should write another using the same grammatical forms, he would probably make the same mistakes.

One very exciting item was his use and misspelling of the word *abyas*, meaning white. It was not the vernacular word generally employed by Urdu speakers, and had undoubtedly come out of a rather comprehensive dictionary. Apparently he had used it to avoid the word *sahib*.

He had spelled it *abpas*. Perhaps he had misread it, but possibly the dictionary had misprinted it. There were many such typographical errors in native dictionaries compiled by Calcutta babus, and some English dictionaries had factual errors.

On a long chance, I visited a shop that carried books, mainly native literature, but a few textbooks for students in various languages. The intelligent Parsi shopkeeper told me that he had stocked several English-Urdu dictionaries to sell to the troops, one kind large and fine fetching two rupees, but they were all gone.

HAMYD, meanwhile, had great luck. He tracked down Fatima, widow of Abdullah. With Abdullah's brother, Jansar, she had a tale to tell.

"The woman next door—she has moved away and is counted dead—saw someone come here the night before Abdullah went away," Fatima said. "He wore what seemed a face cloth against the dust, it being a windy night, although clear with a waning moon, but the shape of him, made out plainly against the moonbright wall, made her think he was a sahib."

"Was he tall or short, old or young?"

"He was tall—and he must have been young to leap over the goat-pen gate. A packet he had thrown through the window of our sleeping-room had struck a charcoal pot, with a noise loud in the night, causing him to run. Like a very goat he sprang, Miriam told me."

"What night was this?" I asked.

"It was midnight before the Holy Day of Delivery, four years and some days ago."

Hamyd and I had started for the sand hills the preceding morning. My deliverer to the Rindi swords had worked fast.

Jansar stared wide-eyed at my scar, then turned his grey face to the woman and spoke in a frantic mutter.

"Fatima, have you told him all? By my beard, you didn't speak of the sahib's fall!"

"I forgot, lord," she cried. "O

Sheik, springing lightly over the gate, the sahib's garment caught on a nail of a chicken crate beyond, and threw him hard. I heard the noise of it, and Miriam thought she heard him groan. Miriam said that he lay still while she could have counted ten, then rose slowly. When he ran away, she saw him limping heavily, and doubtless in heavy pain."

"Where are the blue shreds of cloth?" Jansar demanded.

"I wound them on a spool, thinking to sew a blue flower."

Fatima hurried out of the room. Jansar explained that she had found the shreds on or near a nail on the chicken box. When she returned with them and gave them to me with trembling hands, I had no doubt they had been torn from a pair of blue twill breeches, part of the undress uniform of the Tatta Lancers. I put them carefully away in my wallet.

"Was there blood on the box?" I asked.

"Not on the box, but quite a little on the ground where he lay."

"It may be that Allah will bless you for your true speaking," I told them.

When I had returned to the caravan, the heat of the hunt turning wintry in my heart, Hamyd looked carefully at the shreds, and seemed to think they were a great find.

"Note this one, more heavily corded than the other," he said. "It's from the seam of the breeches leg, on the inside. By their length, its plain that the nail caught two handsbreadth above the knee, and tore along the seam to the boot-top. If there was blood easily seen on the ground, its point did more than scratch the skin. And it comes to me that if the nail ripped unresisted through the cloth, no shreds would have been found. I think it was hard-drawn through flesh as well."

"How may we look on the inside of a sahib's leg? Yes, his servant may be hired to look for us—but that's a long road. Even so, I have gained much."

"We will go to Lahore, there to dwell in the shadow of the tall riders, and to gaze upon all three sahibs with the same straight eyes."

But it so chanced that Hamyd and I did not need to go to Lahore. Hamyd brought me the report of the arrival in Hyderabad for a visit of the Colonel's Sahib to the Commissioner Sahib, who was at present dwelling in the very house the Colonel had occupied when the Tatta Lancers had been quartered here.

"Did you ask the Commissioner's name?"

"Nay, and showed no interest in the matter."

"Hamyd, if we should look again, upon the Colonel Sahib, could you read guilt or innocence in his face?"

I asked him, smiling.

"I should like to try, sahib. Dwelling with great evil changes the countenance, because it changes the soul. Maybe a vision will come to me."

Well, I could go with him. At least I could help handle the chokidar. This decided, a curtain was drawn aside, and I knew why I dreaded going.

The sharpest, most powerful experience of my life, save a kind of death I had met in the sand hills, had occurred in the garden where we must lurk: it was also the most triumphant. In that house Sukey and I had defied its master. I had come once before in native garb to the gate of its compound, there to learn why I had been spied upon.

The Commissioner and his distinguished guest would not dine till about nine. We approached the house half an hour before—the area was policed but no longer a military reservation—to find the windows open to the breeze.

Since the border was quiet now, two chokidars instead of armed sepoy watched the gates, and before we could decide on a stratagem, none was needed. The rear fellow left his post, and strolled around the house to bask with the other. We made haste through the portal and were instantly concealed in the dark garden.

Its ghosts let me pass lightly, now, I led the way to the lighted window of the drawing-room, where, in a previous existence now thrown

strangely back, the Colonel Sahib had questioned a suitor for his daughter's hand.

While still ten paces from the window, I made him out, seated on a divan against the inner wall, facing someone seated in a high-backed chair. I could see the blond head of the latter, one arm, and most of his legs. Both sahibs wore the black-and-white evening dress of civilians.

Even before I gained the window, blood rushed to my head. I did not look into the Colonel's face, and was staring, incredulously, at his host. Even before he showed me his profile, that incredulity had died. The Commissioner Sahib was Gerald.

The wild welter of my thoughts, crowding upon one another, was interrupted by the clutch of Hamyd's hand upon my arm. From his position beside me he had once seen killers lying in ambush a second before I did. By a like circumstance he was now the first to discover a new entrant to the room. But I saw her move across it, with long, light steps—bend at Gerald's chair—kiss the lips he raised to her. The lamp-light glossed her naked shoulder and limned her ghee-colored hair.

I turned quickly and stole away, aware of having no more life or substance than the black shadows of the night.

ROLLED IN my mind, at a room in the caravanserai, I wished that I could wish for something. My heart would not signal me its existence, save by its silly beat. After a long time, I did. I wished that the beautiful Mem-Sahib Brook would give me back a little sixpence, now that she did not need its charm.

Since I must not let Hamyd follow me through these gates, with their dreadful legend overhead, I would restore him to her, in its stead. No, I had forgotten: Baah-hiya had died, and he could not find her in the Commissioner's lady. He would rather go in with me.

He became a more passionate hunter, as though sensing a lack of passion in me.

"Be of good heart, master," he told me on our journey to Lahore. "Doubtless we'll find proof that the judge sahibs will believe."

"You're certain now of the innocence of the Colonel Sahib?"

"Yes, lord. The vision came upon me, as I'd prayed."

"Which of the two officers is your pick?"

"I've made none, sahib. Holmes Sahib was roundly beaten that very morning, and who can measure the hate and fury in his heart? But Bingham Sahib coveted the mem-sahib as much or more."

"I still think it was Holmes Sahib."

Hamyd brooded a moment, his face deeply lined. "It is our kismet to know shortly."

We wouldn't know without a lot of difficult and dangerous spying. That was as plain as the scar of my face. I wanted to look at the doctor's records for the Moleen Day of Delivery more than four years ago, and for a few days thereafter, to see if he treated a nail-raked leg. If not, one of us must somehow look for the scar.

We could not trust hired spies. At first I had intended to employ Hamyd's talents for the job, but ever colluded with the fact that he was far more likely to be recognised than I. Feeling perfectly competent for it, dreading the idleness of waiting, suddenly I decided that I would enjoy it.

The role of servant to the very regiment from whose rolls my name had been crossed would not appeal to an English gentleman, but we off-white people, Gypsies and the like, love to dramatise ourselves. At least I would have to stay awake.

Staying at the caravanserai, Hamyd set himself up as a minor horse-trader. I sought out the Mess House Khan-saman, who hired its servants, and we closed a bargain. So I became a "boy" of the officers' canteen, on the jump in late afternoon after dinner, and with long hours to wash glasses, polish tables and chairs, and bask with my fellows.

I saw neither Clifford nor Henry the first day of my service, and of the other officers I used to know,

none gave me a second glance as I served them.

The excitement I had expected at sight of their faces did not develop. I waited upon them without the least sense of its queerness.

I looked about for Major Graves, a little fearful of his sharp eyes, but decided he had been transferred to some busier scene. Gerald did not come here any more. Not even his wrath need haunt these messes. He had come into his own.

After dinner one night, my hand took a running jump. Four officers entered the canteen, one of them a subaltern I did not know, one Dr. Haines, and the others were to quarry running together.

I had not expected to confront both at once, and I had drawn the first drink I served either on a lest my hand shake and the liquor spill on the table; but in a moment the blood in my veins flowed slowly and felt cold.

Both men were captains and both looked older than I had imagined. The face of Clifford Haines had coarsened, he had drunk too much wine at dinner, and his voice and movements were a trifle pompous.

True, he did not look equal to the crime of treason and murder, but that fitted in with his bungling. I had lived to avenge it, and he had lost its main prize, Sukey.

By foresight she had seen him. I saw him now—only a cross [little] sahib; indeed she had told me that above either Clifford or Henry she preferred Gerald. In I felt intense eagerness to prove my guilt. It would become him better than Henry, who had the look of a sane, happy, successful man, long reconciled to Sukey's loss, but with distinction his name and riches.

"Boyl!" It was Clifford's voice, a little thick, a little pompous. I ran to him and salaamed. "Sahib."

"Whiskey low?" Then he looked at me sharply. "You're new here, aren't you?"

When I stared blankly, Dr. Haines said in his old good-humored tone: "The sahib asked if thou art new."

"Yes, sahib."

"Why can't that butler hire tigers who can speak English?" Clifford demanded.

"Personally, I'd rather have my countrymen like him than have boot-lapping house dogs," Hains told him.

When I brought Clifford the drink, Dr. Haines gave me a friendly smile. "What is thy name?" he asked.

"Timur, sahib."

"I would like to look more closely at thy scar of honor, I'm the Doctor Sahib, and take interest in the medicines of thy people. When thou art at leisure, and I am, visit me at the shafakhana."

I salaamed and withdrew, pleased with my gains. Somewhere in the doctor's office were his records of mid-March, of four years before.

Two days later, while the officers were having tiffin and the canteen was empty, I went there and put my name to an orderly. In a moment I was allowed to enter, and found the doctor enjoying a well-larded tray of lunch.

"It is given out that every day I go to my home for tiffin," he told me, grinning. "but truly I lay here certain days a week, to put time for some reading and thought. Art thou a mind reader?"

"Nay, O Hakim, but the servants have sharp eyes and long tongues."

"Timur, hast thou not come down in the world, to pour the forbidden drink for sahibs?"

"I've been higher than this in times, but also lower."

"The shape of thy forehead, the slight hollow under the eyes, purses mark a thinker," he observed.

"I pray thee, do not say I look above my station, and cast me forth."

"I will not, and they won't notice it, fear not. The two among us who would have noticed it, and said with thee and questioned thee long, are with us no more."

"Great sardars, I doubt not."

"One was a major who had gone North. The other was a junior officer known to thy people at Kotri. He was the capturer of Kan-

think and he decamped the Emir's sash into the ditch at Meccah."

"I have heard much of him, sahib. He was slain by the Yezedi. But it was not said that he lived long. There were many who coveted his head."

"He was my fellow, in certain ways, and he left without my saying farewell, or being present the last night he dined at the mess—to my long pain and regret." A queer darkness filled the wise eyes.

"Dinner! I wish you had been present! One more would have stood to the east, and perhaps spoken wisely. It might have made more difference than you can dream."

"I am haunted by his spirit this evening," the doctor went on. "But, when you leave the service of the regiment—for it will not contain you long—will you carry a message from me to those kinsmen of Shahr Melik who coveted his head? Then I think they will no longer begrudge him his loss to the vile Yezedi, and perhaps rejoice that their kinsman deprived them of the prize. Truly, they might lay another stone on his cairn."

"I will carry thy message, Hakim Sahib."

"Tell them he captured the border rider at his Emir's command, but he could not watch his hanging."

"Red, keef."

When he had mused a few seconds, I played a card.

"O Hakim, I have known few white tongues are so wise and fluent in our speech. Would that mine were as learned in thine. Then I would not have been shamed before thy fellows."

"Thou hast no cause to be shamed. It is our business to learn the speech of the people, not theirs to learn thine."

"It came to me that one of the septans, Holmes Sahib, knew much of our speech or our ways, and he would not have called us 'niggers'—one English word that every coolie knows. But the other captain, whose name I have not heard, looked to be wise."

"Nay, Holmes Sahib speaks Urdu fluently but with fair fluency. That day he was a little—matwalla. The other captain, Bingham Sahib, is indeed wise in some matters—I know him well—but he knows not a dozen words of Urdu. Truly God did not give him the gift of tongues."

"Hakim Sahib, I spoke too freely, and pray thy pardon. And taking advantage of thy courtesy, I have said much of thy precious time."

The doctor looked at a ledger open on his desk, then glanced at his watch.

"I must go to the bedside of a sick one even now, but—art thou needed in the canteen?"

"Not for a time yet, sahib."

"Then if I am not gone too long, will you see me. I am preparing a paper for a society of hakims in London, on native medicine. And it happens—and I myself speak too freely—I'm already well instructed in the noble game called polo."

"He did not expect me to smile, so I did not, but he smiled wryly to himself."

"To hear is to obey," I told him. "But with thou instruct me, a new-comer, whether it be forbidden to sit at the pictures in thy wise book?"

"Help yourself."

"He went out, and I could hardly believe this chance had come so soon. The doctor on his desk had brown cardboard covers, on a shelf on each reach was a stack with the same binding. I waited a crawling of minutes, then the absent-minded doctor returned for something he had forgotten. Then I looked at the top-most of the stack."

In his bold hand he had written 1947. I had aside that one and two more. In the volume marked 1944 I was looking for the entries in mid-March when the entry Lieutenant Holmes jumped from the page to my eyes. But the date given was the day he had departed for the sand hills, not the day following, and he was not being treated for a long nail-leech on the inside of his leg. I read:

A 42 characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Lieutenant Holmes brought in with a badly lashed face, received in fist-cuffs (the fool). Nasal bone fractured, both eyes swollen, severe trauma all over face. Prescribed hot compresses and rest.

I turned the page. The entry was at 8 p.m. of the following evening, some four hours before a packet was thrown into Abdullah's bedroom.

Lieutenant Holmes' face badly inflamed. Temperature 101, pulse 110. Considerable pain (serves him right). Incipient delirium. Prescribed 10 p.m. Fever 103.2/8th. Semi-delirious and in severe pain. Prescribed 1/3 grain opium, 11 p.m. Holmes responding well to opium, sound sleep. Midnight. Same. No rise in temperature.

2 a.m. Heavy sleep. Temperature 102. 4 a.m. Temperature 100. Prescribed phytic but can't wake patient. 6 a.m. and another day, temperature normal. Holmes still asleep, and I wish I was.

I WISHED I was, too, and had dreamed all this. Instead I was feverishly awake, every nerve taut, and my brain turning over fast. I read on a few pages to see if anyone had reported a clawed leg. Of course, no one had—its owner would have treated it himself, in breathless secrecy.

I went back to answering "Boy!" I did not want to go back to the hunt for a little while, but the game ran all over me.

The letter loomed larger and larger in my thoughts. If either of my quarry had a comprehensive English-Urdu dictionary, as well as a work on Urdu grammar, he might, with great labor, piece out an Urdu letter. There might be such books in the Mess House library. When the chubbrooms were empty, I went in to see.

There were many more books than before, and the larger room was but faintly reminiscent of the cubbyhole at Hyderabad, where Sukey and I had ardently kissed. What appeared to be its most recent addition was a whole shelf of ponderous tomes, most of them dealing with Indian military and scientific subjects, with a few sober works on polo and big-game hunting.

Wondering what ambitious and rather scholarly sportsman had made the gift, I opened a thick Life of Clive to look at the bookplate.

There I found Gerald's name.

How little I realised his parts. He had never told me about his studies or paraded his learning; and Sukey had perceived him more clearly than I. That was why she had married him, and would soon be mem-sahib to the Governor of Sind.

Sukey, the little piece of silver that I gave you brought you wonderful luck! But you should have never parted with Hamyd. Any luck you gave him has worsened since then.

I was turning back the cover of Etymology of the Indian Desert. Gerald's bookplate was in it, as well as in other volumes that passed half-sent through my hands. Sukey, I wish I didn't love you any more. My brother's wife—but I thanked my Gypsy gods I had never doubted he was the best man. I ought to be glad he was also the lucky man. It does not always follow.

Among the big books was a little one, privately printed and beautifully bound, of Gerald's own authorship. It was entitled Tiger Drives in the Tehri and appeared to be a modest, informative account of a vacation spent with Sukey as the guest of a rajah in the North.

I was not surprised by the offering. Most of the important sahib administrators in India took up big-game hunting in an extremely pukka way—mainly full-dress affairs held by native kings, in which tigers and other game were driven by long lines of beaters toward the guns. This was only another indication of Gerald's ambition and its swift advancement.

Thinking of Sukey's shining eyes as the tigers broke from the thickets, I had opened another book without looking at the title. After seeing Gerald's signature, the title-page caught my eye. It was So-and-So's—with many letters—Complete English-

Urdu Dictionary. Containing a Full Glossary.

I had never known before that a man's hand can move, and his eyes read type, when his heart has stopped beating.

I turned to the word "white." It gave several Urdu equivalents, but the last, abaya, borrowed from the Arabic, had been misspelled or misprinted as . . .

When a sense of space and time returned to me, I was roaming narrow, crooked roads near the Mosque of Wazir Khan. I was properly dressed for the street, having taken off the Mess House livery and presumably left it in the servant's dressing-room.

When I began going over certain matters in my mind, I discovered that I had already gone over them, perhaps several times, and to some of them I had found the answers.

It was now perfectly plain why my eagerness to convict Clifford—or Colonel Webb—or even Henry Bingham—had become a frantic, unreasoning anxiety. I knew now why I had not wanted to know who had married Sukey.

I had been dodging these demons, denying their existence—myself the three smug little monkeys in a row, slyly covering eyes, ears, and mouth, for four years.

I turned abruptly, and went quickly to the caravanerai. I could not eat, but I smoked quietly until Hamyd returned. He glanced at me, then stared. I did not know what made him touch both hands to his forehead in a deep salaam; we had long ago dispensed with those tokens.

"What has happened, sahib?" he asked, his voice trembling.

"Sit down on a cushion, Hamyd, or if you want some tea—timbak—"

"Nay, I had a cup and a pipe at the horse market." He sat down, crossing his legs like Buddha. I cleared my throat and spoke with fair ease.

"Hamyd, have you ever thought that our betrayer might have been my foster brother Gerald?"

I had never before remembered using the plural possessive pronoun: I had thought about Hamyd's capture as an accident, chanced by his service to me. Actually, as my follower, he too, had been in the service of the Queen. If we had both been killed, we would have both been murdered.

He turned grey, then slowly nodded.

"How long ago did the thought strike you?"

"It was so long I can't remember."

"When you saw he was the husband of Sukey, you became hot on the chase of Holmes and Bingham Sahibs. Was that for the love of the memsahib?"

"Partly for love of her, sahib, and partly for love of you." He spoke simply.

I told Hamyd about the dictionary. "Mark you, Hamyd, that's no proof of Gerald's guilt, only a good reason to search for it." I went on quickly. "How do we know who might have borrowed the book? But we will search on, when and where we can, until it's found, no matter where it lies."

"If you die, and I live, I'll search alone. Allah Akbar!"

"Hamyd, did Bachhiya's marrying my brother make you more inclined to believe him guilty?"

"Yes, sahib. Bachhiya loved you with great passion, and she married him because he was much more like you than you know."

"Did you think he hated me?"

"I am sure of it, sahib. I have thought so all along. It made me sure of his guilt." Hamyd spoke quietly, but that was enforced upon him, as I knew when I glanced into his face. He was in a storm of passion such as I had never seen.

"Don't convict him without a fair trial, my brother!" I said. "Surely a nail-tear deep enough to bleed will leave a scar. To-morrow we'll set out for Hyderabad to see with our own eyes. If we can find one on the inside of the leg from above the knee to the foot-top, it still might have been caused by some other injury. But taken with the other evidence, it will be final satisfaction to me of his guilt."

We went there at a dogged pace. Taking quarters at a serral close to the Commissioner's mansion, with

By EDISON MARSHALL

all the care and cunning we could muster, we contrived a plot. Its very perfecting so occupied my brain that I had little dealings with my heart.

In laying the ground, I made use of some shop talk I had overheard in the canteen at Lahore. It was that in case the Sikhs rose again, their general, Shere Singh, serving under Sir Harry Lawrence, might join the mutiny.

No doubt Gerald, bearing heavy responsibilities in his chief's absence, was worried about Shere Singh's loyalty, since trouble in the North was surely brewing. So Hamyd wrote, in the ill-spelled native-sounding English he had learned, the following letter:

Excellency the Commissioner Sahib

Exalted Sir: I have obtained knowledge that the Sardar Shere Singh plots with the Rani Jindan to slay all the sahibs in the Punjab. Only if it be proven, beyond your and other sahibs' doubt, will I seek reward, and then but 500 rupees. I will ask no earnest of the sum.

But I dare not whisper the knowledge to any ears but yours. I will trust no Sikh, and no sahib under you, for while I know of your noble honor, my mother's uncle was once betrayed by a sahib.

If you will hear me, I will come to-night to the rear gate of the compound. I will draw the cloth over my face as I beseech entrance, but bid the guard search me for any weapon, lest I be an enemy seeking your death.

I will say the word Jharu, meaning a broom, so he may know me, and when I stand alone with you, in the courtyard, I will drop the cloth in token of faith. I will take your most honorable word that you will post no spies.

The token of that word will be your name signed on the back of this letter, and returned to me by bearer. I cannot give my name lest this paper fall into some other hands, and truly, if it be not returned, with your name thereon, I must flee the city. I love money, by which I live, but I love not Sikhs.

Your humble servant,

Jharu.

Hamyd sealed the letter with candle wax, marked it confidential, and entrusted it to a native chap-rail long operating at the bazaar. The bearer's instructions were to deliver it into the hands of the Commissioner Sahib, Brook Sahib by name, and to no other; otherwise he was to bring it back. On his return he was to wait at a certain corner.

Hamyd watched from an alley to make sure no suspicious-looking strangers had collected thereabout, then retrieved the reply, paid off the bearer, and brought it to me. Gerald had signed it in his bold hand.

About ten o'clock Hamyd approached the rear gate of the compound, I about thirty paces behind him, completely hidden in the gloom of the moonless night. The chokidar had a lantern, which was a good thing, since it would save me lighting the one I carried under my garment.

LIFTING his neck scarf to cover the lower part of his face, Hamyd drew into its light. The chokidar ran his hands up and down Hamyd's body, felt under his arms and between his legs, and then had him remove his turban.

I tiptoed along the compound wall to a jutting pilaster, not more than twenty feet from the gate. My face cloth raised, and a four-foot length of bamboo ready in my hand.

Hamyd was then admitted, and, just as I had expected, the sentinel turned to gaze after him, his lantern held high, his body cutting off the light.

When I heard Hamyd say, "Art thou the Commissioner Sahib," I began to count ten, and keeping the timing we had practised helped me keep cool. I did not hear Hamyd say "Protector of the Poor" so at

the tenth count I took three silent, long, forward strides still in deep shadow, and then sprang toward the gate.

The chokidar heard my footfall in the sandy alley, and had no time to turn or cry out before I had stunned him with a hard blow atop his turban. He was reeling as I struck him in the jaw with my free hand and snatched his lantern.

When I lifted it, it showed Gerald hanging in Hamyd's arms. At once he threw him over his shoulder and carried him to the appointed place close by the wall. I dragged the chokidar—who was certainly out of the fight for all the time we needed—away from the gateway. Then I looked at Gerald and saw that Hamyd had done his work well.

His victim was groaning a little and evidently half-conscious, but that served our needs better than if he had been knocked insensible. In a few moments I had bared Gerald's leg.

The lantern light was soft and yellow, but such light will sometimes pick up variations in color and texture invisible in a glare. The narrow scar ran from the calf to just above the knee on the inside of his right leg.

I looked at his neck, a length of it bared by the sideways lop of his head glimmering in the lantern light. I could do it now, because my heart was cold. The sooner the better.

Then I was bothered by the light changing subtly and the feeling very faint, that I must find out why. "Jharu!" Hamyd murmured in quick warning, and his remembering not to call me sahib waked me more than the sound.

The light's changing was caused by there being some where none had been before. From around the corner of the outbuilding a yellow glimmer slowly grew and spread.

I had drawn an unloaded pistol when its source came into view—a candle flame, unflickering in the windless darkness. Sukey was wearing a white gown that reflected well its thin yellow shine, and our lantern light reached out through the gloom to glimmer on its silver stick.

Hamyd blacked out most of Gerald's body and made other lines and shapes incomplete and indistinct. Even so, if she had been much alarmed to start with, she would have seen enough in her first glance to cause her to take some action—to run or scream or both. Evidently she expected to find Gerald talking to a native, and had in the dim glimmer mistaken one of us for him.

I spoke instantly in a low tone. "Don't make a sound, memsahib, for thy own and thy lord's life."

Her eyes fixed on my pistol and she did not make a sound.

"He will wake in a moment, and we will be gone. We were sent to get a certain paper, supposed to be on his person at all times. Walk a little nearer."

She did so, with a slow, steady step.

"We bear ye no ill-will for our fool's errand, but will surely kill ye both if one word is disobeyed. Be seated, memsahib, on the cobblestones. Jharu, guard her closely with this gun."

I passed it to him and had her clasp her hands behind her back. With a thong worn handy on my belt I tied her smooth, strong wrists. They throbbed a little in my hands.

"Thy pardon, memsahib," I told her as, pretending to stay out of the line of fire, I tied another thong about her ankles. Lastly, I started to stuff a cloth into her mouth.

"Do not, melik [lord]," she said quickly. "I am—I was Bachhiya, daughter of the Colonel Sahib, and I swear by Siv and Kali I won't utter a sound until the servants come."

My palms remained a second or two on her silken throat. Then I beckoned to Hamyd, and we ran through the gate and away into the darkness.

Part 3 next week

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publishers, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Home Baking saves Money

Martha Cromwell explains why it's important to be particular about the flour you buy—

There's something very satisfying about making your own cakes. And what woman hasn't blushed prettily and been proud to say "Oh—I just whipped it up this morning... quite a simple recipe, really. Why, of course... I'll jot it down for you..."

But there's another thing about home baking which is very important indeed: even with the present cost of ingredients, it's much more economical.

The best quality Self Raising Flour is still inexpensive—the least costly ingredient in cakes. It's well to think about that, because if you buy cheap Self Raising Flour you only save a penny or so and risk spoiling eggs, butter, fruit and other ingredients which cost shillings.

The best type of Self Raising Flour is made with Cream of Tartar as a rising ingredient. It is necessary to check on the carton for the words "Made with Cream of Tartar." Many brands are packed in two grades, usually in differently coloured packets, but it is always safest to check for the Cream of Tartar packet.

You might ask: "Why be so particular about using Cream of Tartar as a rising ingredient?"

A number of cookery experts and food chemists have applied various tests and agree that Cream of Tartar is still the best rising ingredient. Here's what they say:

Taste Test. Cream of Tartar brings out the pure flavour of other ingredients. It is the only perfectly balanced rising ingredient quite free from edgy "after taste."

Rising Test. When moisture is added to the mixture tiny bubbles of carbon dioxide start a



gentle rising action. Tests reveal that Cream of Tartar softens the gluten in the flour. This "conditioning" effect on the dough helps prevent the rising from escaping until it is placed in the oven when the rising action is completed by the heat. This results in an even texture when the cake is cooked, free from large air tunnels which spoil cakes made from cheap Self Raising Flour.

Cream of Tartar doughs do not have to be rushed into the oven quickly, nor is it necessary to leave them waiting around for hours for rising action. Just mix and cook without undue haste and without unnecessary delay.

Vitamin Retention. Cream of Tartar retains more of the valuable Vitamin B₁ in the flour.

High Rising Test. Cream of Tartar produces a high rise with good, soft texture which remains fresh and moist longer. The cake does not go dry and crumbly.

Constant cooking tests and laboratory checking keep these natural qualities of Cream of Tartar right up to the high standards demanded by modern home cooks.

If you cannot obtain Self Raising Flour containing Cream of Tartar just write to Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 80, Parramatta, N.S.W., naming your grocer.

Cream of Tartar Self Raising Flour is plentiful and is available from manufacturers of high grade brands of Self Raising Flour; but be careful to look for the words "Made from pure Cream of Tartar." This is your guarantee of genuine first quality. Every storekeeper in Australia can obtain ample supplies.



CREAM O' TARTAR

says, "You can win a free supply of self-raising flour and baking powder for a whole year"

If you can think up a good use for pure Cream of Tartar, you may win for yourself a whole year's supply of self-raising flour and baking powder. Just write out a new and novel suggestion for using pure Cream of Tartar and send it to Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 80, Parramatta, N.S.W. The author of the best idea will be adjudged the winner. The judges' decision will be final.

Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd. reserves the right to use all suggestions received.

Beef stews, steak and kidney—more tender.
Half a teaspoon of Cream of Tartar in a stew or steak and kidney pie will make the beef tender quickly.

Every day some recipe is improved by using Cream of Tartar.
Purchase a 4-oz. packet now.

Mashed Potatoes:

A pinch of Cream of Tartar makes a very real difference to colour and lightness.

MERINGUES: CREAM OF TARTAR is essential

- to make a good meringue.
- It gives body or firmness to egg white.
- Prevents discolouration, ensures true whiteness.
- Improves flavour and volume.

Cakes and Scones:

For best results, always use self-raising flour or baking powder containing Cream of Tartar in your home baking.

FONDANTS, FROSTINGS AND ICINGS: Cream of Tartar prevents

sugar crystallising.
Makes a beautiful, smooth texture.
Gives a lift to the flavour and colour.



Made from pure grapes; it's Nature's own rising ingredient.

PURE
CREAM
OF
TARTAR

AUSTRALIAN CREAM TARTAR CO. PTY. LTD.
PARRAMATTA N.S.W.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are on their way back to the "Argos" along Peril Road. They have passed the first two perils safely, but are soon confronted by two massive giants

armed with war clubs. Lothar tries to fight them, but Mandrake subdues the giants with his hypnotic powers. Signposts warn of "triple peril ahead," and continuing on the road they come to a deep chasm spanned by a narrow bridge. **NOW READ ON:**

SINGLY, THEY CROSS THE BRIDGE THAT SWAYS UNDER THEM—THEY STARE INTO THE GORGE AND THE SWIFT CURRENT FAR BELOW—THEN SUDDENLY...



AN ENORMOUS SNARLING TIGER COMES ONTO THE ROAD FROM THE FAR SIDE—NO PASSING HERE!



"BACK, QUICKLY! WE CAN'T TANGLE WITH HIM ON THE BRIDGE!" CRIES MANDRAKE. BUT AS THEY START BACK...



TRAPPED ON THE FRAIL BRIDGE ABOVE THE DEEP CHASM—NO WAY OUT—NO ESCAPE—AS THE TWO MAN-EATERS CLOSE IN ON THEM...



"QUICK, OUR ONLY CHANCE IS OVER THE SIDE!" HE CRIES. "AND HANG ON TIGHTLY! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY!" THEY DROP NURLEDY—JUST AS—



THE GREAT CATS LEAP, MEETING EACH OTHER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE! THE THREE HANG ON BELOW FOR THEIR LIVES!



THE TERRIFIC BATTLE RAGES INCHES ABOVE THEM AS THEY HANG ON. FAR BELOW, THE WATER ROARS OVER THE SHARP ROCKS—THE BRIDGE STRAINS AND GROANS—THEN—



THE BRIDGE SPLITS IN THE CENTRE—THE FIGHTING BEASTS TUMBLE INTO SPACE—NARDA SCREAMS!—THE MAN-EATERS AND A BROKEN BRIDGE—TRIPLE PERIL!





ENJOY A



DIFFERENT



HEINZ



SOUP



EACH



DAY!



by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

PERRY MASON

Famous lawyer Perry Mason and his secretary, Della, have offices next door to Xperiments Incorporated, a company owned and operated by well-known scientist Dr. Francis Early. Powerful racketeer Alan Biscoe offers the manager of Xperiments, Roy Adger, £20,000 to steal the blueprints of Dr. Early's latest electronic invention. Adger plans to frame a member of the staff for the theft.



"In-between" health can often mean

"HIDDEN HUNGER"



Not really ill, but seldom fully well... seldom looking your best... or feeling your best.



This usually means that you should give your body the essential nutritional elements it needs to guard against "Hidden Hunger."

To make sure you get the essential nutrients your body needs you should drink Horlicks regularly.

Doctors and Nutrition Experts agree that "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realise. They say you can satisfy your hunger by having three meals every day - and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger"... our body is still hungry for certain essential food elements.

Horlicks supplies balanced nutrition... made with milk, it guards against "HIDDEN HUNGER"



You must have nourishing food to guard against "Hidden Hunger." However, with to-day's rising costs, it is not always possible to have the RIGHT kind of foods your body needs. That is why Horlicks is so necessary in your home - for all your family. Horlicks contains full-cream milk and the

nutritive extracts of wheat-flour and malted barley. Prepared with milk and enjoyed between meals and just before bed at night, Horlicks is a balanced food which supplies the essential nutritional elements your body needs every day to guard against "Hidden Hunger."



Made with milk
HORLICKS
guards against
"HIDDEN HUNGER"
(Overnight)

P.S. - Hot Horlicks before bed induces deep, restful sleep.

H2-7

FOOT ITCH HELPED 1st DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm. Nixaderm stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch, or money back.

GOOD
ON
SANDWICHES

Meadow-leaf

TABLE MARGARINE

*Often
buttered
never
bettered*

*But-try
them by
themselves*

only
Arnotts
make
Sao (REGD.®) Biscuits

* The name "SAO," registered by William Arnott Pty. Ltd. in 1906, is now a household word for crisp cream cracker biscuits throughout Australia and beyond.
There is no Substitute for Quality